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# SPORTSMAN'S NUMBER

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# THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



J.C. LEYENDECKER

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FIELD SPORTS OF TO-DAY—THE NEW AND THE OLD TYPE OF SPORTSMAN

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVI

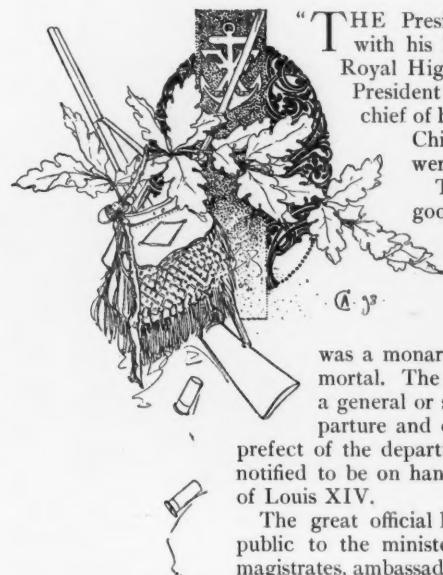
OCTOBER, 1903

NO. 6

## WHEN THE FRENCH PRESIDENT GOES HUNTING

BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER



"THE President of the republic hunted yesterday with his Majesty the King of Portugal and their Royal Highnesses the Grand Dukes of \_\_\_\_\_. The President was accompanied by General X\_\_\_\_\_, chief of his military establishment, and M. X\_\_\_\_\_, Chief of Protocol. The invited guests were," etc.

Thus the newspapers make known to the good people of France that the President of the republic has been on a little excursion into the country, and has shot rabbits in the Rambouillet thickets or over the grounds of Marly. The chief of state in a country which for centuries was a monarchy cannot go abroad like any ordinary mortal. The head of the cabinet, one or two ministers, a general or so, will be in attendance both on his departure and on his return, and it is a chance if the prefect of the department through which he must pass is not notified to be on hand to harangue him in periods of the style of Louis XIV.

The great official hunts given by the President of the republic to the ministers, senators, deputies, state councilors, magistrates, ambassadors, and now and again to some imperial or royal personage who may chance to be passing through Paris, usually begin about the middle of October.

They afford the Parisian journalists an opportunity, seldom neglected, to serve up



Half-tone plate engraved by W. Miller

THE ISLE OF ROCKS, WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE CHÂTEAU OF RAMBOUILLET

their articles of the preceding year, and to recount anew how these great official battues are organized by the guardians and under-guardians of the national preserves, and by other functionaries of the presidential household.

The ceremonial of these hunts varies somewhat with the different Presidents; under M. Loubet, for example, who, more than any other President, is a true "child of the people," there is nothing especially impressive about them.

Under M. Félix Faure, on the contrary, there was a greater display of monarchical state than is seen to-day, a circumstance, by the way, to which the enemies of M. Faure did not fail to call attention. From his time these hunts have become events of considerable importance. He was never happier than when presiding over the republic, gun in hand, and surrounded by distinguished guests, in the Rambouillet forest; and he caused a magnificent work to be prepared by the keeper of the national preserves, the art direction of which was confided to me. The edition was limited to a hundred and fifty copies, and it was printed by the national printing-office. Copies, with a preface written by President Faure, were sent to the various kings, princes, grand dukes, ambassadors, and others with whom he had hunted or had had diplomatic or personal relations, or to those to whom, for some reason or other, he wished to present a souvenir.

Félix Faure, good and large-hearted man, albeit a little intoxicated by his popularity, was said to be extremely particular on points of etiquette, and the almost royal state that he maintained demanded a rule of precedence at which the French people were inclined to laugh a little. All this, however, was for the most part mere newspaper talk, for at heart he was simplicity itself.

He dearly loved to hunt, just for his own pleasure, in that historic park where the kings, emperors, and presidents who had preceded him formed, as it were, a line of glorious ancestry. For the forest of Rambouillet is as old as the history of France itself, and doubtless on many a gray autumnal morning, as the President trampled the dead leaves beneath his feet, he evoked crowding memories of its majestic past.

Rambouillet, heart of the ancient forest

of Yveline, country of the Druids, and famous hunting-ground of the Carnute and the proud Gaul—few districts indeed are richer in historic associations or memories of the chase.

Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," describes the hunting there of a wild bull as large as an elephant; and it was there that the last of the Druids found a final refuge from the pursuing Romans. Dolmens, druidical stones, Gaulish settlements, Roman camps—all are to be found in Rambouillet.

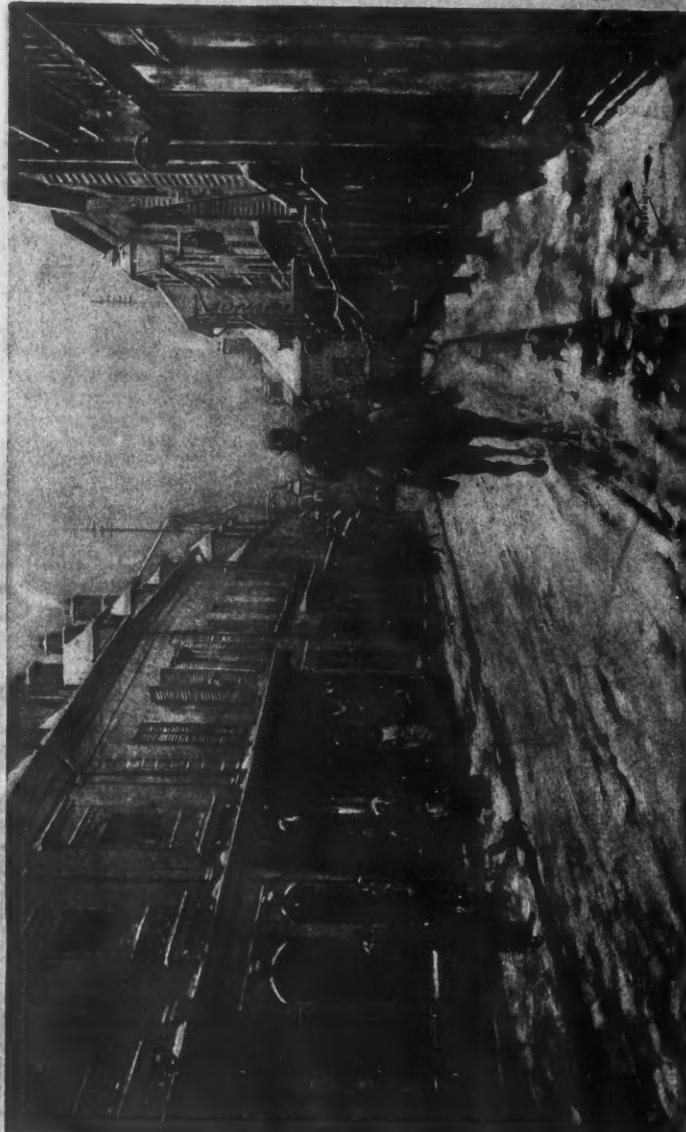
Clovis, finding himself ill one day, in order to appease God, presented the forest to the church of Rheims, while Pepin took it away from Rheims and gave it to St. Denis.

Charlemagne made a brave show on the occasions when he hunted there, accompanied by his empress, the beautiful Luitgard, and by those wonderful princesses with the names of fairies, Bertha, Gisela, Rhodaid, Theodrada, Hiltrud, each wearing a golden diadem and mounted upon a superb charger.

There Carloman was killed by a wild boar, Hugh Capet built a château, Robert the Pious and Henry I reveled, and Louis VI died. After Louis VII, from 1204 to 1491 it was still the custom, in the intervals of the crusades, to hunt in Rambouillet, while from the time of Charles VIII to our own day each successive King of France has there followed the royal hunt, as his forefathers did before him.

Francis I, whom the savants named the "father of letters," but who is known among sportsmen as the "father of hunting," died at the Rambouillet château, in a room at the top of the great tower. It was in the château, too, that Catharine de' Medici anxiously awaited news of the struggle between the Duke of Guise and the Protestants, and there Henry III took refuge when he fled from Paris. Henry IV squandered at Rambouillet, says Sully, a yearly sum of one million two hundred thousand écus.

But it was under Louis XIII, a finished sportsman, that the royal hunt attained its apogee of luxury. There were a grand huntsman, four lieutenants of the chase, four sublieutenants, forty gentlemen with quarterings, a lieutenant, and eight ordinary gentlemen, two pages carrying the royal colors, four almoners, four doctors, four surgeons, fifty whippers-in, four har-



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE SALUTE--THE LATE PRESIDENT FELIX FAURE IN A STREET OF RAMBOUILLET

bingers, bakers, cooks, etc. A hunting party of that day was as complicated as a coronation ceremony.

Louis XIV hunted but little, and came to Rambouillet only to bore himself in royal fashion. His historiographer kept a journal of how the "Grand Monarque" passed each day: there we find notes of coursing occasionally, interspersed with accounts of banquets, concerts, receptions of courtesans, and councils of state.

It was there that the Marquise de Rambouillet, the oracle of good taste, used to render her verdicts. She would pace back and forth, surrounded by the young ladies of her household, all arrayed like nymphs, discussing philosophy, literature, and "good taste."

Louis XV filled the château with gobelins, rare porcelain, masterpieces of every description; while Watteau embellished the walls, lined the stairways, and draped the windows of this truly royal abode. Louis XVI, when his throne began to tremble beneath the first shocks of the Revolution, abandoned himself more than ever to the pleasures of the chase; at this period there are almost daily entries like the following in his journal:

1789, Monday, 9 November. Nothing. My aunts came to dinner. There was a stag hunt.

1790, Tuesday, 4 February. Sitting of the National Assembly, and audience to a deputation from the Assembly. Stag hunt at Rambouillet.

It was from Rambouillet that Napoleon went forth, unescorted. The Hundred Days, Waterloo, the abdication, farewells—all were over! He left France, and Rambouillet was his final halting-place.

Then follows the Restoration, Louis XVIII, Charles X, the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, the Second Republic, Napoleon III, the Third Republic—and not a single incident in the history of France that is not in some way connected with Rambouillet, while to-day, more majestic than ever, it is the hunting-ground reserved by the republic for her Presidents, where they may play at being kings, and, in an appropriate setting, address visitors of distinction by such titles as "your Royal Highness" or "your Most Serene Highness." Thus we see that from the legendary Druids down to our own

"presidential guns," as the journalists say, Rambouillet has ever been a favorite resort of the chiefs of the state; and it was there that I had the honor to accompany the official hunts, scorning a gun, sketch-book in hand, in my quality of draftsman to President Félix Faure.

DAWN is just breaking in the east, pink and gray. A distant clock proclaims the hour, six strokes resounding deliberately through the intense stillness. Shrill cock-crowings answer the solemn notes of the angelus. It is the day of a presidential hunt, and some of the guests, in order to be in time, have passed the night at the château. Already up and dressed in hunting costume, they pace back and forth before the main vestibule, talking gaily with one another and inhaling deep draughts of the pure, sweet morning air. Spread out, in all its gorgeous setting, before their wondering gaze, is the ancient royal park. Seen thus, by the light of the rising sun, in its autumnal coloring of purple and gold, it is penetrated with a poetic and melancholy beauty. The wide avenues, lined with century-old trees the foliage of which has taken on tints of copper and vermillion at the first cold breath of autumn, are still plunged in a delicate cloud of blue-gray mist. Truly it is an enchanting hour, and the President's guests yield insensibly to its magic and penetrating influence.

The personages already assembled include the usual companions of the President on his hunting trips. All have the reputation of being excellent shots, and look very trim in their closely fitting hunting suits, with coats of fawn-colored calf-skin, and small felt hats cocked over one ear.

Suddenly a gay ringing voice is heard: "Good morning, gentlemen; and how are you all?"

It is President Faure; smiling, alert, and fresh, he shakes every one by the hand.

In response to his courteous invitation, the party enters a low room, where a hunt breakfast is served. An old keeper casts a rapid glance over the guns, and gives them a final polish.

"Well, Father Bernard," says the President to the worthy man, who, with heels close together, gives a military salute, "is

everything ready? Good. And what do you think of my new gun?"

"It is a fine article, a beautiful article, M. le President," respectfully answers the old man, who is a trained connoisseur.

Every one smiles and continues to eat, some seated, some standing, according to the individual fancy, but not a word is spoken.

Seven o'clock, and a dull rumble of approaching carriage-wheels is heard. The President listens.

"That must be his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia," he says presently. "Gentlemen, we will go out to receive him."

In a moment every one is outside, and almost immediately a pair of magnificent chestnuts appear, drawing a landau at a rapid trot up one of the avenues. It is indeed the Grand Duke Alexis, accompanied by Baron de Mohrenheim and Count Potocki.

The President and his guests courteously exchange greetings, there are some rapid presentations, followed by a little desultory conversation, and then the new arrivals swallow a cup of steaming coffee.

"Monseigneur," says the President, gaily, "have I your permission to smoke a pipe?"

"The very question I was about to put myself," says the grand duke, upon which both laugh.

President Faure draws a small briar-wood pipe from his pocket, fills and lights it, imitated in each particular by the grand duke, while the rest of the company light cigars or cigarettes. All now take their places in the carriages which stand waiting to receive them; the keepers, with the guns, climb into a break, and the procession moves rapidly down the avenue. Farther on, we come upon occasional groups of peasants, who have hurried from every direction to see the President of the republic pass by with his guests. M. Faure responds courteously to their low obeisances.

In less than half an hour the appointed rendezvous is reached. The steaming horses are brought to a standstill, and every one leaps joyously to the ground. There is a pervading spirit of gaiety and good humor, induced by the early drive and the fresh air. The blood courses more freely through one's veins, and one's lungs

are filled with the delicious balsamic breath of the autumnal forest. M. Leddet, Inspector-General of Forests, to whose direction the official hunts are confided, is on hand with all his people. He uncovers, and advances to meet the President and his party. The grand duke extends his hand cordially, and asks what the prospect is for a good hunt. Every prospect, it appears; but as for that, his Imperial Highness will soon have an opportunity to judge for himself.

"Ah," exclaims the President, suddenly, "here come my men!"

"Eh?" says the grand duke, smiling. "Why, those are muzhiks [Russian peasants]."

In truth, one might readily make the mistake. There are some fifty strapping, solidly built young fellows, each wearing a long blue blouse gathered in at the waist by a heavy leather belt, white caps, black velvet breeches, and half-boots, a costume which, at all events, cannot be said to lack individuality. In his hand each carries a long pole with which to thresh the bushes and so drive the game under the very guns of the sportsmen. A dozen keepers, rugged old men with gray beards and mustaches, act as guides. Almost all proudly display upon their blue-and-green forester's uniform a yellow ribbon edged with green, to which is attached a military or colonial medal. They have frank, loyal faces, bronzed by the sun and constant exposure to the open air. The guns are now taken from their cases, each sportsman shoulders his own, and the company moves forward in Indian file, the President and the grand duke, followed at a short distance by the Inspector-General of Forests, taking the lead.

Parallel with the road are little footpaths, narrow trails which zigzag tortuously through the forest. Suspended from cords, which are braced at short intervals, are numberless tiny yellow-and-red oriflammes. They tinkle gaily at a distance of about fifty centimeters above the ground. Later they will serve to drive the game into the huntsmen's path, as, beside themselves with fear, the terrified creatures dare not pass even this frail barrier.

"Gentlemen," cries M. Faure, "to your posts!"

The President and the grand duke, under the direction of M. Leddet, station

themselves in the order of precedence. On M. Faure's right are General Hagron, Count Potocki, and M. Le Gall. On the left of the grand duke are M. de Mohrenheim, Colonel Ménétréz, and Commandant Meaux Saint-Marc.

Far down at the end of the road are seen some mounted police, stationed there to warn people off, and a detachment of soldiers in red trousers and white linen blouses is drawn up close by, ready to lend them aid, if necessary.

Behind each guest of the President walks a keeper carrying cartridges, and charged with the duty of announcing the game, noting where it falls, and picking it up. Only Father Antin, who follows behind M. Faure, carries a reserve gun.

Every one now loads; Colonel Ménétréz lifts his hand, M. Leddet blows a shrill little horn; then a clarion is heard, its metallic notes awakening the silent forest. Every one salutes. "Gentlemen, forward!" A second blast of the trumpet. "Begin firing."

With slow and cautious tread the sportsmen now plunge into the brush, following the *routiers*, or little paths, which wind at short distances from one another through the low underbrush. *Frrou! frrou! Bang! bang!* Then two rapid shots. The grand duke has emptied his barrels in Canadian fashion, and a brace of pheasants lie gasping on the ground in their death-throes. *Bang!* M. Félix Faure, quickly bringing his weapon to his shoulder, hits a superb hare at a distance of more than thirty feet.

On the outskirts of the preserves are men dressed in the same fashion as the beaters, who lend themselves heartily to the work in hand, and beat the bushes joyously with their long poles. They wave white-and-scarlet pennons to frighten the game and prevent it from wandering too far afield.

It is amusing to see how the entire battue steps out together. "*À vous! à vous!* A roe-buck!"

Count Potocki, aiming low in the flanks, brings the creature to its knees; it rises and leaps forward. *Pan!* M. Félix Faure, with a charge of buck-shot, quiets it forever.

The gunners press on. The copses are filled with the acrid smell of powder, and through the stillness of the forest the shots

sound sharp and clear, now measured, now in quick succession.

"Cease firing!" sounds from the shrill little horn.

"What is the matter?" inquires Baron de Mohrenheim of his old attendant.

"We are coming to the road, M. l'Am-bassadeur; they are going to assemble the battue and take a short breathing-space."

Drawn up in line on the verge of the wood, with their backs turned toward it, the sportsmen are gathered; but the beaters continue, with savage yells, to thresh the bushes with their long poles.

Meanwhile the sun has risen in a sky dappled over with fleecy white clouds; the splendor of the forest is quite indescribable. What a marvelous landscape! It is like nothing so much as a painting by Théodore Rousseau. Mighty oaks are there, with foliage of bronze, russet-colored beeches, slender birch-trees with silver bark and upreaching boughs, while far away in the distance the poplars hang their golden leaves like a curtain against the blue of the sky.

"*À vous! à vous!* A hare!"

Sure enough, a beautiful hare bounds into the open.

*Bang! bang!* The creature makes a dash for the thicket, and disappears.

"*À vous! à vous!* A rabbit!" *Bang!* And the pretty little animal writhes on the ground, its glossy white and fawn-colored breast soiled with blood and dust. General Hagron meantime has achieved some marvelous "doubles," while the President and the grand duke have been raising hecatombs.

Impassively the keepers, pencil and note-book in hand, number the pieces, jot them down, and pass over cartridges, only opening their lips to announce the game. In the copses the beaters continue their infernal clatter.

"*À vous!* A roe-buck! Two roe-bucks!"

Ah, the pretty creatures! Terrified, they turn to fly, with such light and graceful movements that—

*Bang! bang!* They are the grand duke's shots. One animal falls to the ground, the other lies dying in the ditch. He tries to rise, bellowing softly, plaintively. A keeper despatches him.

Thus it continues for half an hour longer; then, upon a sign from the President, M. Leddet gives the signal to cease firing, the



AFTER THE HUNT — THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY RETURNS TO THE CASTLE

carriages are brought up, every one takes his place as expeditiously as possible, and the procession moves at a quick trot in the direction of the pheasantry, where there is to be some cock-shooting. The road takes us close by a pond somewhat famous in the history of the French chase—the pond of St. Hubert.

During the last century a unique scene was enacted there, when it so happened that three stags, pursued by three distinct hunting trains, met at this point.

There was King Louis XV, with his suite, wearing the blue; then the Prince de Conti, whose followers wore yellow; and the Prince de Dombes, whose colors were red with white stripes.

It was a sight, observes Baron de Vaux, probably without parallel—three full-grown stags in the water, three packs in full pursuit, three hunts in different liveries, witnessess of the struggle, and finally a triple *hallali*.

While M. Leddet, erudite and agreeable, is recounting this incident to his companions, the horses increase their speed, and presently we reach our destination. The pheasantry is a majestic grove of oaks, at the lower end of which is a group of magnificent pine-trees, the straight, bare trunks shooting upward for a distance of thirty meters from the ground.

"Gentlemen, take your places! Attention!"

The sport now is one that requires the utmost precision, for pheasant-shooting is a difficult matter. Above all, the hens must be spared. At this exercise President Faure is a passed master; every time his "hammerless" is heard, a bird drops dead. The grand duke is likewise a marvelous shot. Not a cock comes within range that he does not salute him at the precise second when to fire is to send him with blood-stained feathers to the ground. From time to time M. Leddet blows his little horn. Shrilly the trumpet gives the signal to cease firing, the deafening detonation stops, and the keepers advance, gather up the game, heap it on the paths, the walks, and the road, whence servants presently carry it away.

But breakfast-time has come. There is a general shouldering of arms, and the company set briskly forth on foot, talking as they go, for the hunting-lodge.

This is a pretty building of brick, in the

style of Louis XIII. The walls are covered with fine old ivy, and it is shaded by the luxuriant foliage of a tricentenary oak-tree and by a magnificent California beech. In addition to the quarters assigned to Brigadier Antin and his wife, the lodge contains two large apartments, which, if required, may be thrown into one by the removal of a sliding partition. There are also two dressing-rooms reserved for the use of the President and his guests.

After a hasty toilet, we assemble in the dining-room and seat ourselves most willingly at table; for the fresh air has quickened every one's appetite. Mme. Antin, wife of the brigadier forester, promoted for that one day to be chief cook to President Félix Faure, has prepared a typical hunter's breakfast, to which the President and his guests do ample justice, to the unqualified delight of the worthy *cordon bleu*.

In an hour the meal has been despatched, but the company still linger to talk. Baron de Mohrenheim and Count Potocki recount, for the benefit of M. Le Gall, reminiscences of their hunts in Russia. The grand duke and the President talk navy. General Hagron and M. Leddet exchange views on the subject of the best means to suppress poaching. Colonel Ménétréz and Commandant Meaux Saint-Marc, a jurist emeritus, discuss a point of military law.

But now Father Antin, with his mingled air of respect and familiarity, approaches M. Faure, and, after an elaborate preamble, asks if his Highness the grand duke and the other distinguished guests would care to wind up the day with a rabbit *ferme*.

The proposal is at once accepted. Every one picks up his gun, and the party is conducted to a spacious glade, inclosed by wire nettings and entered from the lower end. The beaters have been left behind this time, and the sportsmen beat up the game themselves. Innumerable rabbits presently appear, running wildly in all directions, and making vain attempts to get away from the fire by leaping over the nettings, which, alas! are too high for them. Never was there seen such carnage! Yet once again, and now for the last time, the little clarion sounds the signal to stop firing. The hunt is over, gentlemen.

It is, moreover, past three o'clock and time to think about going home. The latest victims are accordingly gathered up,

and the keepers, assisted by half a dozen beaters, make a striking picture as they count the game.

There are the three roe-bucks, besides five hundred and thirty rabbits, a hundred and sixteen pheasant cocks, three hens, ninety-one hares, two squirrels, and one—crow! The heap of gray and white rabbits looks like some huge fur tippet which has been thrown carelessly on the ground; beside it the gorgeous plumage of the pheasants makes a rich mosaic of wonderful colors.

All this game, with the exception of a few pieces, will be sent to the hospitals. Each hunter selects from among what he himself has killed anything he may particularly fancy, the keepers hastily construct hampers out of straw, and this game is carried off and deposited in the break along with the rest of the baggage.

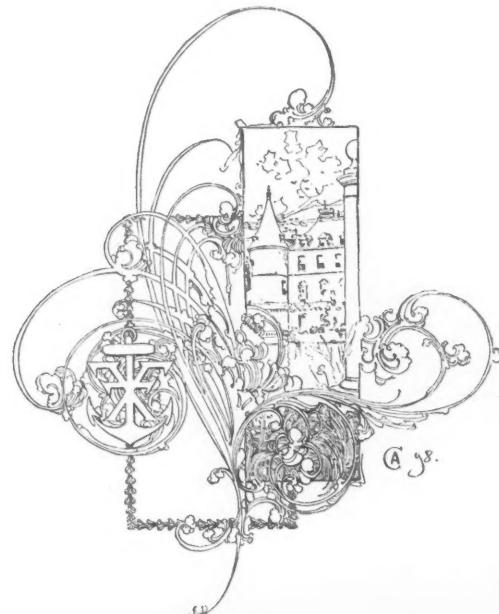
But dusk is rapidly approaching. From the darkening sky the last rays of the sun are fading. The ancient forest lies buried in shadow and stillness.

Beside the heap of game, gendarmes in long blue cloaks, with carbines over their shoulders, mount their last guard; the beaters have scattered over the adjacent roads, and are wending their several ways

homeward to where bowls of good soup await them smoking on the table. Each carries with him a rabbit or two.

The enchantment of night-time begins to make itself felt; through the falling dusk, illuminated by the afterglow of a wonderful sunset, the carriages roll rapidly along. Now we have left the forest and are on the plain; the purple distances grow blurred, indistinct, fade out of sight completely; the horizon is swallowed up in a dusky cloud. Over there, among the trees, rises the lofty and massive outline of the château of Rambouillet.

Such, ordinarily, were the circumstances of a day's hunting with M. Félix Faure. In the evening, after dinner, every one gathered about the fire and chatted in a low voice, while the President, cheery and simple, recounted his cynegetic feats, and those of his predecessors, from Marshal MacMahon, himself a mighty hunter, down. Grévy would be passed lightly over, as for him the chief event of a hunting day was the breakfast; and Carnot, too, a worthy man who never amused himself at all, but who loved to see other people amuse themselves. As for Casimir-Périer, his time was short; that happy hunter really left no history.



# THE SIGNAL CORPS IN WAR-TIME

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. W. GREELY

Chief Signal-Officer, U. S. Army



THE operations of the Signal Corps of the army in the war between Spain and the United States marked a distinct advance in the evolution of military science. When the war began, the public at large knew nothing of the Signal Corps or of its duties. Officers of distinction in the Civil War, failing to keep pace with the march of progress, ignored the existence of the corps, and some even voiced its uselessness. One general officer of national reputation wrote an article for a leading American journal in which the Signal Corps was not even named among the staff organizations of the army. Congress was not only indifferent, but almost hostile, and it organized a volunteer army of two hundred thousand men without provision for signal work.

Other corps have claimed to be the eyes and ears of the army; the Signal Corps claims only to be its nerve system. In this age, when trade, commerce, and manufactures have harnessed in their service the subtle force of electricity, the world has come to realize that without this force its powers and possibilities would be materially crippled. That which is done in electricity for the world at large through the agency of countless corporations is done for the army by the Signal Corps. Telegraphy, telephony, ballooning, and heliography are specialties of the Signal Corps. In addition to its duties of sending orders or military messages, it is charged by law with the collection and transmission of military information by telegraph or otherwise.

In time of peace, in preliminary training for war, it has sent heliograph flash messages from the Arizona mountains to the Mexican boundary, and thus ended an

Indian war, and on one occasion it made the world's record by flashing sun-ray messages between mountain-peaks one hundred and eighty miles apart. It has stretched and operated thousands of miles of military telegraph lines on the disturbed Mexican border, and along the war-paths that lead to and from the great Indian reservations.

Now, in time of war it succeeded (in what many thought impossible) in justifying its right to existence by a series of successes that have won general commendation. An American-made war cable was secretly carried and laid on the Cuban coast. A telegraph office for Shafter's army was opened in Cuba before it landed, and the army was given a twenty-minute service with the War Department in Washington. Telephone field-exchanges were opened and lines maintained in the trenches of Manila and Santiago and on the firing-lines in Porto Rico. The fire of the navy was effectively directed at Santiago and at Caloocan, Philippine Islands. A war balloon, made by the Signal Corps, was transported to Santiago; it was put in air on the skirmish-line, where orders of superiors placed it contrary to advice. The cables of our enemies were cut and those of our friends were repaired. Whether in Cuba, Porto Rico, or the Philippines, field lines, whenever permitted, were put up as fast as each command moved forward, and the generals or colonels on the firing-lines were kept in touch not only with one another, but with the commander-in-chief. All important war information came first through the Signal Corps, from the affair at Cienfuegos to the Tagal outbreak at Manila, and a daily war map in the White House was made practicable. Its secret-service information was so acc-

curate and so trusted by the President that its report of the arrival of Cervera's fleet in Santiago harbor, unconfirmed and questioned by others for ten days, alone caused the Santiago campaign, and thus ended happily and speedily the war.

It is not claimed for the Signal Corps of the army that in every detail its work

novelty or other cause, are deemed to be of special interest.

A photograph of the war-room at the White House has been called, not inappropriately, "Within Five Minutes of Cuba." This arose from the fact that the first message of Colonel James Allen, Signal Corps, announcing the opening of



From a photograph

WAR-ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE—"WITHIN FIVE MINUTES OF CUBA"

President McKinley used to sit at night on the sofa to the right and receive the latest despatches

was faultless, but it is asserted that from Porto Rico to the Philippines there was no demand for its services, whether in camp, in field, or in battle, that was not promptly and satisfactorily met. Indeed, in many cases the corps anticipated the situation and necessity. The approval of its work is to be found in the President's message, the report of the Secretary of War, the proceedings of the War Investigation Board, and in the special reports of every commanding general of an army.

The scope of this article precludes any attempt at a formal or historic review of the war work of the Signal Corps, and is necessarily confined to the presentation of certain phases of that work which, from

the field office at Caimanéra, reached the President in five minutes. On reflection, the import of this fact is startling. It means that for the first time in history the chief executive of a nation was able continually to control the operations of and dictate the policy to be pursued by an army fifteen hundred miles distant—not in a civilized region of continuous land, but across an ocean, and in the forests of a hostile and barren country. Not only was the commanding general thus reached, but also the army outposts from mountain to sea-shore, and even, by army signal-flag, the White Squadron of our navy.

The war-room of the White House, the headquarters of Colonel Montgomery of

the Signal Corps, was specially interesting; but its precincts were necessarily forbidden ground save to a chosen few. Here centered the service wires of the War and Navy departments, the circuits of the Associated and Sun press associations, private wires north to New York and south to Tampa and Key West, the distant telephone to far-off cities, and private circuits to the heads of departments, to cabinet officers, the adjutant-general, the chief signal-officer of the army, and others as necessary. As in olden times all highways led to Rome, so now all lines of communication led to the President. Maps of war conditions in the various fields of actual or possible campaigns were kept up to the very hour or day. Every ship or transport, every regiment, battery, or other command, Spanish or American, was represented by appropriate flag in the place it then held or was supposed to hold, ships crossing the ocean being located daily at noon by dead-reckoning. Scarcely an hour after San Juan heights had been won by American valor, the Stars and Stripes were proudly moved forward on the White House war map of the field of Santiago. Here, in his few moments of hard-earned rest from cabinet consultation and pressing executive duties, the President studied, with an eye trained by his experiences of the Civil War, the shifting phases of the war, and planned and surmised for the future.

The earliest important action of the Signal Corps was in its occupation and censorship of telegraph lines. The absolute necessity of a Signal Corps was evident when Colonel Richard E. Thompson relieved, at Key West, an officer of the navy who, unskilled in telegraphy, had possession of the cable office, and sat there while the cable was working overtime carrying Spanish messages from Jacksonville direct to Havana. Beyond their assured courtesy and entire efficacy, I cannot vouch for Thompson's actions; but that they met with local disapproval was evident when a telegraph employee thundered at my door at one o'clock the next morning, and informed me that he did not dare to return without a message of some kind from me to the president of his company. Compromise in non-essentials was the order of the day, but to the very end the two cables remained under my supervision.

There is a general misapprehension as

to the scope of censorship exercised by the Signal Corps during the war. It is true that suggestions were not infrequent that the Signal Corps should attempt to control the press as to its war news. Never for a moment did I accede to such advice, realizing not only the futility but also the danger of such attempts. The following extract from an official telegram, sent May 29, briefly sets forth my views:

Abridgment of the freedom of the press is an extremely delicate matter, justified only in time of war and when clearly necessary for the public safety; and we both desire to minimize it in the present emergency to the briefest limits of time and to cases of flagrant offenders.

At certain points, where it appeared to be warranted in the public interest, telegraph censorship was freely exercised—in Florida, in Galveston, and in New York city. This was done by occupying two cable offices actually and the rest constructively. General Eckert, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. Scrymser, acting respectively for the great corporations, the Western Union, the Postal, and the Mexican telegraph companies, gave loyal and effective support to the government in this crisis. The lines, when occupied, became for the time being military lines, and being charged by law with the control of such lines, restrictions were placed thereon by the chief signal-officer. Messages to and from Spain and her colonies were forbidden, except to diplomatic agents of neutral countries and to a few United States officials. Government despatches were accorded absolute precedence. Commercial messages, including press despatches, were allowed to pass freely, unless containing information of current military movements or other matter affording aid and comfort to the public enemies of the United States.

It should be said that the great newsgatherers, the Associated and Sun press associations, accepted in the most loyal spirit these restrictions. Not only did the managers personally express to me their desire to conform to the wishes of the government, but they acted accordingly. They even went further, and, for the public good, to my certain knowledge suppressed much information on military plans divulged by indiscreet officials.

Occasionally there was an American

who so far forgot his duty to his country as to present messages either giving information valuable to the enemy or so reflecting on public affairs as to border on treason, and in extremely rare cases this action was coupled with mendacity. In only two instances did such conduct fail of disavowal by managing editors. It is to be said that almost invariably the war correspondents were men not only of abil-

the art of phrasing ordinary messages in plain text so that the import was not evident at first sight. There were a number of passages at arms of a good-natured kind between correspondents and the censor, more particularly at Key West. Among information prohibited was that relating to the initial stages of naval or military operations. When Sampson's fleet left Key West, every effort was made to prevent



From a photograph

GENERAL GREELY TELEPHONING TO THE WHITE HOUSE WAR-ROOM

ity and discretion, but also of scrupulous honor and considerate deportment.

The telegraphic censorship was not without its humorous or picturesque side. Colonel James Allen of the Signal Corps had at Key West to deal with a score of the cleverest, most wide-awake men of the corps of American journalists. Unable to send cipher messages, they realized the possibility of sending secret information by concerted code, so incorporated in a message of plain text as to conceal its importance. They were passed masters in

this fact becoming known, except in the same manner as marked the publication of other and more important matter, through the indiscretion of high officials in Washington. A number of messages were filed which were intended to convey this information to various journals, but, in accordance with the rule that rejected messages should neither be returned nor the sender notified, most of these despatches went into the waste-basket. Among other messages at this time was one which read, "Newspaper fleet has sailed to the east-

ward." Several hours later the sender filed another despatch saying, "Strike out first word of my last message." This was too much for Colonel Allen, who handed back the message, saying, "The first one did not go." When the correspondent asked why, he tersely responded: "Because all fleets look alike to me." Another fruitlessly attempted to convey the information that Sampson's fleet had shelled San Juan by a rambling cable message, addressed to a woman, reciting that Sam was at work in the Windward Islands and that his son had gone into the shell business at San Juan.

Censoring telegrams was equally trying to correspondents and to the censor. One officer wrote me that he was near nervous exhaustion through being daily torn with conflicting emotions of sympathy with the correspondents and conscientious duty to the government. "Their resignation is at times pathetic," he said; "I doubt if I could so calmly see my day's work emasculated." It was this manly spirit on both sides that resulted in only one formal complaint to the President during the war. It is pleasant to record that it was from a man who, following no army, poured out vitriol secure in his city office. Criticism and animadversion passed freely in messages, save where it reflected on the whole army, on the country, or was couched in language really abusive.

The enlistment and organization of the Volunteer Signal Corps progressed with the establishment of the great camps, where tens of thousands of recruits and scores of regiments, separated by long distances, occupied many square miles of broken ground, thus making administration difficult. The Signal Corps at once erected several hundred miles of temporary telegraph and telephone lines, and installed independent telephone exchanges for strictly military use. These, in turn, were connected with the telephone and telegraph centers of the nearest great city. In short, every camp had a modern system of communication equal to that of any American city.

The utility of the telephone and telegraph in enforcing discipline was strikingly illustrated by an episode in connection with the Second Army Corps at Camp Alger. A large number of the members of a volunteer regiment construed the order suspending drills for the Fourth of July as

freeing them from all restraint, and without authority they left camp on the night of July 3, with the avowed intent of visiting their homes in a distant State. The able and energetic corps commander, Major-General W. M. Graham, meeting them on the road to Washington, ordered them to return to camp; but, disregarding his orders, they hilariously continued on their way. They reckoned without their host, in ignorance of the determination and resourcefulness of General Graham, who galloped to camp and instantly ordered out the provost guard. He then directed Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Strong, the quick-witted chief signal-officer of the Second Army Corps, to bend the energies of the Signal Corps to thwarting the designs of the men. Colonel Strong first telephoned to the power-house to cut off the current of the electric cars on which most of the men were traveling, following this by orders to the provost guard at Falls Church to arrest all soldiers passing. Later, instructions to the police authorities in Washington resulted in the guarding of bridges across the Potomac and all railway-stations in the city, and the prompt arrest of all absentees. In Camp Alger the division commanders were ordered to sound immediately the "long roll," when every absentee was discovered and reported. In less than an hour a whole army, covering many square miles with its camps, was called to "attention," as it were, by the corps commander. What might have been a serious and unfortunate breach of discipline was efficaciously settled in an hour, and the insubordinate men were so thoroughly discomfited that the affair bordered on the ludicrous.

The work of limiting the telegraphic facilities of the enemy being fairly under way by the occupation of the Havana cables, it became essential to establish special circuits and systems for speedy communication with such armies as we should send beyond the limits of the United States. The first demand for special war cables came from Major-General Nelson A. Miles, who, outlining his plans, asked that the Signal Corps should take measures to insure prompt and constant telegraphic communication with such force as was to occupy Cuba near Havana. I assured him that steps would be taken that very day to carry his wishes into execution.

There were almost insuperable difficulties, as neither money, cables, cable machinery, nor ships were available, while secrecy and despatch were essential to success.

The Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, immediately approved my requisition for funds, and the President promptly made an allotment from the National Defense Fund, which was later supplemented, on confidential information to the Hon. J. G. Cannon, by liberal appropriations from Congress. Within a week a cable factory was running day and night, and the ship *Adria*, selected through the kindly offices of Thomas F. Clark of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was secretly chartered by Quartermaster-General Ludington. Mr. Scrymser, president of the Mexican Telegraph Company, lent the only available set of cable machinery in North America, and my indefatigable assistant, Colonel James Allen, struggled day and night to get the expedition into working condition.

Events moved so rapidly that the cables would have been in arrears had I not fortunately picked up, through the valuable assistance of an old soldier, General T. T. Eckert, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, thirty-two miles of English cable. The *Adria* was ready to sail, when the collector of the port refused a clearance to her, as she had a foreign register and could not legally carry supplies to Key West, her destina-

tion. An appeal to the Secretary of the Treasury having been made, it was decided that under the law he was powerless to help, and I was quite in despair, when it suddenly occurred to me to clear the *Adria* for Santiago de Cuba via Key West, which clearance the collector was obliged to grant, as Santiago was not then under blockade. Colonel Allen, ordered in advance to Key West, was made censor in order to conceal his preparations for cable-cutting with the *Adria*, which arrived independently as a coasting steamer.

It was here that Allen applied his splendid energy to the general duty of collecting information, with which the Signal Corps is charged by law. His alert, discreet, and tactful operations had results not alone brilliant in the quantity and quality of secret information furnished to the President through me, but even destined to initiate a line of action that brought the war to a speedy end. Along with other information, Allen reported, on May 11, the cable-cutting at Cienfuegos; May 17, the Cardenas affair; May 18, military activities at Havana;



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph

A TREE SIGNAL-TOWER AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

May 19, Cervera's arrival at Santiago; May 21, the attack on Guantanamo; May 23, Schley's operations on the 22d at Cienfuegos; May 31, Schley's bombardment at Santiago. Most of these reports, which reached the United States by other routes days later, were instantly given by me to the President, and by Allen to Commodore Sampson's squadron. For obvious reasons, these reports were kept secret until the war ended.

The most important of Allen's despatches shortened the war. It will be remembered that the country was aflame with excitement and uncertainty as to the progress and destination of Cervera's fleet. From Curaçao, where the flagship touched, it vanished from sight of our navy like the Flying Dutchman, until Schley, acting under orders based on information furnished by the Signal Corps, sighted the Spanish fleet at Santiago about two weeks later, on May 29. The administration was criticized for its lack of information and its indecisive action, but undeservedly so. Cervera entered the harbor of Santiago May 19, and that same day the President was given in writing by my office despatches from Allen which read: "Five Spanish vessels arrived Santiago de Cuba. Have informed the admiral commanding [Sampson]"; and "The Spanish flagship arrived Santiago de Cuba. The admiral [Cervera] hastily wired Madrid." The President and the Secretary of the Navy, fortunately impressed by my assurances of the thorough reliability of the reports, were equal to the emergency, and that very day gave such prompt and effective orders as resulted in the blockade and campaign of Santiago and the accompanying destruction of Cervera's fleet. The continued failure of the navy to verify this report until ten days later caused its correctness to be sharply questioned, as it had been reported that Cervera left Santiago at once. Meanwhile Lieutenant-Colonel Maxfield of the Signal Corps, acting under my orders, verified the information from independent sources. Arrangements were made whereby the Signal Corps almost daily obtained information coming over one or more of the six cables leading out of Santiago. Allen reported May 21, "Cervera surely at Santiago today"; May 22, "Spanish ships are still at Santiago; they put in short of coal, and

are now unable to obtain coal in Santiago"; May 23, "Admiral Cervera at Santiago"; May 24, "At 4 P.M. Cervera still in Santiago"; May 25, "Cervera at Santiago at eight this morning"; May 26, "Situation at Santiago remains unchanged"; and so on till the blockade. Secretary Long, who sent orders to Sampson May 19, says officially: "All military and naval movements depended upon that point [Cervera's presence in Santiago]," and his faith in the reports led to Sampson's orders to Schley to proceed to Santiago, and to the fast cruisers *Harvard* and *Yale* to scout before the harbor. Without such orders Cervera's squadron would have been re-coaled by the *Restormel*, the Santiago campaign would have been unfought, and the war prolonged.

I have gone into details, as many so-called histories of the war were written before it was prudent to reveal the part played by the Signal Corps. No report of any official of the navy acknowledges or mentions obligations due to the army for this service. Yet the generous spirit that characterizes the typical American naval officer was individually quick to recognize this invaluable aid from the sister service, which has hitherto been unknown to nearly every officer of our navy.

The time for action having arrived, Allen was ordered to leave in the *Adria*, and joining Sampson's squadron, cut the six cables within range of the land batteries at Santiago. Metaphorically speaking, the wires nearly melted in overcoming a remarkable series of obstacles on the day that the *Adria* left. First the captain and crew refused to go; then the force of experienced cable hands struck, increased wages being no temptation in the face of danger. Eventually Allen secured twelve soldiers as volunteers, all "land-lubbers," with strength and good will but no skill. These, with four officers and men of the Signal Corps, made up an "expert" force. Finally, the naval officers ordered to convoy the *Adria* raised more questions about the flag the *Adria* should fly than could be answered in a month. The powers that be summarily cut this Gordian knot, and Allen put to sea in hot haste, lest other evils arise.

Day after day the *Adria* dredged the Cuban waters off Santiago, where the sea shelves to the depth of a mile within a

league. Inexperienced men, a discontented crew, a coral-reefed bottom, and gear suited to a depth of only two hundred fathoms, made progress slow. Dredging-irons caught in coral reefs, hundreds of fathoms of Manila rope went at a time, and despite constant dredging across the cable lines, nothing but sea life came to the surface. Tropical heat, excessive moisture, stifling, crowded quarters, wretched food, and exhausting manual labor, where officers and men worked alike, made life almost unsupportable in its monotony and its drain on physical energies. Now and then there was intense excitement. Once a Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer, only ten minutes distant, poked out her nose with evil intent; for Allen took every risk, and worked continuously within gun-range, as the chances of success increased with nearness to shore. Captain Clark of the *Oregon* and Captain Philip of the *Texas* were watchful, however, and moving up, promptly checked any contemplated movement of the enemy.

Patience, steady work, and energy finally rewarded Allen's efforts, which were especially directed against the two most important cables—those to Jamaica. A cable was hooked, June 2, in nine hundred fathoms; the *Adria* was then inshore, and liable to be fired on by the batteries or attacked by torpedo-boats. The signal "Help wanted" was set just before dusk, when Captain Lyon immediately responded with the *Dolphin*, and furnished a detail to haul up the cable, while Captain Philip with the *Texas* immediately took position between the *Adria* and the battery. While Allen was working to destroy the cable that night, Hobson, whom he had helped to needed wire, was going in with the *Merrimac*. When near the surface, the cable broke, and shortly after daylight the *Adria* was fired on from the shore battery.

On June 5 a cable, grappled in water more than a mile deep (in 6264 feet), was brought to the surface after three hours of exhausting labor, the small force being assisted by a detail of sailors kindly sent by Captain Philip. The bight of the cable was brought on board, about twenty feet was cut out, and the ends were thrown overboard. This success in a hastily equipped steamer of seven hundred tons, without skilled labor, has been justly viewed by cable experts as an extraordi-

nary feat. Allen renewed his work, but Sampson's demonstration in force drew the enemy's fire. Unknown to her captain, the *Adria* had been steadily worked by Allen within range of Spanish guns. Now, when the captain looked forward with delight to our fleet firing, he came to a lively realization of the situation, for a Spanish shell passed over and dropped a mile to seaward of the *Adria*. He nearly fell down the companionway in his haste to get under full speed.

Cable-cutting in a chartered steamer thus ended, Allen, under orders sent via Haiti, went to work in safe waters to repair the French cable between Guantanamo and Santiago. One night a message from the middle of the sea told me that he had the end of the cable, and on June 20, opening a cable-station at Playa del Este, near the marine camp, he relieved the President's anxiety by announcing the safe arrival of Shafter's army that morning. As soon as Shafter landed he was given direct communication with Washington, which was uninterruptedly maintained throughout the campaign.

In this work the Signal Corps, operating at sea in its own ship and with its own men, laid along the precipitous coast, under conditions that appalled the only telegraph expert present, the first deep-sea war cable known, connecting Shafter at Siboney with the French cable at Playa del Este.

Signal Corps work under General Shafter at Santiago devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Greene, whose early operations were seriously impaired by lack of material, as the modern field telegraph-train was left at Tampa, and visual signaling was, on the whole, virtually impossible. Fortunately, I had provided the *Adria* with telephones, telegraph instruments, and insulators, which were now invaluable, especially insulated wire, which, constructed under Allen's personal supervision, was calculated, by its tensility, conductivity, and insulation, to withstand successfully conditions of extraordinary severity. Under the well-directed efforts of Lieutenant-Colonel Greene a system of telegraph and telephone lines connected General Shafter's headquarters with the war cable and Washington in the rear, with every important point on the outposts to the front, and through the flag-

station at Aguadores with Sampson's fleet. On land aerial telephone lines were promptly built, but when poles were wanting and the country was largely covered with chaparral, the Signal Corps adopted the plan of stretching its insulated wire on the ground from reels carried by its men. It successfully strung along the war trail, and through the foremost trenches, an insulated seven-stranded wire that failed neither from the trampling feet of horse and man nor from torrential tropical rains, though often buried in mud and water. From San Juan Hill to Aguadores its tinkling telephone bells sounded twenty-four hours a day, and thus made practicable not only unity of action for the army, but also co-operation between army and navy, especially in directing by combined signals the fire of the fleet on Santiago city, which was invisible to our seamen.

Valiant and venturesome were our own signalmen, as became typical Americans, but it rejoiced Colonel Greene to bring to my notice the gallant bearing of a Spanish flagman. The enemy, in occupying the graceful stone fort of El Viso at El Caney, recognized it as the key of the situation on their left, and so built a telephone line from Santiago to the fort, which they equipped as a signal-station. On July 1 our attack began at 6 A.M., and our left, pushing forward so as to cut off the enemy's line of communications, occupied the high-road to Santiago about 8 A.M. Espying the telegraph wire that bound together El Caney and Santiago, the military instincts of our soldiers caused its immediate destruction. But the beleaguered fort was no more cut off from communication with Santiago than was Corse at Altoona from Sherman at Kenesaw Mountain. In a few minutes a Spanish flagman appeared on the commanding summit of El Viso and began signaling to Santiago. Sharp and clear against the morning sky showed his figure, within rifle-range of some two thousand keen-eyed Americans, who meanwhile were pouring in a fire, with El Viso as the objective center, while, at intervals, the deep notes of Capron's battery punctuated the shrill music of the flying bullets. Indifferent to shot and shell, the Spaniard rhythmically waved his signal-flag to and fro until his message was sent. Colonel Greene added: "How long the flag waved or

what it said, I do not know, but as no signal-flag was reported among the trophies at El Caney, I hope that he escaped. Here's to him if alive! If not, peace to his manes!"

To Lieutenant-Colonel B. F. Montgomery, signal-officer on duty with the President, fell the duty of enciphering and deciphering for the Chief Executive special confidential messages, whether in the cipher of the State, War, or Navy departments. His skill as an operator was a great advantage, as it enabled him to detect telegraphic errors; but at times these complex and condensed messages were most puzzling, requiring patience and judgment for their solution.

The Spanish military cipher, as shown in despatches captured at different times, was found to be of the dictionary character, where separate specified sentences or words are represented by numbers in groups of five. Many ciphers were intercepted passing through the United States, and one intercepted in Cuba with a Spanish spy had a tragic ending. Near Cubitas, on July 5, the Cuban forces captured a countrified old negro, about sixty years of age, coming into our lines from the direction of San Luis. He told a plausible tale of his wanderings, but suspicion was excited by the fact that he had two old passes from Spanish authorities permitting him to pass out of Santiago and to return. His captors, in searching him thoroughly, rolled down the legs of his trousers and found concealed a cipher message on tissue-paper, with telltale rows of figures. Colonel Greene regarded him as a wretched tool trying to earn a *centen* (about five dollars) and interested himself in the case. While doubting that the message contained any valuable information, he unavailingly strove to decipher the figures, with the hope that they might be harmless enough to save the wretched man's life. Soon the Cuban soldiers moved on with their prisoner, and it was later reported that he was found guilty by a drumhead court martial and was summarily executed as a spy.

All know how trying were the early July days at Santiago, and none better than the Signal Corps. With a casualty list of sixteen hundred, there were almost countless requests by anxious relatives to know the fate of individual officers and men. These appeals were often piteous, for there could

not be even a pretense of obtaining information. The cable was operated in Cuba to the extent of the powers of the scant overworked force, which managed, however, to keep it busy twenty-four hours each day. Necessarily the "governments," or official despatches, had precedence, but next came messages involving life and death.

What words of anxiety and fear, what assurances of hope and despair, passed to and fro in those fearful days! One such touching case fell under my own experience. Called to New York by a great emergency, from morning till night I had sat in the suffocating cable office through the greatest heat that the city had ever known. At one end of a long table was a private wire working direct with the White House; at the other ended the deep-sea cable that bound us to the south coast of Cuba, where centered the hopes of seventy millions of Americans. Through the livelong day I sat there, my eyes glued as if by a horrible fascination on the tiny ink-siphon that wrote in black and snaky sinuosities its tale of war and blood. "We may not hold the blood-stained crest of San Juan Hill." "You must hold it, or fail in the nation's trust." "But the list of dead and wounded swells fourfold." "Yet the country, while mourning her heroic fallen, bids her living sons emulate their example."

Now the evil tidings dragged slowly their horrible length, blotching the fair paper slip. Cervera had escaped with the fastest ships of the world; but, oh, gleam of hope, our squadron followed fast! Then nature rivaled the fire of the fleet, and a tropic thunder-squall in the Antilles closed the cable, and suspense held us all. The heavens cleared as if by magic, and then were recorded in clear-drawn curves Allen's glad words that all save two of the proud fleet of Spain burned, stranded on the Cuban shore, or were at the bottom of the sea. Long "governments" trailed their commonplaces, and then silence fell awhile, till the tinkling of the bell came as a prelude to telephonic talk. Two army-women asked: "Is General Greely there, and will he send for us a message into Cuba?" "Governments fill the line, and time fails for private talk." "Only a few words that will take scarce a minute." What could we say? Yesterday had

brought word that one husband lay in the open field, shot through his breast, with an arm shattered. As to the other, reports differed whether he was fever-stricken or Mauser-struck, but both agreed that against medical advice he had gone to the front. What could I say but that I would do the best possible? Then came the noblest words of the day—of women bearing their husbands' burdens with their own, giving no sign of the anguish that filled their tender hearts. The message ran thus: "Say to our husbands that we are well, and bid them be of good courage." Unequal fate befell these two courageous women, for one holds in her happy home the general who then won his star, while the other, a sorrowing widow, gains her bread by daily toil.

The Signal Corps had always been alert in its efforts to place military ballooning on its proper footing as an important war factor, ever useful for reconnoitering, but indispensable in a wooded country. In peace, when time and opportunity permitted modest experiments, Congress refused special appropriations. When sudden war came, and funds were available, time failed not only for experiments, but also for even making a balloon. It thus occurred that the only war experiences were with a balloon manufactured entirely by hand work of members of the corps, and in their leisure hours. That such a balloon was built, under such difficulties, was due to the enthusiasm of Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Glassford and the persevering ingenuity of Sergeant Ivy Baldwin. Balloon operations were intrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Maxfield. The necessary adjuncts (steel tubes filled with compressed pure hydrogen gas under one hundred atmospheres, generator, etc.) were collected under such stress and from so many quarters that at Tampa there was not even time to make an experimental ascent. Sailing with General Shafter, the balloon party was kept on shipboard for a week after its arrival at Siboney.

Charged with a technical duty demanding professional skill and scientific knowledge, Colonel Maxfield's requests for supplies were refused, his advice and warnings disregarded. However, he allowed nothing to deter decisive action on his own part, although he was to make his first ascent in the face of an enemy and in a

balloon so worn and dilapidated that its use was extra-hazardous.

Repairs were speedily made, and, on June 30, three ascensions disclosed roads and streams undiscovered in the previous week. The five Spanish war-ships, the arrival of which the Signal Corps had promptly announced to the President, were for the first time seen as a fleet.

Ordered by General Shafter to arrange for an ascension on July 2, when a battle was to occur, Colonel Maxfield had his horse shot under him while reconnoitering the designated ground that morning. Contrary to his advice, the balloon was ordered on the skirmish-line of the troops then deploying for an attack on the blockhouse and trenches on San Juan Hill. The ascension disclosed the fact that San Juan Hill was strongly held by the enemy, and the existence near by of an unsuspected trail toward the hill. As a result, Grimes's battery immediately opened fire on San Juan Blockhouse, and the path was promptly utilized by the diversion therein of some of the troops then crowding the main road, thus increasing the number of men who could simultaneously advance to the attack. Meanwhile the Spanish troops, doubtless astonished by the appearance of a balloon almost over their lines, opened a heavy musketry fire, which riddled the balloon and inflicted loss on our troops in the rear. To obtain information the Signal Corps had been pushed forward so far that the Mauser-pierced balloon fell to the ground even in advance of our skirmishers, between the lines of the two contending armies. Colonel Maxfield would have been justified in temporarily abandoning the balloon, but such a thought does not seem to have entered his head. The men handled the huge envelop as fast as the escaping gas would permit, and rolling it neatly, carried it safely to the rear. This occupied about half an hour, during which time the Spanish fire was continuous and at times so heavy that leaves cut by bullets fell like rain from the trees.

By remarkable good fortune the balloon fell in the dry bed of the shallow Aguadores, and instead of the whole party perishing, only one man was wounded. As the balloon was falling, Colonel Maxfield's attention was drawn to one man, Corporal Boone, since dead, whose cool and systematic actions in securing the safety of the

aéronauts first and the balloon afterward made him conspicuous for courage in a party where every man displayed bravery. The balloon safe, Sergeant Kennedy, with Privates Bunce and Richards, volunteered to take a dynamite-gun to the "Rough Riders," which was done under conditions of such danger as secured for them, by the unanimous award of a board of officers, certificates of distinguished service.

The value of the war bicycle has been loudly vaunted, and the Signal Corps of Santiago would not have been up-to-date had a wheel been wanting. The hard-hearted commanding general tabooed such transportation, but an enterprising private, Starkey by name, was promised a fabulous sum by a maker if he would take a wheel safely through the campaign. The fabulous sum *in posse* was not attractive, but a new bicycle *in esse* was, and it was smuggled on ship and ashore, the first bicycle in an American war. It escaped sharp-eyed Colonel Greene until June 25, when he detailed Starkey to report at once to Lawton, beyond Las Guasimas.

Greene, whose campaign experiences never cost him a day's illness, nearly fainted from mingled astonishment and indignation when he learned that Starkey, without permission, had started at day-break on an ante-breakfast bicycle jaunt to inspect the battle-field of Las Guasimas, twelve miles distant. However, the wily colonel held his counsel, for he knew that the trail to be followed was better suited to travel by ox-sled than by bicycle, and simply ordered that Starkey report *immediately* on his return. Seven hours of exhausting work brought the rider back at noon. Greene personally saw the wheel packed with heliograph, carbine, blanket-roll, haversack, etc., and grimly watched the soldier as, under orders to Lawton, he wearily trundled away until the road melted into the palms. It is safe to say that Private Starkey holds the bicycle record in the Santiago campaign, and as for the bicycle, it next appeared with deflated tires and tilted wooden rim, a disreputable wreck of its former grandeur and beauty.

The war was marked by certain incidents which in olden times would be termed chivalric, but which we now call evidences of the "brotherhood of man." Certainly they indicate that there was no

spirit of hate between individual combatants. Invalided by yellow fever, Major G. W. S. Stevens of the Signal Corps learned that his baggage had been shipped from Santiago to Spain with the paroled soldiers. From their forlorn condition as to clothing and equipment, there were grounds to think that these articles, as spoils of war, would be utilized for the comfort of the half naked. The trunk, with every article intact, was promptly returned from Spain.

Among other incidents is the story of the first official message direct from Hobson. It will be recalled that there were rumors in circulation as to ill-treatment of this heroic officer and his gallant men. My own efforts disproved these rumors. I cabled by three separate routes, the navy having reported all cables cut, as follows:

RICHMOND P. HOBSON,  
Care Naval Commander,  
Santiago de Cuba.

Your many congratulating friends hope you are in good health.

*A. W. Greeley.*

I was gratified to receive the next day an "office message" courteously stating that General Linares, then commanding at Santiago, would personally see that my cablegram was delivered to Hobson.

On June 8 I received this cablegram:

GREELEY: Many thanks for kindness. Self, seamen all well. Notify families. Earnestly trust measures being taken for exchange.

*Hobson.*

I took it direct to the President, whom I found working as usual after midnight. He said: "Can this be genuine, general? It seems like a fairy-tale to bring me direct news from an American officer in a Spanish prison. Besides, it has been reported that some of the seamen were injured."

I assured the President of my entire confidence in the honorable action of General Linares, and the correctness of the news. On the receipt of this message, the Navy Department informed the anxiously inquiring families of the men of their safety.

It was gratifying for me to be able to extend similar reciprocal courtesies later in the war. On July 2 cable communication between Cuba and Spain was completely

severed except over the lines between Havana and Key West, which were open for messages censored by Spain at Havana and by the Signal Corps at Key West. Governor-General Blanco then asked if I would permit him to send a personal message to Madrid. I answered that it would give me great pleasure to forward the cablegram. It was a soldier's gallant homage to her Majesty, the Queen Regent, on her birthday.

Colonel James Allen ordered to be transmitted, at Admiral Sampson's request, the report of Admiral Cervera to Governor-General Blanco, which I allowed to pass from New York to Havana. In turn, Blanco asked me to allow him to send Cervera's report to Madrid, and also requested that I forward the following message to Cervera, which was granted at once.

REAR-ADmirAL CERVERA,  
Care of Admiral Sampson,  
Playa del Este.

I received with profound grief your Excellency's telegram of yesterday, and desire to express my admiration at the conduct of your officers and crew. Perhaps if you had chosen some other hour the result would have been different. Sampson states that in his command there were only three casualties—is it possible? Your Excellency is asked to inform me what funds you need and where they should be deposited. I tender to your Excellency, in which all the officers and troops under my command join, the expression of my liveliest interest and desire to alleviate your situation as far as possible.

*Blanco.*

The most interesting point connected with the Porto Rican campaign was the opening up of telegraphic communication at Ponce, and the establishment of several telegraph and telephone systems which radiated along the line of march of the four invading columns. From the roof of the custom-house communication by flag and torch was had with the transports and naval vessels in the harbor, and with such military commands near the city as were not provided with direct telegraphic communication. General Miles intrusted entire charge of the Signal Corps work to Colonel James Allen, whose success in Cuba had excited the admiration of his brother officers, of the foreign military attachés, and of our whole country. The field telegraphic

work was directed by Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Reber of the Signal Corps, an officer of wonderful energy and resourcefulness. Appreciating the importance of telegraphic communication, the retiring Spaniards had destroyed the battery, removed the instruments, and severed connections, as well as torn down portions of the line. In fact, they had done everything possible to destroy telegraphic communication in the island, and this in a country where no telegraph material was available. Unfortunately, the shipment of Signal Corps stores had been delayed in transit, but the field telegraph outfits of the corps were supplemented by material gathered here and there. Among articles that could not be replaced was a large switchboard that was absolutely necessary to facilitate the handling of military messages, which ran as high as ten thousand words a day. Reber's experience in the International Railway work in Central America, as well as in the shops of the Johns Hopkins University during his electrical course at that institution, was not lost. Stalking along the streets, a perfect giant, six feet four inches in height, he espied a discarded brass kettle. Telling a man to pick it up and follow him, he marched on until he reached a small machine-shop, of which he took military possession, and personally applied himself to the work of building a switchboard. In a time which seemed incredibly short to the astonished Porto Ricans, he manufactured from the sugar-kettle and parts of broken captured instruments a switchboard which seemed at a distance, even to an experienced eye, to be the output of an electrical-supply house.

Reber's versatility again displayed itself in his photographic work of the Spanish position at Aibonito Pass. Surveying by photography is not new, but its application to the camera, without any special outfit, in the field and in active military operations is sufficiently unusual to merit notice. Occupying several points on the firing-line, his photographic work was so satisfactory that he produced a topographic map of the local terrain showing our own battery at an elevation of nine hundred feet and the Spanish battery at eighteen hundred and fifty feet, with an intervening valley.

The speedy manner in which Lieutenant Davenport, Signal Corps, handled the mes-

sage announcing the peace protocol shows the efficiency of the service. The cablegram, received in the main office at Playa del Ponce, August 13, at 10:34 A.M., reached army headquarters at Ponce at 10:37 A.M. The orders of Major-General Miles, commanding the army, transmitted by wire in three directions, to Generals Brooke, Henry, and Wilson, directing suspension of hostilities, were written, filed, sent, and delivered in the interior of the island in thirty-three minutes, just in time to prevent active hostilities. The message to General Brooke, who was on the firing-line, necessitated a courier, Lieutenant McLaughlin, who rode very fast, knowing that our artillery was opening the fight. After the war was over, General Brooke said to me one day: "McLaughlin of your corps is an energetic officer, general, but I had to reprimand him that day."

"For what?" I asked in a surprised manner.

Brooke, with a twinkle in his eye, responded: "I told McLaughlin that he ought not to have ridden his horse so fast on such a hot day."

The general's soldierly instincts could not regard quietly the spoiling of a fight, especially when things were going his way.

At Aibonito Pass telephone service was opened on the firing-line, and the tree supporting the telephone was destroyed by a Spanish shell. Officers and men displayed the greatest zeal for scouting duty, and shared with the line in the capture of towns and other raids that would have been hazardous in face of a stronger foe.

Signal Corps operations in the Philippines were conducted under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Thompson with a degree of success comparing favorably with that of his comrades nearer home. The laying of the Manila-Cavite cable, where part of the material was extemporized, the reopening of the Hong-kong-Manila cable in advance of the arrival of the cable-ship, the directing of the fire of the navy by preconcerted code, and the system of field-telegraph lines in the trenches about Manila, were part of the special services that the corps was proud to render to their comrades of the line. On the day of the assault the non-combatant Signal Corps was given places of honor. Captain E. A. McKenna, with two men carrying red-and-white flags, and

other Signal Corps men maintained their position with or in advance of the firing-line, and these flags were the first emblems of American authority within the enemy's works. During this assault an insulated telegraph wire was carried across a river and up the open beach, and a telegraph office was opened within the Spanish intrenchments just fifteen minutes after they were carried.

Signal Corps operations were conducted by Colonel Thompson on a scale and with a success hitherto unknown in active campaigning. With Manila as a center, every extended movement in Luzon has found the Signal Corps keeping pace with division commanders, which means not only a telegraph office on the firing-line by the side of the general, but connection with every unit of the command, whether battery or regiment. Struggling amid rice-swamps and tropical undergrowth in the lowlands, and crossing trackless hills in the uplands, the efforts of Captains Edgar Russel and Daniel J. Carr and other officers have always been timely and valuable. Building lines under fire and repairing wires destroyed by secret enemies in the rear, the duty has been such as to afford numberless opportunities for daring deeds. That the Signal Corps is active is evinced by the fact that more than one eighth of its entire force, officers and men, have been mentioned in despatches and reports for gallantry under fire.

Captain Russel, as his wife says, found that the dangers inseparable from the construction, operation, and repair of flying telegraph lines under heavy musketry fire, or the more dreaded sharp-shooters, were far less trying than the environment of an advancing and victorious army. Above all, his powers of endurance were taxed to the utmost when he was obliged to establish an improvised field-telegraph office in a place "which a few minutes before had been an insurgent Red Cross hospital, and hear the wounded and dying men around him groaning and screaming with pain, begging for the water which he could not get them, and asking for attention which he could not give."

One of the most striking offices of the Signal Corps was connected with the intimate relations incident to the coöperation of the army and navy in directing the fire of the modern high-power artillery of the

vessels of the navy. The first application of this service was under Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Greene during the siege of Santiago and the bombardment of that city by Admiral Sampson.

In the Philippines, however, the system of fire control was brought to a degree of perfection and effectiveness never before attained. This was due to the practical ingenuity and professional skill of Captain Edgar Russel of the Signal Corps, who devised a plan whereby an effective fire was made from the vessels of the navy, which could hardly be seen upon a land point considerably inshore, and which in turn could not be discerned from the fleet. Captain Russel's scheme, commanding itself both to General Otis and Admiral Dewey, was first put into operation on February 19. Fortunately for the success of the work, Caloocan Church, formerly occupied as a fort by the insurgents, served in turn for military purposes to our own army. The tower of the church was sufficiently high to enable communication to be made with the navy by flag or torch. Russel's system required a good map of the country and an angle-measuring instrument—in this case a sextant lent by the captain of the *Monadnock*. The position of the ship having been accurately charted on the map, a north-and-south base-line was drawn through it to a point to which the shot was to strike on shore; the scale of the map at once gave the range, and a small protractor gave the bearing from the north-and-south lines. Meanwhile Captain Russel had established a field-telegraph station in the body of the church, from which communication was had over twenty different points on the firing-line around Caloocan. General Arthur MacArthur, an officer of distinguished service in the Civil War, was alive to the great importance of telegraphic communication and to the possibility of utilizing scientific electric methods in this spirited campaign.

When MacArthur's plans were perfected and operations were to begin, he selected a point about a mile in front of the Twentieth Kansas, Colonel Funston, where there was a troublesome village fortified by the insurgents. Captain Russel, receiving his orders from General MacArthur and communicating with the *Monadnock*, sent the following message: "Thirty-eight degrees



From a photograph

HELIOGRAPHING FROM CORREGIDOR TO MANILA, TWENTY-EIGHT MILES

six thousand two hundred yards" (about three and a half miles). The *Monadnock*, with that skill which distinguished the gunners of the United States navy, immediately fired a ten-inch shell, which, striking in the heart of the village, wrought such havoc and consternation as thoroughly to demoralize the insurgents. Three other ten-inch shells from the same monitor, fired at ranges of from five to six thousand yards, convinced the insurgents that the first shot fired was not an accident, and that longer occupation of the village and contiguous territory was not advisable.

One of the most striking evidences of the ability of the Signal Corps to overcome promptly obstacles in the way of communications was connected with the attack on Manila of August 13. Lieutenant-Colonel R. E. Thompson, chief signal-officer Eighth Army Corps, had already perfected a system of telegraphic and telephonic communication connecting General Otis's headquarters and every separate command, whether in the trenches or in reserve. He undertook to insure continuous telephonic communication between the commanding general and the advance skirmish-line, which, in this instance, was accompanied by a detachment of the Signal Corps. The march carried

the command across a broad though shallow stream, which was promptly forded by the Signal Corps men, unreeling an insulated cable as they advanced. Emerging from the water, the Signal Corps moved forward, laying its line as our forces advanced. Two men carried signal-flags, led by Captain E. A. McKenna, United States Volunteer Signal Corps, who advanced up the beach displaying his signal-flags, so that the fire of the navy should fall in advance of the army. Entering the forts, the red-and-white flags of the Signal Corps were the first American emblems within the Spanish intrenchments. Captain McKenna did not stop here, however, but pushed on, and established a branch telegraph-station under fire of the enemy's second line, and maintained communication with both branches of the army until the enemy's positions were carried.

The feminine element was not entirely wanting in the war experiences of the Signal Corps. When the Manila contingent sailed from San Francisco, the wives and families of officers were properly forbidden passage on the transports, but the Pacific liners carried more than one anxious woman, determined to live in Japan or China until settled conditions or war contingencies should permit transition to the Philippines.

Their experiences were to be harsh and varied. For the most part they were summarily ordered to safe shelter, when, in the very town of Manila, the smothered fires of native hate and distrust burst forth into flame. Of the very few who held fast there were those who were to bring back, covered by cypress, their valiant dead, but others, happier, would come with heroes wearing the laurel of victory.

Among these American heroines was the wife of Captain Edgar Russel, the daughter of another soldier, Colonel A. S. Kimball. A delicate, frail-looking girl, she left the pleasant academic surroundings of West Point Military Academy, with all its accompaniments of luxury and social joys, to dare alone the harshness of travel and

the trials of a lonely life in a foreign land. Scarcely had the city fallen before she joined Captain Russel, who was serving as signal-officer at Manila. She was the first woman of the American army to arrive, and to the end she shared the dangers and privations of our army in its warfare with the insurgents. With other women, such as the wife of Colonel Stotsenberg, her presence was in turn an inspiration and a solace to our gallant soldiers. More than once Mrs. Russel was under heavy fire, succoring the sick, ministering to the dying, and caring for the dead. Hunger and thirst, nights without sleep, and days of intense heat, all passed almost unnoticed in efforts on the part of these women to do tender offices, whether spiritual or material.



Drawn by George Varian from a photograph

A DETACHMENT OF THE SIGNAL CORPS ADVANCING WITH AN INSULATED WIRE ALONG THE BEACH DURING THE ARMY'S ASSAULT ON MANILA

## THE DRUDGE

BY JOHN CHARLES McNEILL

REPOSE upon her soulless face,  
Dig the grave and leave her;  
But breathe a prayer that, in his grace,  
He who so loved this toiling race  
To endless rest receive her.

Oh, can it be the gates ajar  
Wait not her humble quest,  
Whose life was but a patient war  
Against the death that stalked from far,  
With neither haste nor rest;

To whom were sun and moon and cloud,  
The streamlet's pebbly coil,  
The transient, May-bound, feathered crowd,  
The storm's frank fury, thunder-browed,  
But witness of her toil;

Whose weary feet knew not the bliss  
Of dance by jocund reed;  
Who never dallied at a kiss?  
If heaven refuses her, life is  
A tragedy indeed!

# TWO BRITISH GAME PARKS

BY J. M. GLEESON

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

## I. POWERSCOURT

"**G**O straight on, sir, till ye come to the goolden gates; that's Poorscoort."

Thus spake an elderly cottager whom I accosted while wandering through the pleasant lanes that lie between the ancient town of Bray and the noble estate of Lord Powerscourt. So in good time I came to the golden gates, huge gilded grills flanked by mighty columns of stone on the summits of which, with outstretched wings, hovered the eagles that form part of the family coat of arms. A broad carriage-road wound out of sight between rows of splendid beeches, through which glimpses of park and grove and distant mountains served to whet one's desire to pass beneath these golden gates and to explore the Eden to which they led. To the left, as I entered, reposing in the shadow of his rose-covered cottage, was the warden, grim old watch-dog, who, after a lifetime of soldiering in many lands, has here a safe and comfortable hearth for the rest of his days. Yes, his

lordship was home, but did n't I know that Mr. Mervin was coming of age in a few days, and that his lordship was busy preparing for the festivities for this most important occasion? The Hon. Mervin Richard was heir to title and estate, and an officer in the Irish Guards, and at the present moment he was being painted by a great painter from London who had been sent for by the tenantry, and this portrait was to be their birthday present. Therefore I should probably be obliged to wait a week or more. Leaving this rather discouraging informant, I strolled along for about a mile through a lovely winding avenue.

Here the straight, smooth silvery trunks of the trees arching in deepest green overhead, the patterned windows where the sun filtered in through leaf and branch, the cool, somber light, and the



HEAD GAMEKEEPER WITH COCKER SPANIEL, POWERSCOURT

utter quietness, contrasting strangely with the long, upright pictures through the trees of the outside world of sunlight and beauty,

gave me such an impression that I fancy I should have been tempted to turn back and await another occasion, had it not been for

permission to wander and sketch at my leisure throughout the length and breadth of his little world.



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill  
POWERSCOURT, COUNTY WICKLOW, IRELAND

the fact that I had traveled three thousand miles to see his lordship and to get his

At length, like the pilgrims in the old German stories, I reached the castle gate,



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

RED DEER IN THE IRISH HIGHLANDS, LORD POWERSCOURT'S ESTATE

and rang the bell. A liveried servant told me that Lord and Lady Powerscourt were looking over the silver to be used at the coming banquets, and could I not come next week, or would I not see the housekeeper? Yes, I would see the housekeeper; and I entered just such an antlered, armored hall as in my youth I had dreamed of. At length the housekeeper came, her great bunch of keys at her girdle, and very busy and worried. Could I not come after the festivities, or would it not do if she gave me a man to go over the estate with me? Oh, yes, that would do for the present; so the man came, and we went into the garden.

There his lordship presently found me, and nothing could be more delightful than the true Irish hospitality with which he welcomed me: I must come in to luncheon and meet his family, after which he would show me over the place. So I was presented to his beautiful wife, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and to their three daughters, and to the son and heir, Mr. Mervin, as tall, handsome, and nice a young fellow as one would care to meet, and also to the London artist who was stopping at the castle while he painted the portrait. After luncheon his lordship gave me the entire afternoon, showing me all the wonders of castle and grounds. Nothing could possibly be more interesting, not only because of the many beautiful things to be seen there, but also on account of the associations and the history.

The estate gets its name from a very ancient owner, De la Poer. Again and again the house had been the scene of sieges and bloody massacres; three times it was razed to the ground, only to spring up stronger and handsomer than before. This was not hard to believe, for I have never seen in any part of the world a more beautiful site for a dwelling-place. For three centuries the Wingfield family has resided here. It is an old Saxon family from Suffolk, and was granted the estate by King James in 1609. The property is about five miles long by four wide, and comprises some of the finest scenery in Ireland.

The present dwelling was built in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and has two façades. The one facing the north shows a great square central body and two long wings; in the center is a pediment bearing the family arms cut in stone, and

at each end stands an obelisk, on which is mounted the family crest—an eagle with outstretched wings.

The south façade has a round tower at each end, surmounted by a cupola of copper, and from here one looks out over the terraced gardens, the miniature lake, the gleaming statues, and the splendid groups of trees, to the rolling wooded valley below and up to Sugar Loaf, the finest mountain in all these parts. A noble flight of broad stairs, flanked by statues and great stone globes, leads down to the lake, which is circular in shape, and framed by rare aquatic plants and splendid trees. In the center is a copy, in marble, of the fountain of the Triton at Rome; two bronze Pegasi surmount the boat-house, their dark images reflected in the water below, where white swans float tranquilly about, while nervous little water-hens hustle busily through the reeds on the banks.

Lord Powerscourt has always been a most enthusiastic sportsman, and trophies of the chase in many lands adorn the walls of the great hall. He has also one of the finest private collections of rare antlers in the British Isles; and beside the great stairway hangs a perfect set of horns of the gigantic Irish elk. His deer park is one of the best stocked in Ireland; the park proper consists of a thousand acres of mountain-land, carefully walled in, and contains between four and five hundred deer of various kinds. The greater number are the splendid red deer, the park deer *par excellence*. Fallow deer come next in point of number, then Japanese and Manchurian, and there is of course an abundance of smaller game. Near the castle, in a dense clump of trees, is a heronry; here from time immemorial the herons have congregated for the nesting season.

As I was in reality hunting animals, I started off early the next morning armed with a note from his lordship to Antin, the head gamekeeper. His cottage is situated about four miles from the castle, and it seemed to me that I never had enjoyed a more delightful walk. Splendid roads follow a winding, babbling, brown brook where the trout dart about among the brown stones. Beautiful trees, many of them from America and Norway, grow with almost tropical luxuriance on each hand. The mountains rise higher and darker, until they finally meet, forming a

huge amphitheater, at the far end of which hangs the silver ribbon of water, three hundred and sixty feet long, that forms the

lately wide open to the public; I regret to add that at times the visitors literally drive the family within doors.



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

CALLING THE DEER IN WINTER, POWERSCOURT

famous waterfall, visited every year by thousands of tourists. For be it known that the grounds of Powerscourt are also

Hard by the waterfall, among the great old oaks, stands the neat white cottage of the head gamekeeper. He was not in

when I presented my card, but his rosy-cheeked daughter informed me that I would find him on the mountains, where he had gone in quest of venison for the banquet. She called Barney to help me find him, and as I looked up at those dark wooded hills it seemed much like looking for a needle in a hay-stack to find one small man.

However, on we went; now sheer up the dark, grassy hillsides, then for a breathing-spell along the winding carriage-road which Lord Powerscourt has constructed almost to the summit. This splendid work was undertaken principally to furnish labor for the tenantry during one of the hard seasons.

At first our search led us through groves of splendid oak, the ground well covered with clumps of bracken and watered by numerous springs. Here we found the pretty Japanese deer. Then came the Scotch fir, and after that, highest of all, the forests of larch; until finally we passed the tree-line, and came out upon the wind-swept highlands, clothed in gorgeous raiment of purple heather and golden furze. Here, among the sifting clouds, is the true home of the red deer, and from a distance—for they are perfectly wild—we see them gathering in small herds to observe us. As I had expected, we failed to find Antin, but we stumbled across the body of a fine fallow stag, his horns still in the velvet and a bullet through his head. Feeling sure that the huntsman would before long return for his prey, I settled down to make studies of the dead deer. And when Antin did at last appear, he was not a little surprised to find a stranger busily engaged over his venison. A fine type of man and gamekeeper was he, Scotch, bluff in person, with soft-flowing white beard and kindly clear blue eyes, highly intelligent, and interested in all phases of animal and vegetable life in his little kingdom. We became great friends, and I learned to look forward with pleasure to my walks over the hills with him, and to the long talks in his cozy cottage. Two half-tamed fallow stags browsed about his cottage green and shared the grain with the ducks and chickens; there also appeared, from time to time, out of the jungle of bracken where she had carefully hidden her fawn, a Japanese hind, a lovely, dainty creature, richer in color than the fallow deer, but

spotted in much the same manner. Down the center of her back ran a broad black stripe. Her fine legs were mouse-colored, and her eyes were as large and soft as those of the gazelle. She ate prettily from the hand, and muzzled with her soft nose at my pocket to get at my lunch. The flies bothered the deer frightfully, especially the fallow deer, the horns of which were getting very sensitive.

During the winter months, Antin told me, when the snow lies deep on the mountains, and food is difficult to get at all, the deer come down to be fed at the call of the horn. His description of the scene was most graphic and interesting. He pointed out at the back of his cottage a bank by the huge oak where he took his stand, a bag of grain beside him, in one hand the horn, in the other a goodly staff with which to ward off the eager rush of the hungry animals. The Japanese bucks are particularly plucky at this time, and can be even dangerous. Sometimes they literally drag the bag of grain away from him. What a stirring sight it must be to see the different herds appearing from among the clouds, and rushing like an avalanche down the white slopes of the mountains! As they crowd about him, for the nonce all order and caste are forgotten, and, side by side, their variously shaped antlers rock and click together.

The deer are hunted only when venison is wanted, and it is done entirely by stalking; but plenty of sport is to be had in the season for rabbit, grouse, or pheasant.

So fascinating did I find the life among the hills that I rather neglected what at another time would have been most interesting—the celebration at the castle. As for the young heir, it was a trying enough week for him, posing for his portrait in the morning, lunches and lawn-parties in the afternoon, and dinners and speeches in the evening. A great banquet, followed by a dance, was given in the stables to the tenants; and on the broad lawn back of the house pyrotechnical displays delighted the villagers. I fancy Mr. Mervin's happiest hours were when he could get into flannel shirt and great cowhide boots, and we sneaked away to catch eels.

It was delightful to find in troubled Ireland, where the landlord and the tenant are supposed to be hereditary foes, on both sides absolute good will and friendship.

## II. DRUMMOND CASTLE



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

DRUMMOND CASTLE AND DEER PARK

DRUMMOND CASTLE, the seat of Lord Ancaster, is in Perthshire, two miles from the pretty town of Crieff, and eighteen miles from Perth. The estate is enormous even for Scotland, consisting of about seventy-five thousand acres, embracing some of the finest scenery in Scotland, including the far-famed Trossachs. Between five and six hundred acres, surrounding the castle, are inclosed by a strong and peculiar-looking stone wall, and form the deer park proper. The history of the castle takes us back to the middle of the eleventh century, when one Mauritz, or Maurice, a Hungarian who was said to be a nephew of the King of Hungary, had command of the ship on which the mother and sisters of Edgar Ætheling were escaping from the Norman usurper. The vessel was driven by a terrific storm into the Firth of Forth, and was saved only by the skill and bravery of Maurice. The reigning monarch fell in love with and married one of the sisters, and for his services rewarded Maurice with the splendid stretch of country forming the Drummond estate.

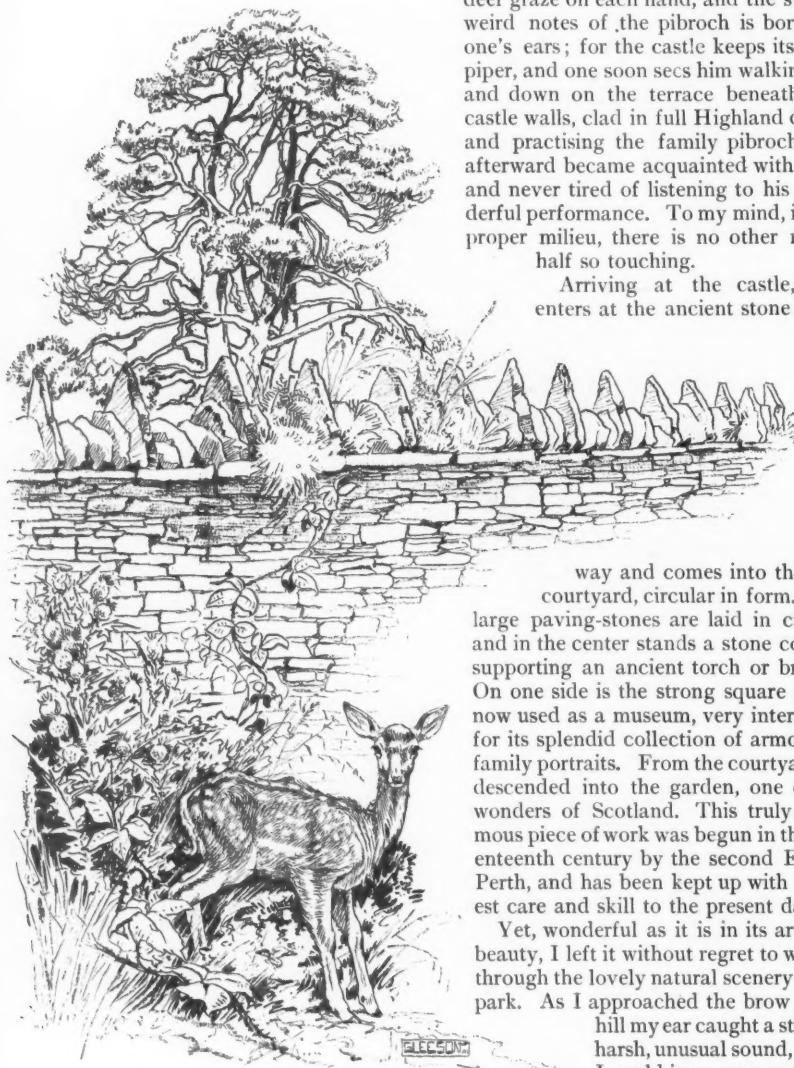
The situation of the castle is superb: perched on a huge rock in the center of a rolling and most beautifully wooded country, and overlooking a wide stretch of lovely and diversified scenery, the dark Grampian Hills on one side, on the other,

Thurlum, the highest hill in the neighborhood, lifting its forest-covered crest to the clouds. Below the castle is a lovely lake, the home of innumerable water-fowl. After many and terrible vicissitudes the castle

of the walls are all that remain of the original castle. The present home of Lord Ancaster was built only a few years ago, in the style of a French château.

The castle is approached by a mile-long avenue of grand trees; cattle and fallow deer graze on each hand, and the sweet, weird notes of the pibroch is borne to one's ears; for the castle keeps its own piper, and one soon sees him walking up and down on the terrace beneath the castle walls, clad in full Highland dress, and practising the family pibrochs. I afterward became acquainted with him, and never tired of listening to his wonderful performance. To my mind, in the proper milieu, there is no other music half so touching.

Arriving at the castle, one enters at the ancient stone gate-



CURIOUS WALL INCLOSING DRUMMOND CASTLE PARK

was almost completely destroyed by Cromwell, and finally was razed to the ground in the rebellion of 1745. A square tower, the ancient guard-room and court, and part

way and comes into the fine courtyard, circular in form. The large paving-stones are laid in circles, and in the center stands a stone column supporting an ancient torch or brazier. On one side is the strong square tower now used as a museum, very interesting for its splendid collection of armor and family portraits. From the courtyard we descended into the garden, one of the wonders of Scotland. This truly enormous piece of work was begun in the seventeenth century by the second Earl of Perth, and has been kept up with greatest care and skill to the present day.

Yet, wonderful as it is in its artificial beauty, I left it without regret to wander through the lovely natural scenery of the park. As I approached the brow of the hill my ear caught a strange, harsh, unusual sound, which I could in no way make out until, arriving at the top, I saw that it came from the hoarse grunting of the herd of fallow deer. It is difficult to connect so harsh and grating a sound with an animal in all respects so pretty and



Drawn by J. M. Gleeson. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE HEIGHTS OF THURLUM AND DRUMMOND CASTLE

dainty. At times the entire herd grunt in unison, and if heard before the animals are in sight, the effect is somewhat foreboding. When the herd is startled by an approaching object, the stags, after watching with great intentness for a few moments, toss their heads up and down in a threatening manner, and wheeling suddenly, dash wildly round and round the herd, as though rounding them up; then all make off, the fawns having no difficulty in keeping up with the rest.

A mile back from the castle, on the wooded heights of Thurlum, graze flocks of perfectly wild red deer, and no finer sight can be imagined than to come upon a bunch of stags. They dash away, bounding over the rocks and fallen trees, and

before passing over the brow of the hill, stand to look back, their splendid forms silhouetted against the sky, their every attitude indicative of strength and keen wariness, as unlike the poor jaded specimen of a zoölogical collection as one can possibly imagine.

Here also I saw the splendid capercaillie, largest of European game-birds. The golden eagle makes his home on these lofty heights, while down on the other side, in the dense pine forests, dwell the timid roe deer. Continuing in a westerly direction, we came to the wild mountain country where lies Glenartney. Here Lord Ancaster has his hunting seat, and here also may be seen herds of Highland cattle in their proper environment.



CAPERCAILLIE, OR WOOD-GROUSE

# THE DESTRUCTION OF PHILÆ

BY ALONZO CLARK ROBINSON

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently—  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bower  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—  
Up many and many a marvelous shrine  
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.  
“The City in the Sea.”

BENEATH the brilliant blue sky and perpetual sunshine of Nubia a tragedy is going forward, murder is being done. It is a sad spectacle, but, like all sad spectacles, interesting.

On the 10th of December, 1902, the Duchess of Connaught laid the stone which completed the great dam at Assuan; Abbas Hilmi Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, pressed the spring which raised the first gate, and in so doing consecrated to destruction the “Pearl of Egypt,” the fairy island of Philæ.

The world has rung with the praises of those who conceived and executed the “Great Barrage,” the largest dam on the globe; scientific and enlightened Europe has held up its hands in admiration; Egypt expects to derive an increase in revenue of two million six hundred thousand pounds per annum and one third her present arable land. But there is another side to the picture. Thousands of people have been driven from their homes and forced to watch from a safe eminence their little mud huts, their fig- and date-trees, their all, whether of livelihood or association, disappear beneath the waters of the river which they were wont to worship. There

is now a lake where stood the two villages of Shellall and el-Monhata, and of the island of Philæ only a portion of the more lofty edifices struggle, like some overwrought swimmer, to maintain their heads above the destroying flood.

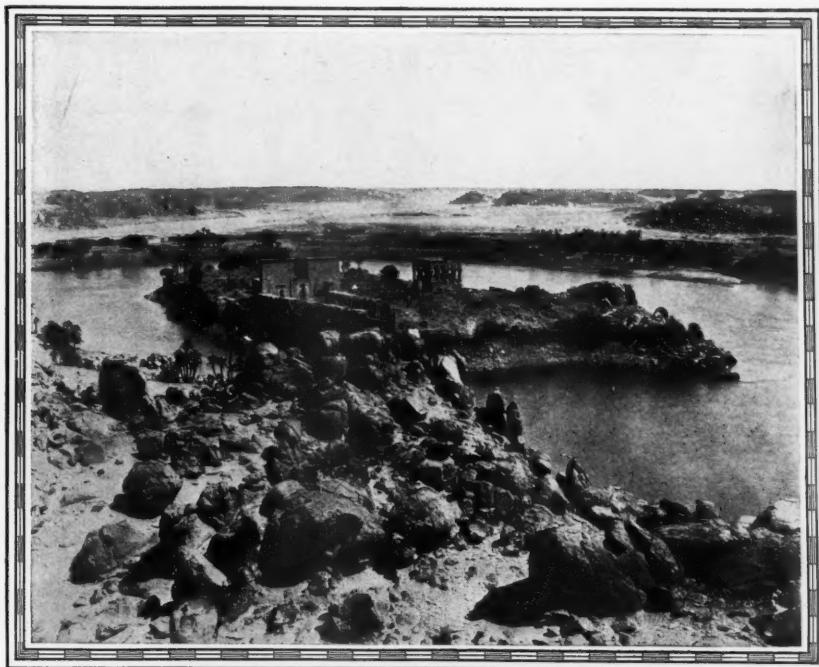
A few months ago the island of Philæ was held by lovers of Egyptian antiquities to be the gem of the collection, the jewel in the cap of that mighty river the waters of which flow past so many beautiful and absorbing piles. The temple of Rameses III at Thebes is more imposing, Karnak is larger, the Pyramids are older, the decorations which blaze upon the walls of Abydos are more varied and numerous, the pillars of Dendera excel in height and majesty; but Philæ was the most beautiful, the most loved. A diminutive isle five hundred yards long by one hundred and sixty broad, rising gracefully out of the clear, smooth water which surrounded it, and surmounted by its temples and kiosk, it possessed a beauty and uniqueness which was irresistible, and fastened upon it the appellation of the “Pearl of Egypt.”

The present name of Philæ is Greek, and derived from the ancient Egyptian, Pi-lak, or island of Lak. The earliest mention of it occurs in 350 B.C., in the reign of Nektanebas, a king of the thirtieth dynasty. The oldest buildings upon the island belong to the work of this powerful monarch, but there is little doubt that at one time it was adorned with temples of a much earlier period.

The chief deity was Isis, the goddess of the cultivated land; but her husband-brother Osiris, god of the Nile, and several others, including Khnum and Saleb, the gods of the cataract, were also worshipped in various minor sanctuaries. The

important temples which lent to the island its characteristic appearance were erected by the Ptolemies during the last two centuries B.C., and by the first Roman emperors. During the early centuries of the Christian era Greek and Italian pilgrims visited the temple, as frequent inscriptions

the island of Philæ there remains to-day above water only a portion of the colonnade, the top of the kiosk, and a part of the temple of Isis. The traveler approaches the ruins in a small boat, in which he may pass down the colonnade and row about in the once sacred chambers. It is



THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ AS IT APPEARED FOR NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS

inform us, to do reverence to the mystical and healing goddess whose sanctuary it was. Even after all Egypt had been Christianized, the worship of Isis was still continued in Nubia, and it was not until the reign of Justinian that the temples were closed. Later the Coptics used portions of them for their services, and finally, when the banners of Islam swept across the length and breadth of the land, the Arabs made of Philæ a palace. But the spirit of destruction which seems to have possessed Christian and Mohammedan alike, as is evidenced in the mutilation of many of the temples of Egypt, was here restrained by the beauties of the island, and Philæ suffered little at their hands.

Of the various buildings which adorned

a novel and interesting experience, but to those who were familiar with the island in all its beauty it is full of sadness. Of the columns which formed the colonnade only the capitals remain above water. Upon these one sees, beautifully chiseled and ornamented with delicate coloring, Tiberius offering gifts to the gods or Nero presenting two eyes to Isis.

A short distance to the right, the roof of the kiosk is visible, resting upon its exquisite columns, which are partly submerged. By it two unusually large palm-trees rear their heads above the inundation.

The temple of Isis being situated upon a rise of ground, a considerable portion of it remains out of water. It is still possible to walk upon the pavement of the hypo-

style hall, though the water is almost level with the floor, and even the ripple raised by the gentle breeze splashes upon the stones. There are in this hall eight columns which are considered the most interesting of all the specimens which the Egyptians of the later periods left behind them. Their floral capitals, as well as the walls and

ming on a log was the temple of Hathor, and yonder that break in the current marks Hadrian's Gateway. Looking down into the river, one sees dim shapes—the capitals of columns, the suggestion of a roof, the spreading top of a date-palm: a city of the dead.

So much remains of Philæ, a mere sug-



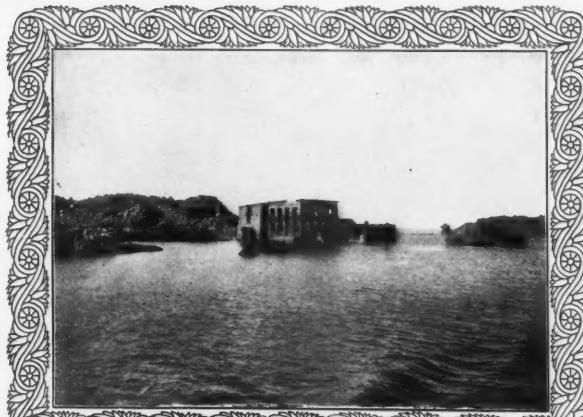
A NEAR VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS

ceiling of the hall itself, are decorated in colors the brilliancy of which has defied the elements for nearly three thousand years. Some of the small adjacent rooms are not so fortunate. Already the water is beginning to creep up the walls or force its way through the floor. It is a curious contrast of light and shade: without, the purple rocks and saffron satin sands of the desert, flooded with light, stretch away beyond the green border of the river; within, darkness and the ominous churn and chunk of black water.

From the roof of the temple one obtains a comprehensive view of the disaster. There where that naked little Nubian boy is swim-

gestion of her former self, a sad sight to those who remember her in all her pride and beauty. But the future is even darker. Already the soft stone is beginning to crumble, the water to thrust its persistent finger through this crevice and that; hour by hour the river, held in check by the great dam, creeps farther up the columns. The island is doomed. In a few years, perhaps months, perhaps even at the next flood-time, it will be utterly destroyed.

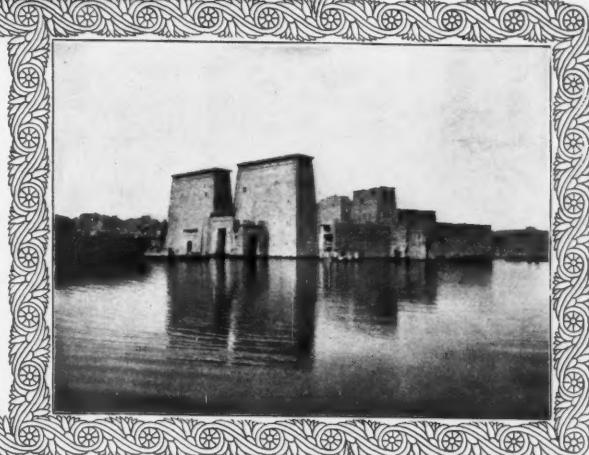
The simple natives who inhabit the surrounding country look with horror and superstitious dread upon the destruction of their beloved island. They say among themselves that on the night when first



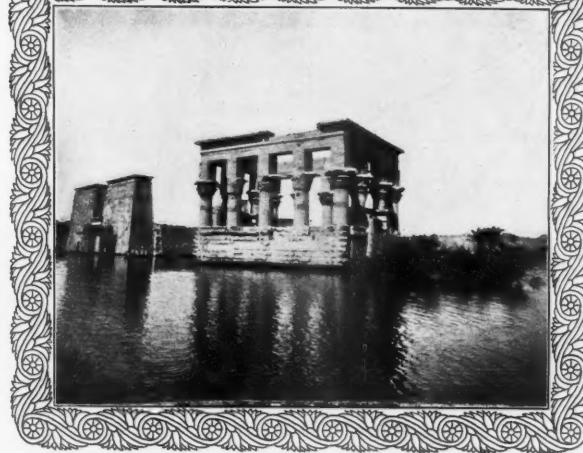
THE ISLAND OF PHILÆ  
AS IT NOW APPEARS

the Father of Waters lapped against the sacred staircase, a weird and vivid light, wholly unaccounted for by the full moon, enveloped the island, while from the surrounding hills unknown voices were heard to call. Why not? What have these stones not seen and heard? How many

prayers, how many offerings, plots, combats, crimes, and noble deeds! These walls now tottering to their fall have reverberated to the chant of the Moslem and echoed back the name of Jesus Christ. Here in the dim ages walked the Egyptian kings, here they came to ease their hearts and take counsel of their gods. Here stood the proud Roman prefects, and after them



THE TEMPLE OF ISIS



THE KIOSK SURROUNDED BY THE WATERS OF THE NILE

their Arab conquerors. Here, many years later, General Desaix paused in his furious pursuit of the Mamelukes, to admire and to inscribe the simple but pregnant line: "An 7 de la République Française." These stones saw Gordon going to his doom, and the ill-fated expedition for his relief, and ten years later the victorious army of Lord Kitchener passed them by with shoutings and with song.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THUS HAD FATHER WISTER BEEN ABLE TO GATHER IN A LARGE AND  
WIDELY SCATTERED FLOCK"

# THE OLD DRAGON

A "PA GLADDEN" STORY

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

"Take heed that no man deceive you."

**S**TANGE tales floated about the Long Valley one winter and spring, went over the ridge Sinai way, and were gossiped about in Pegram. It was said that the best-known and best-loved farmer, Asahel Gladden, had done an unheard-of thing. Not only had he taken in and nursed a "furriner" during the summer, but he had adopted him at the court-house in the early autumn. There were those who had seen this stranger, and who described him as "a juberous sight, lank and sickly." There were others who told of his unceasing labors on the Gladden farm, and how "Pa Gladden's Folly," as irreverent souls had long since dubbed the big stone-and-frame barn, was now full of cattle, and the outer sheds of hogs. Only Elder Becks and the burly Crossroads doctor knew the actual facts. They said that Pa and Ma Gladden looked years younger, and that they were all very comfortable and happy. The whole Valley also knew that the farmer had a new "two-seat," and that four people went to meeting from the brown house where two had gone in times past.

"Ma an' me jogged erlong with the old buggy many a year," said Pa Gladden; "but sence we've got a fambly, we hev ter hev a two-seat."

Good Ma Gladden could not be had for "misforchins" as easily as of yore. Younger hands took the helm, and two firm, lean ones often led her back to her rocking-chair.

"Ter think I should be so ordered eroun'," she said, "an' thet ye got the actool right, son. I jes feed on the idee, like I hed been starved. I own up I don't

like ter git fur erway from home nowadays. It air all so different-like."

"We were certainly prepared for almost anything that might happen in Long Valley since you adopted a grown man," said Doc Briskett to Pa Gladden, "except that which was most likely to happen—Father Wister's death."

He had stopped his little mare Jinny at the convenient stile in front of the Gladden homestead. Pa Gladden sat contemplative upon it. The winter and spring were almost gone, but, for some reason, no more dreams and vagaries troubled the farmer. Peace, deep and underlying, held his soul in its thrall. Ma Gladden and Persephone wondered for a time what it was, then decided that it was the new and absorbing interest young Asahel Gladden had brought into the life at the brown house.

"Sence Father Wister started off in his sleep night afore last," replied the farmer, "I 'pear ter be spiritooally occupied in follerin' him an' rejoicin'. Many things air onfoldin' ter me thet he said in the Crossroads church when I war led thar by the hand ez a child. The church wull not see his ekal."

"I have been wondering what will suit you Crossroads folks, anyway," mused the doctor. "There are signs of changes; old ways are breaking up and new ideas are coming in."

Pa Gladden looked shrewdly at the speaker.

"Thar wull be much said an' done when proper respec's hev been paid ter Father Wister, doc," he replied slowly, "an' I kin

give ye a leetle foreshadderin' when I say that the ondyin' thort in eenymost every one's mind air that we orter hev a young preacher."

Doc Briskett shook his head over the potentialities of the future as he pursued his way through the budding country lanes. Yet he returned to his home that night convinced that Pa Gladden had only voiced a conviction deeply rooted in the community.

A vista of happenings opened up before the minds of the isolated people of the Long Valley in the choice, initiation, sermons, visits, and conduct of a young preacher. Conjecture, comment, and gossip were rife, and in Dr. Briskett's little office at the Crossroads settlement there were daily discussions. The corner store, with its cider-barrels in the cellar, was deemed too riotous a place for the mention of church affairs. At this determined invasion of his secular premises the physician was alarmed.

"If you don't get hold of a preacher to suit you church folks, I'll be held accountable," he groaned to Pa Gladden.

"Now, doc," expostulated Pa Gladden, "we all know yer air a workin' an' not a prayin' Christian. We hain't any o' us wullin' ter run wild on any sech important doin's ez this one promises ter be ter the Valley."

"Jee-whiz! And you all are as determined on a young man as a setting hen is on chickens!" retorted the doctor.

"We air, we truly air," cried Pa Gladden; "we air all sot on young heart, young soul, young grit a-stirrin' roun', bustin' full o' zeal for the Lord. Jes let yer mind conjur up a young worker that hain't got a glimmer that he possesses a liver er a stomach. What a chanst he wull hev! We shorely needs a man that can stand seven good comp'ny suppers a week, an', ridin' hard ter visit his hull flock, put erway a few good dinners ter boot. I hain't much on church festivuls myself, but it air plain that ef ye kin git an' intrustin', good-lookin' preacher, that 'll be more tidies an' more comforters knit, an' more cakes baked, from Sinai cl'ar ter Pegram, than hez been turned out fer ten year back. Then that air that long perceussion o' church picnics ter consider. I tell ye, it air the time ter hev yer mind on the young lambs o' the flock that must be gathered in with con-

tinoonal chasin' up ez well ez continoonal prayin'."

"All that can proceed without me," grumbled Doc Briskett.

"Arter we hev him, doc, it stan's ter reason it kin purceed. But ye must jedge intellec' fer us, sence my Asy won't be ter the fore tel he gets broke inter Valley ways. Yer word wull be lor ez ter the book-larnin' a preacher should hev. Ye must jedge them powers o' mind fer us, er misgivin's might ha'nt us later on."

"I hain't heared a thing fer a week but that young preacher," sighed Lovisy Been, who was waiting for some powders; "but I wull miss Father Wister in times o' trouble. A merried man allers hez sympathy with merried folks' troubles."

"But don't ye see, Lovisy," replied Pa Gladden, eagerly, "that ye air goin' ter git all that threw in? Why not give our gals a chanst? We still hev a few good-lookers, ef ye air merried."

"Lor, now, Pa Gladden! blushed Lovisy, "an' me with my nine! Why, I hev clean fergot I ever war young an' good-lookin'!"

"I would skip that thar fac'," retorted Pa Gladden, giving the baby a gum-drop. "Nine childern air nine keys ter heaven. Chirk up! Ye got them same brown eyes ye did sech mischief with in meetin'. They uster light up the hull church. Don't ye be settin' up any oppysition ter a young preacher when ye air so young yerself."

The night of the church meeting there was not an empty seat in the house. Elder Becks had been summoned over from Pegram to open the meeting and to aid with his counsel.

By common consent Pa Gladden was chosen to present the desire for a young preacher. As he rose there went a stir through the house.

"Brethern and sisters," he began, in vain striving to subdue his real buoyancy of feeling, "we air shorely boun' ter consider this evenin' the callin' of a man ter sit in the cheer an' ter walk in the steps of our good Father Wister. Now I holds that this actooly air a most solemn an' edifyin' moment in the hist'ry o' the Crossroads church. We air standin' at a p'int in the road, an' that air two sign-boards up fer we-all ter read plain. One o' them signs, an' that air the one ter my left, spells out, 'An old preacher.' The other air ter my

right hand, an' spells, 'A young preacher. I do actuolly believe I hev got the feelin' o' this hull meetin' with me when I says thet the settlement an' the Valley air a-cryin' out fer the young man ter be sent amongst us an' ter revive us all by his lively ways an' redeemin' grace. It seems ter me thet this air plumb the Lord's matter, an' thet he hev swep' the idee through the Valley, percisely like the wind blows through a house."

But there at once rose a gaunt old man from over toward Sinai.

"Brother Gladden, hev ye considered the full an' likely consequences o' hevin' a young man ter durrect an' dominate the spiritooal welfare o' the Crossroads church? It air like puttin' l'arnin' ahead o' grace, ter my notion."

"Thar ye air plumb wrong," returned Pa Gladden, firmly. "Ef I am puttin' one thing in my mind ahead o' another in this matter, it air the thort o' savin' by works an' not by exper'unce. Wull ye all consider thet, arter Father Wister hev been holdin' this hull church right outen Satan's clutches fer forty year, sin wull suttinly try ter git a long finger inter this pie? I hain't misdoubtin' ye, Brother Gitts, but it air better ter look this solemn case in the face an' not be opin'iated. Ef ye gets an old preacher thet don't know ye all, he wull sozzle erlong an' never git down ter a true inventory an' schedule. An' a preacher, brethern an' sisters in redeemin' grace, a preacher hez ter know ye, root an' branch, an' jedge ye 'cordin' ter fac's."

The silence that followed was broken by the hoarse voice of Balsy Omerod:

"We must suttinly speak fer a good sermonizer. It air no easy thing ter come ter church an' hear nothin' lively enough ter keep ye woke up."

"Ye hev spoke well, Brother Omerod," replied the farmer; "an' I understands thet, in these days, they gives ye jes whut ye asts fer. We hain't got much edication, but we knows hoss sense. We shorely likes ter be informed on duplex subjects, but air not astin' fer a string o' words ter faze the mind, ner frills ner flutters ter confuse our shortcomin's. We wull now all say a silent prayer thet we may git a white shepherd like Father Wister, but, likewise, a young man thet kin skip erbout ez occasion demands."

Salary and preliminaries were briefly

discussed. Pa Gladden declared the people to be "in a truly lib'ral frame o' mind." The meeting broke up with an exultant and expectant atmosphere. The warm loveliness of the May night wooed the large assemblage to linger for gossip. The soft air was full of the new-growth aromas. A young moon was in the southeast. It might have been a summer festival, so little subdued was the light laughter of the young and the chatter of the elders. On the hill above rose ghostly monuments, the "obbelusk" of Elkanah Ritter overtopping all. Pa Gladden moved about, enlightening, encouraging. One man sat apart in the new "two-seat" and watched the lively gathering. Young Asa could not yet mingle with the people, but, ever observant, regarded those before him like figures in a drama. Near him, Persephone was talking to Balsy Omerod and several young farmers who had lately been casting eyes her way. Fartheraway, Ma Gladden's comfortable voice advised on minor ailments.

The young people pressed close about a girl who stood upon a horse-block and so towered above heads and shoulders. Even in the dim moonlight she was impressive from the trick of her head as she turned it from one admirer to the other. Less attractive maidens hovered on the outer edge of the circle, bandying jokes; but when Melonie Hathaway spoke, they were neglected.

To young Asahel Gladden came the voice of a bluff blond giant who lived toward Needmore's Cut.

"I'll tell ye," he said gruffly, "thet we all kin guess whut Melonie Hathaway hez been waitin' on. She felt thet thar would be other chances than them she growed up with."

The girl laughed.

"We all air tickled plumb ter death ter think of the prospect of new young men around, are n't we, Gemma Wetter?"

She reached across and pulled beside her a tall, fair girl with flaxen braids.

"You boys need n't be so techy," said the newcomer; "the new preacher will be above we-all—an' mebbe won't be frien'ly even."

She flung a glance at the figure of young Asahel in the wagon.

He barely smiled. It was a comedy that could not destroy his sad thoughts. He knew Gemma resented his not joining

the rustic court of her beloved friend. He had caught the words:

"Melonie is good enough for any one."

They all knew Melonie. She was the one thing of the Valley that had in it a mysterious spice of the outer world. She was old Dimis Hathaway's daughter. His had been the very trick of the tossing head. But the mother no one knew, because once Dimis had gone away beyond the hills, and returned a broken man with a wilful child that the grandmother silently reared. The old folks were now gone, and Melonie had been left to Father Wister until her twenty-first year, now some time past. No repression had daunted her lightness of spirit.

Presently she drew a long line of maidens, with arms about one another's waists, down the slope and along the highroad, singing school songs and quaint hymns. Behind them dragged disconsolate swains, on foot or with horses and vehicles, meeting everywhere the amused derision of their elders.

"Wull ye gaze on that sight, ma?" cried Pa Gladden from the front of the "two-seat." "Thet Melonie hez got ter meet her match. It wull be a movin' spectacle ter see her tamed, ez her father war Dunkard born an' they say her mother war in a circus. I hopes ter live ter see her settled. Laws suz! she air a purty thing!"

## II

EARLY in the morning of that lovely May day when the first trial sermon was to be heard in the Crossroads church, Pa Gladden and young Asa ~~were~~ in the big barn, grooming Cephy and Prunella and making ready for the trip to meeting. Perfect weather it was, the hill-slope a flashing field of dewdrops in the first sunbeams. Wild flowers grew up to the very wall, and the rough stone of the first story of the barn was becoming green with vines that clung and climbed in crevices and to the rough mortar. Cephy, free as to halter, rubbed Pa Gladden's shoulder or playfully nipped at him, while the farmer worked vigorously. Young Asy, with more energy than usual, was putting the harness on Prunella.

"Asy," said Pa Gladden, with a brush, "this air a consarn I warnt ye to work in, ef not durect, through yer Pa Gladden. I mean this young preacher business. We

got ter hev a man of a suttin caliber, an' ye air shorely in a position ter tell us whuther er not we air gittin' fooled any. Edication air jes like other things. Thar air the real thing, an' thar air thet sort thet runs in the wash. I knows from whut ye hev onfolded ter us this winter thet ye hev got the top notch. Now whut I warnt ye ter do air ter nudge me ef I gits the wool pulled over my eyes by any circumflections o' larnin'."

Asy smiled.

"I think you had better depend on your mother-wit, Pa Gladden," he said; "it has not failed you yet, by hearsay and of my own knowledge."

"I hev been led erlong," acknowledged the farmer, dryly; "but my foot war whar it b'londed—in Long Valley. This case air plumb contra'wise. We air importin' the world an' furrin' l'arnin' inter the Valley, an' I hev ter set in judgment, an' cl'ar up other folks, likewise. Now, ez I am plain ter own up thet I don't know Nero from Nebuchadnezzar, ner nothin' erbout hist'ry, only Bible hist'ry,—mixin' thet scand'lous when ye gits ter astin' me on Kings an' Chronicles,—I warnt ye ter prompt me right up on any shortcomin's er derilictions thet shows up in them young fellers' sermons thet air from the sem'inary."

Young Asy led Prunella out into the sunshine.

"Ef Prunelly don't look like a three-year!" said Pa Gladden, admiringly. "When ye does a thing, Asy, ye suttinly does do it well. An' thet air why I am pinnin' my faith on yer judgment erbout the preacher."

The young man looked over his shoulder.

"I am the last man you should ask to sit in judgment, Pa Gladden; and, besides that, I am not a member of the congregation—I should not interfere."

"Ez ter thet," observed Pa Gladden, brushing Cephy on the near side until he whinnied, "the day air comin' when, like the Jews, ye got ter choose between Jesus an' Barabbas—thet air, between religion an' a mighty bare life. The question air thar—that story war meant ter impress on all mankind thet ye got ter make a ch'ice. I knows well whut yer ch'ice wull be, but ye got the blind staggers yit, an' hain't shore yit thet ye air at home. Them scales air slippin' gradooal from yer eyes, son.

Yer grit ter work an' yer love fer yer Ma Gladden an' me air goin' ter lead ye straight. An', ef ye would hev it thet way, Persephone would be right pleased ter hev ye a leetle more brotherly. Ye've fit sort o' shy o' her ever since ye hev got well."

Young Asy flushed, but leaned down to adjust a strap.

"She does n't lack for attention."

"T ain't thet; but we all likes to feel real cordial-like round the house—an' not see some one shuin' out a door ter git out the way o' another pusson."

"Do I do that?" said young Asy. "Well, I 'll stop it. She has always been kind to me."

"Same old redeemin' love," retorted pa, backing out Cephy. "She l'arnt it comin' over from Sinai one turrible night. Ye l'arnt it comin' over through them big beeches yonder. Truly it air the lever o' the hull world, an' whut makes the half-way folks even tolerable air the small glimmer o' it they gits from erbove. But ez ter the pickin' ter pieces o' this mornin's sermon—Asy, ye must do it, er we wull not be called doctrinal; an' Doc Briskett air plumb achin' ter play a leetle joke on us, er my name air not Pa Gladden."

Old locust-trees hung about the Crossroads church on the hill-slope, and heavy festoons of odorous white flowers perfumed all the air. From early morning people had come in wagons, buggies, on horseback and on foot. The summer Sundays at the church were always picnic days, and every vehicle had its baskets and buckets for the noon meal, between church and the young people's Sunday-school. Thus had Father Wister been able to gather in a large and widely scattered flock.

The bare church, almost three quarters of a century old, was to-day the destination of every human being who could get there by driving, riding, or walking, from Sinai to Pegram and up and down the hill-slopes. A close observer could almost determine the home of the people from their costumes; for toward Olivet Hill there had once been a small company of Dunkards, and the descendants of those men and women showed the old influence in the long hair of the youths and the "plain" gowns of the women. Pa Gladden called young Asahel's attention to these as they drove along.

"It hez been the sorrer o' my life that

the Dunkards don't sot the fashions, Asy," he said. "I never kin keep from lookin' at them 'plain' women in church. I b'lieves the angels dress thet way."

"I shall certainly get me a Dunkard gown," said Persephone, gaily.

"Ye would n't look jes right," said Pa Gladden, easily. "Ye hev ter be born ter it—like Melonie. She kin wear 'em er not. Don't ye git jealous. Ye air lookin' peart ter middlin' in thet gownd, Persephone. I never means nothin' by remarks on yer clothes."

To-day Melonie Hathaway chose to wear the white serge gown and dove-gray Dunkard bonnet in which her beauty was subdued to a positive loveliness.

"Asy, don't ye feel sort o' mizzly when ye views her up?" asked Pa Gladden, as they unhitched the horses. "I owns up I am not beyant bein' moved by sech a face ez thet."

"Nothing seems as beautiful to me as Ma Gladden's face," said the young man; "but you can safely go on admiring that girl. Every one else will keep you company."

The seminary people had selected a young man for the Crossroads with more than ordinary care. He was tall and dignified, and he looked like a person of thought and energy. It was a diversified assemblage that he faced as he took his place on the low platform. Had he been older, he would have understood the concentrated attention of that assemblage. He was being weighed and measured, carried imaginatively through the most dramatic situations, fitted into this and that inevitable emergency, pictured at the bed of sickness or of death, in the council and at social gatherings. It was as if man to man and woman to woman passed the thought, "Is this what we want?" It reached John Mock like a faint chill to his ardor. He felt a verdict before he gave out the words of his text from a type-written manuscript on the pulpit:

And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: . . . and his angels were cast out with him.

Never had the Crossroads church listened to such a sermon. The elders strained their ears; the old women with remarkable memories sat aghast and amazed. Brilliant, audacious even, scholarly and ornate, delivered with unfaltering fluency, it began,

proceeded, reached a dramatic climax, and closed amid an astounded silence. This a sermon? It seemed to these simple Valley people that they had been, somehow, beguiled. What had they to do with logic and difficult learning like this? They had long listened to the faltering but well-nigh inspired preaching of love; and here were flashes of lightning from a hot and thunderous sky. The children who chased yellow butterflies between bites at their noon meal could have told one another that this was not what was wanted at the Crossroads church.

Doc Briskett had been lured in to hear the sermon, but beat a precipitate retreat during the doxology; so Pa Gladden was forced to fall back upon young Asahel Gladden, who had gone to the spring after a bucket of water. The two met under a scrubby oak-tree.

"Don't ye waste no words," said Pa Gladden, soberly. "Do ye s'pose we wull git somethin' like that ef we tries another one from the sem'inary?"

The younger man looked at him gravely.

"I do not think it possible," he said, and Crossroads courtesy needed no more. John Mock went away impressed by kindly hospitality, and with the thought that, should he get the call, the Long Valley would do very well for the few years he could spare to it. His ambition was a great church in a great city.

Two weeks later came Calvin Garman, a good-looking, nervous young man with earnest eyes. All the way to the Valley he sat with two sermons in his hands, and he re-read both a dozen times. One sounded bald and plain; the other was a marvel of words, of historical facts, of classical allusions and well-drawn conclusions.

"John Mock says that he preached them a scholarly sermon, and they seemed to like it," he said to himself. "Will I ever learn to write such sermons as this one?"

The weather changed on the Saturday before the second sermon, and was very sultry, with a thunder-storm in the horizon. Calvin Garman had been informed that he was to partake of the hospitality of Brother Asahel Gladden, and the farmer was on hand to greet him and to take a shrewd and accurate measure of him. Inside of fifteen minutes Pa Gladden left him seated in the buggy outside of Doc Briskett's office, and went in hurriedly.

The doctor was measuring out quinine powders.

"Jee-whillikins, Pa Gladden! I thought you went after your young man of parts."

"I got him outside, shorely," said Pa Gladden, smiling.

"Is he like the other one?"

Pa Gladden shook his head emphatically.

"This one air a human bein' that could be made a preacher of. He air clean bustin' with feelin'. I do calkilat that he wull give us a soul-rousin' an' warmin' sermon, ef he hain't too bashful."

"That is certainly interesting," laughed Doc Briskett. "If my patients are willing, I will surely go to church to-morrow."

To Calvin Garman the simple home, the shrewd common sense of the farmer, and Ma Gladden's contented and placid face, breathed true religion. It was Persephone's lovely and speaking face that moved him the deepest. This gentle yet confident woman, with her large starry eyes and reserved smile, was long afterward his ideal.

Through the Saturday evening the hush of the hills called to the depths of the young preacher's nature as something akin to the moan of the sea, by which he had spent his boyhood. Through the starlit distances came profound impulses and decisions. Shame of any deceit awoke in his soul.

"If there were time," he thought, "I would write a sermon—here—in the heart of the hills. I could do it—I am sure I could do it here."

But there was to be no time; for Pa Gladden, afraid he might miss something from the outer world, sat beside him, eagerly listening, and Ma Gladden, young Asa, and Persephone were beyond him on the porch. He owed these people courtesy. There was a hearty ring in their good nights.

"I'm tellin' ye, Drusilly, that I feel truly drawn toward that young feller; I actoonly do. He'll need some prunin', an' he's got a heap ter larn, but that's somethin' genooinie at the core. I'm pow'rful anxious ter hear his sermon, ma."

By the light of the lamp in the spare room, Calvin Garman again took out a type-written sermon and read it over.

"This sounds like a sermon a college-bred man ought to write," he mused, "and it does seem strange that I am

tempted to use my own feeble thoughts instead of those of scholars and writers."

He put out his light and stood awhile at the open window.

"I should like to come here," he thought.

Before the hour for church the next morning, Pa Gladden hurried the family into the "two-seat" and drove out of his way to show the young brother the old home of Father Wister, which he had given to the church for a parsonage. It was a pleasant, roomy house, with a large flower-garden, sunny windows, a clump of tall trees in the front lot, and trellises of roses. Calvin Garman looked at it with a full heart.

Persephone ran up the walk for a bouquet of white roses. She wanted to put them into a tumbler and set them upon the pulpit.

"We hardly know ef it air right," said Ma Gladden, "but Persephone hez seen churches in the city with lots o' posies around the pulpit."

"Let her put the flowers where she will," said Calvin Garman; "in the seminary church there are often beautiful flowers."

The Crossroads church congregation was almost as large as that of two Sundays previous. The old men sat in their places, as for years they had been seated; the women and girls of the congregation rustled and fluttered in the central sections, while to right and to left sat the men and boys.

Something of Pa Gladden's feeling in favor of the gaunt young preacher seemed to inspire the assemblage. Scarcely had he stepped upon the platform before a shrill, sweet voice in the rear of the church began:

"Blest be the tie that binds."

The men to the left took it up and rolled out:

"Our hearts in Christian love."

While in soft and generous chorus all the women in the central seats came in on:

"The fellowship of kindred minds."

Ever afterward associated with the heavy scent of locust blooms in Calvin Garman's memory was the last line:

"Is like to that above."

He made a fervent prayer that was received in reverent silence, then advanced

to the pulpit, where he had laid his sermon. Over the heads of that expectant and longing assemblage rolled forth the text:

And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: . . . and his angels were cast out with him.

The announcement of these words created a flutter of suspicion at the coincidence. How would the new candidate treat the same text?

Then did Calvin Garman repeat, sentence for sentence and word for word, the brilliant and scholarly sermon which John Mock had delivered a fortnight before.

### III

THE fact that the great dragon had made a second appearance at the Crossroads church naturally caused some stir in the little community. The prominent members of the congregation held an informal meeting at Pa Gladden's house, and a letter was dictated and written on the spot by the secretary, young Asahel Gladden. As Pa Gladden put it, the epistle "looked like a purfessor o' penmanship hed been hired fer the evenin'." It was cautious but emphatic, and it stated that, as the Crossroads people wanted a man who could preach a good sermon, no candidate should be sent unless the president knew what sermon he was to preach. Naturally this gentleman spent a great deal of thought about the other candidates before he sent for Alpheus Donne.

Alpheus and his brother were the sons of a farmer whose wife dedicated them to the service of the Lord in the hour of their birth. The idea that they were to be preachers had been instilled into them with the alphabet and the Ten Commandments. Big, good-natured boys they were, fond of their mother, and they never objected when she sent them first through the preparatory college course and afterward to the theological seminary. Of late years a conviction had seized both boys that they did not want to be preachers. They confided it to each other, but had not gained courage enough to express it at home. When the president sent for the elder Donne, who was about to be graduated, he was deplored his fate to his younger brother Agar, and went very re-

luctantly to receive an expected reprimand for inattention at lectures.

"Sit down, Donne," said the president, kindly. "It has occurred to me that you ought to know what would suit a farming community in the way of a sermon. Do you think you could satisfy?"

Promptly came the truth:

"I'm afraid not, sir. I am afraid not."

"You are always too modest, Donne; but you will get over it. Farmers always respect physical strength and ability, and you have both. I suppose you prepared a sermon when I told you to do so some ten weeks ago."

Alpheus grew red, and stammered before he forced out:

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Just get it—or, wait a moment. I see your brother hovering about out there. Send him for it. I am very anxious to suit this Crossroads church, as we have never had any hold upon it. I want to see your sermon, and, if it is all right, I intend to send you down there some Sunday. Is this the sermon? Very neatly arranged. Wait a little—um—um—um." There was silence for a time, and then the president looked up with a serene brow.

"Alpheus, my boy, I did n't think it of you. This is very good. It shows scholarship and historical research. I hope to hear you deliver it in our church some day. You are a credit to us. If the Crossroads church is not satisfied with this, we will not worry about them, that's all. But for this special purpose, my son, could n't you cut out some of the classical allusions and perhaps add a few homely illustrations?"

The truly wretched Alpheus retired to the shade of a tree on the campus, and Agar followed soon after.

"Agar, I cannot do it. I am afraid to stand up in the pulpit. And you know that I cannot write a sermon or even fix this one right."

Agar eyed him gloomily.

"Don't you do it. You are big enough and old enough to be a man. Go in and tell the doctor the truth."

Alpheus looked at him and shuddered out two words:

"Mother, Agar?"

"She does n't want you to live a lie, and you've had to lie about that sermon already. I'm going to tell her when I go home. I'll be as religious as she wants,

but not a preacher. I'm going to study engineering. I love figures, Al."

"I want to be in the fields," moaned Alpheus. "I get sick for the smell of dirt under the plow."

"Plow, then, and be a good, true man. Don't you go to that Crossroads church. Suppose they should call you?"

But against existing conditions Alpheus Donne could not yet fight. He made ready to go down to the Crossroads, as the other men had done before him.

Pa Gladden did not put in any bid to entertain the third candidate. Indeed, he was now extremely chary of discussing the probabilities with any one, and especially with Dr. Briskett. Brother Silas Wakefield, who lived near Needmore's Cut, beyond which the railway lay, said that he would entertain this young brother, and so it was arranged. But when Alpheus Donne alighted at the way-station, the first Saturday in July, it was Melonie Hathaway alone who met and welcomed him.

"Brother Wakefield's wife is very ill, taken suddenly. You are to stay with me and Brother Cowgill, who farms my place."

Alpheus Donne looked at this fair girl as if awakened from a long sleep. Melonie Hathaway looked at him with kindly admiration and friendship.

Not until a late hour that night did he sleep. He would preach his first and last sermon to-morrow, and then, God willing, he would put his hand to the plow in every sense. He repudiated no teaching he had had; he desired to live nearer to God, but not as a chosen spokesman. To-morrow he would leave the Crossroads settlement and go home to his mother. Some day he would come back, and he prayed that Melonie Hathaway would be waiting for him as to-day she had waited.

"Asy, he air shorely a man."

"A fine man," replied the younger Gladden, in a puzzled voice. "But, pa, you have fretted too much over this affair. Every church has a hard time now and again to find a suitable preacher."

Pa Gladden shook his head gravely as the splendid, blond-haired Alpheus passed to the church door between Melonie Hathaway and Mrs. Cowgill. There was no doubt of the attraction of that personality in the crowded church. They were strength-loving people. Then Alpheus

sang with a voice like a silver trumpet—a full, mellow voice that boomed triumphant from pulpit to door:

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

Alpheus had never counted on that voice in his church work, but it caught up all hearts with its splendid fullness and fervor. Sweet and sonorous, it stilled every other, and the man never knew that he sang the last stanza alone.

The congregation was in an intense state of expectation when the preacher spread out his manuscript on the worm-eaten pulpit. For the first time in forty-five years old Mrs. Confere whispered in church. What she said was that "thet sermon looks percisely like thet one of them yuther fellers."

Pa Gladden was decidedly nervous. He moved his lips as he was seldom seen to do.

Then, clear and loud, came the text:

And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: . . . and his angels were cast out with him.

They listened in silence, but with compressed lips. Alpheus Donne felt the scorn, not knowing the occasion. By a strong effort of his new-found will he struggled through. The sermon differed from the others only in its brevity. There was an ominous quiet after it, which the minister relieved by starting a hymn, during which the people sat as if spellbound. Then they passed out, and the church was empty. Not one remained to shake his hand or to say a kind word.

He put the sermon into his pocket and took up his hat. As he did so four people came in at the side door. They were Pa Gladden and young Asahel, Melonie Hathaway and Persephone Riggs. Melonie's piquant face was clouded and sober.

"Young man," began Pa Gladden, slowly, "I warnt ter ast ye, ez man ter man, ef ye writ thet sermon on the big dragon, er who in the Sam Hill did?"

Alpheus Donne replied promptly:

"I did not write it, sir, and I do not know who did. I bought it of a sermon bureau."

"He did n't writ it!" exclaimed Pa Gladden to young Asy. "But how could he buy it of a bureau, son? Bureaus air shorely ter put on yer collars by."

Young Asahel explained, and Alpheus Donne added a few words:

"I can't write a sermon any more than I can paint a picture."

"You mean that you had not the courage to try," said young Asahel, gravely, "and the other men must have had similar misgivings. The sermon bureau evidently had a supply of great-dragon sermons on hand, and you were all caught in the same trap. Did n't you know that the other two candidates preached the same sermon here that you did?"

A hot wave went over the blond man's face.

"God forgive me, I did not!" was what he said.

"Brother Donne," said Pa Gladden, mildly, "this must be explained ter all our people. They air waitin'. Ye sung yerself right inter their hearts. They air grievin' turrible. Wull ye speak ter them? We wull all come in."

The young man waited but a moment, then his inspiration came.

"I have been living a lie. I will go out there and speak—not in a church. For this is the end, and I am glad it is over."

The people were waiting under the trees. Pa Gladden cleared a little space among them, and stood by the stranger. Melonie Hathaway was on the other side, while young Asahel gently pushed Persephone before himself. Alpheus Donne looked neither right nor left.

"My brethren," he began, "I owe you an explanation and an apology. My kind friends tell me that I have preached a sermon to you that has been preached here by both the other candidates. I will tell you how I came by it."

He told the story of his dedication, his own convictions, and his determination as to his future life. Then, kneeling, he asked the blessing of the Most High on himself and them.

Pa Gladden stretched forth a trembling hand.

"The Lord hez ye," he said brokenly. "Stay with us, Brother Donne."

Many lips caught up the words: "Stay with us!"

Alpheus Donne heard but one voice, that of Melonie Hathaway. He turned toward her.

"As your consecrated pastor, no. I say this for my own sake and for your welfare. As a man and neighbor, yes."

# “BEHOLD, I SHEW YOU A MYSTERY”

BY HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

THEY came from very far, they said,—  
Three poor spirits of the dead,—  
And the road was long and hard.  
Now let us rest  
On the steps before the door.  
See, from east to west  
The light grows more and more;  
Soon the door will be unbarred.

“ Let us huddle close together,  
For the air is cold;  
Scarce of old  
Have we known such bitter weather.  
And when the key shall turn  
And the great light burn  
Far out across the gloom,  
Let us go in together;  
Let us stand  
Hand in hand,  
We children of the womb;  
Let us feel,  
As we kneel  
In the Presence that we dread  
(We poor spirits of the dead),  
One touch of the dear clay  
Ere it melt away.  
It will be daylight soon;  
Far, far below  
See there the old earth glow  
Beside the little moon.”

Then, as with eyes afraid  
They watched them faint and fade  
One after one,  
Planets and suns untold  
As lily buds that fold  
Before the sun,  
One spoke and said  
(The tallest of the dead):  
“ Brothers, ye twain  
Come sure before your Lord,  
Claiming a just reward,  
And without stain  
May with proud heads unbared  
Enter the Place Prepared

For the souls shriven.  
I, in my slender pack,  
Bring but my talent back  
As it was given.  
I have but dreamed and planned,  
Shaping nor hewing,  
Made not nor mended,  
Till the last falling sand  
Marked the time ended  
Meted for doing.”

Then spoke the second of the dead—  
Spoke low and shivered as he said:  
“ No thought had I, nor any time for  
thought,  
But seized each moment what the mo-  
ment brought.  
So have my ships sailed far on many seas,  
So have my towers risen to the skies,  
And, as the summer hum of laboring  
bees,  
My hives have sung of many industries.  
And now, too late,  
I, the unthinking clod,  
Crouch here before the gate  
Of my forgotten God.”

Now was the third made bold  
To lift his head,  
He least among the dead.  
“ My tale,” he said,  
“ Is brief and quickly told;  
For I have neither dreams nor deeds to  
bring,  
A tribute to the King.  
In life I suffered wrong and want and  
pain—  
Perhaps I shall again.”

As on his breast the holy sign he made,  
The first said, “ It is dawn.”  
The second said, “ I am afraid.”  
The last one said, “ The bar is drawn.”

"Now hand in hand  
Together let us stand,  
And, as our bodies fade,  
Watching our souls remade,  
Enter the door;  
Here shall the dear old clay  
Crumble and melt away  
Forevermore.

"Come closer, closer, brother,  
And let your hold be tight;  
One may not see the other  
Here in the blinding light.  
The morning air grows colder,  
A great wind chills my brow.  
Press shoulder close to shoulder;  
I scarce can feel you now."

They came from very far, they said.—  
Three poor spirits of the dead,—  
The way was long and hard;  
But now at last  
All else was passed  
And the great door stood unbarred.  
Then did the three,  
With eyes that strained to see,  
Forgetting all before,  
Behold one perfect soul  
Pass to its goal  
Across the door.

They made no mournful cry;  
They asked not what it meant,  
For each was well content,  
And, fading, each one murmured, "It is I."



## YELLOW FEVER AND MOSQUITOS

BY L. O. HOWARD

**L**AST December a very distinguished body of men met in Washington, under the auspices of the Bureau of American Republics. These men were the most active and learned sanitarians of their respective governments. They came from Cuba and the Central and South American republics, as well as from many parts of the United States. They constituted the Third International Sanitary Convention, and their discussions related almost solely to yellow fever. The writer attended the convention by invitation, and was greatly impressed by the fact that this body, representing the most advanced medical thought of the Americas, and undoubtedly the soundest judgment in sanitary matters, unanimously accepted as an absolutely demonstrated fact that certain mosquitos carry yellow fever. Less than two years had elapsed since the "British Medical Journal" had said of the experiments of the United States Army Yellow Fever Commission, "At the most they are suggestive"; and yet every one of these authorities acknowledged himself convinced, and the majority of them announced the opinion, that these mosquitos

constitute the only means by which the disease is spread. I wonder whether Dr. James Carroll, the only survivor of the American members of the commission, who was present at the meeting, felt any greater pride in this acceptance of the wonderful results of the work of our Army Medical Department than did the layman who writes these lines.

Yellow fever has prevailed endemically throughout the West Indies and in certain regions on the Spanish main virtually since the discovery of America. The Barbados, Jamaica, and Cuba suffered epidemics before the middle of the seventh century. There were outbreaks in Philadelphia, Charleston, and Boston as early as 1692, and for a hundred years there were occasional outbreaks, culminating in the great Philadelphia epidemic of 1793. Northern cities were able, by sanitary and quarantine measures, to prevent great epidemics after the early part of the nineteenth century; but from the West Indies the disease was occasionally introduced, and it prevailed epidemically in the Southern States. In 1853 it raged throughout this region, New Orleans alone having a mortality of eight thousand. The last extensive epidemic

occurred in 1878, chiefly in Louisiana, Alabama, and Mississippi, and the total mortality was sixteen thousand. In 1889 it again prevailed in Jacksonville, Florida, and certain other restricted places. The actual loss of life from the disease itself has been but a small part of the affliction which it has brought to our Southern country. The disease once discovered in epidemic form, the whole country has become alarmed: commerce in the affected region has come virtually to a standstill; cities have been deserted; people have died from exposure in camping out in the highlands; rigid quarantines have been established; innocent persons have been shot while endeavoring to pass these quarantine lines; all industry for the time has ceased. And yet these conditions, bad as they have been, do not sum up the total danger to national prosperity. Subject to occasional epidemics as they have been supposed to be in the past, cities like Galveston, New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville, and Charleston have not prospered as they should have done, and the industrial development of the entire South has been retarded.

Now all of these conditions have been done away with. Fears for the future have been allayed. It may safely be predicted that never again in the history of the United States will an epidemic of yellow fever occur. And all of this has been brought about by the discovery that once more a mosquito must be blamed for one of the greatest of human ills.

Medical men had been theorizing about the cause of yellow fever from the time when they began to treat it. It was thought by many that it was carried in the air; by others that it was conveyed by the clothing, bedding, or other articles which had come in contact with a yellow-fever patient. With the discovery of the agency of micro-organisms in the causation of disease, a search soon began for some causative germ. Many such were found in the course of autopsies, and many claims were put forth by investigators. All these, however, were virtually set at rest by Sternberg in his "Report on the Etiology and Prevention of Yellow Fever," published in 1890; but a claim made by Sanarelli, in June, 1897, for a bacillus which he called *B. icteroides* received considerable credence, and in 1899 it was accepted in full by two surgeons of the United States Ma-

rine Hospital Service, Doctors Wasdin and Geddings, who reported that they had found this bacillus in thirteen out of fourteen cases of yellow fever in the city of Havana.

In 1881, Dr. Carlos Finlay of Havana, a Cuban by birth, although of an English father, proposed the theory that yellow fever is conveyed by means of a mosquito, and the species which he designated as the probable conveyer was *Culex* (now *Stegomyia*) *fasciatus*. Subsequently he published several important papers in which his views were modified from time to time, and in the course of which he mentioned experiments with one hundred individuals, producing three cases of mild fever. None of the cases, however, was under his full control, and the possibility of other methods of gaining the disease were not excluded. Therefore his theory, while it was received with interest, was not considered to be proved, and it was even thought that he himself had apparently proved it to be incorrect.

In the summer of 1900 came the beginning of the true demonstration. In that year Surgeon-General Sternberg appointed a board for the purpose of investigating the acute infectious diseases prevailing on the island of Cuba. This board consisted of Major Walter Reed, surgeon in the United States army, and contract surgeons James Carroll, Aristides Agramonte, and Jesse W. Lazear, of the United States army. The board arrived at Quemado, Cuba, on June 25, 1900. Preliminary observations showed several significant facts: Non-immune nurses did not contract the disease. Bacteriological examinations of the blood and organs of yellow-fever patients after death indicated no specific bacteria, and experiments with Dr. Finlay's mosquito were begun. Eleven persons were bitten by contaminated mosquitos. With nine of them there was no result; with two yellow fever appeared. In one of these two cases there had been possible opportunity for infection from other sources, but in one the circumstances were such as to exclude any other source of infection, and the commission, therefore, in a modest little paper entitled "The Etiology of Yellow Fever—A Preliminary Note," read before the Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the American Public Health Association at Indianapolis, Indiana, in October, 1900, announced that

the mosquito serves as the intermediate host of the parasite of yellow fever.

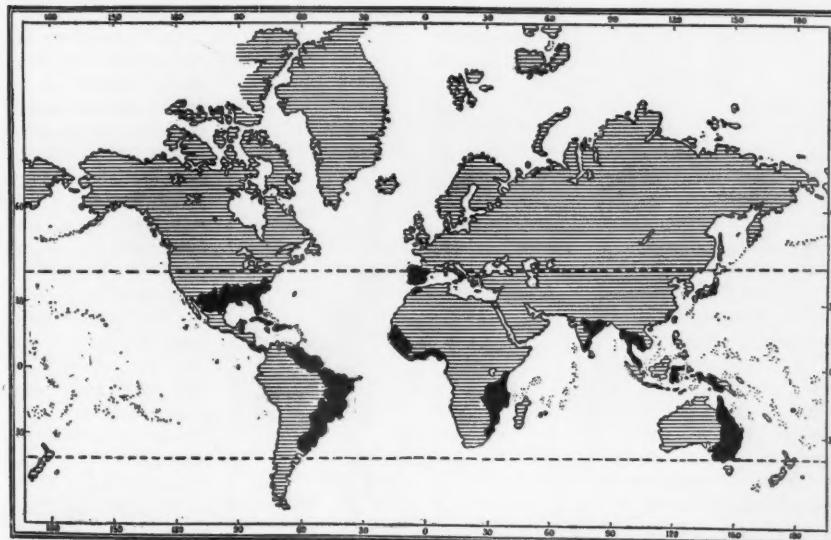
One of the two cases in which positive results were obtained in this preliminary work was a member of the board, Dr. Lazear, and in this case the result was fatal. The cause of science has had many martyrs, but this was one of the saddest, and was undoubtedly one of the greatest losses to humanity. Dr. Lazear was a young man of great ability, admirably trained, whose work, as Dr. Reed says, was characterized by "a manly and fearless devotion to duty such as I have never seen equaled." He "seemed absolutely tireless and quite oblivious of self. Filled with an earnest enthusiasm for the advancement of his profession and for the cause of science, he let no opportunity pass unimproved. Although the evening might find him discouraged over the difficult problem at hand, with the morning's return he again took up the task, full of eagerness and hope."

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the board resumed its work late in November, 1900, and established an experiment station one mile from Quemado, Cuba, they should name it, in honor of their comrade, "Camp Lazear." Here were built the two experiment houses which

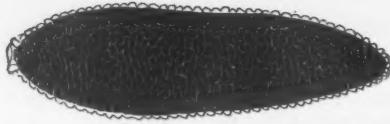
have become famous. One of them was termed the "infected-mosquito building," and the other the "infected-clothing building." The former was screened and well ventilated, while the other was screened and poorly ventilated. In the former patients were bitten by infected mosquitos; in the latter no mosquitos were admitted, but the persons submitting themselves to the experiment slept with soiled bedding and clothing direct from the yellow-fever hospitals. Briefly stated, in thirteen cases where non-immunes were bitten by mosquitos which had bitten a yellow-fever patient at least twelve days previously, ten contracted the disease, while in the infected-clothing house, although volunteers had slept there for many nights, no single case of yellow fever was contracted.

The experiments were conducted with such care that no criticism is possible. Criticism was invited from resident physicians in Havana and from medical visitors, but none was made. The results were perfect, and were absolutely conclusive.

The men who submitted themselves to the experiment were hospital attendants, American soldiers, and Spanish immigrants, none of whom had ever had yellow fever. The heroism exhibited by these persons, and especially by the Americans, is beyond



MAP SHOWING (IN SOLID BLACK) THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO (AFTER THEOBALD)



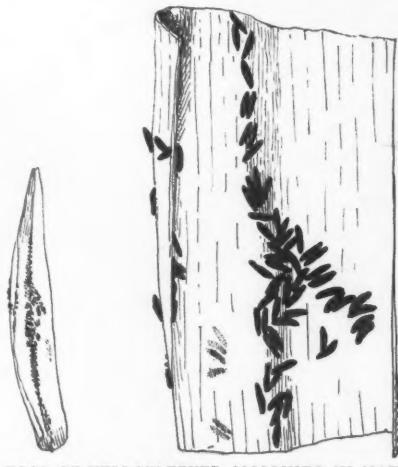
EGGS (GREATLY ENLARGED) OF THE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO

praise. Speaking of Kissinger, a young Ohio soldier who was the first person bitten by infected mosquitos, Dr. Reed says: "I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my admiration of the conduct of this young Ohio soldier, who volunteered for this experiment, as he expressed it, 'solely in the interest of humanity and the cause of science,' and with the only proviso that he should receive no pecuniary reward. In my opinion, this exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the army of the United States." The next three cases were Spaniards, and all of these first four contracted the fever. After that no more Spanish patients could be secured. They had allowed themselves to be bitten largely through incredulity and for a money reward. After the fever appeared, they lost their interest in the cause of science, and preferred safety to money. Other Americans, however, immediately volunteered, and, praising their courage in the highest degree, we must not fail to point out here that the inspiration was derived from Dr. Reed himself. Nothing but the most absolute confidence in this remarkable man could have gained him his subjects, and the confidence was justified, since this series of experiments, the result of which has already been of inestimable value to humanity, was accomplished without the loss of a single human life.

One must be struck with the modesty of the men composing the commission when, without a single symptom of self-laudation, the results of this remarkable experimental work, destined to revolutionize former ideas, were published under

the simple title, "The Etiology of Yellow Fever: *An Additional Note*!" (The italics are the writer's.)

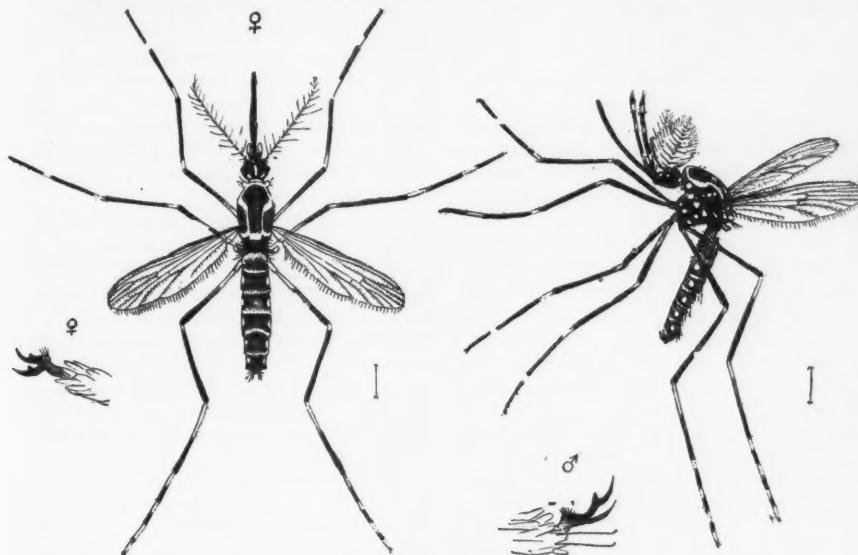
It was after the publication of the "Preliminary Note" that the comment quoted in our introduction was made by the "British Medical Journal." After the publication of the "Additional Note," however, the medical profession accepted the results and conclusion of the commission with virtual unanimity. During this work, and for months subsequently, continued investigations were carried on by members of the commission for the causative micro-organism of the disease, but it has not yet been found. It was discovered that the disease could be conveyed not only by the bite of the mosquito, but by the injection of the blood serum of a yellow-fever patient into the system of a non-immune. It was further discovered that this blood serum could be filtered through porcelain and yet retain its power to convey the disease. It seems certain, therefore, that the cause is either some micro-organism so excessively small as to pass through porcelain,—so excessively small, therefore, as to fail to reveal itself to the highest powers of the microscope,—or else that the disease is conveyed by some toxin. Experiments were then made by submitting the serum to various degrees of heat, and it was found that its toxicity was destroyed by a comparatively low temperature—one too low, in fact, to have any effect upon any toxin; and the conclusion is almost unavoidable that the cause of yellow fever is a micro-organism in the blood which is ultra-microscopic in size.



EGGS OF YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO IN NATURAL POSITION ON GRASS-STEMS

It would be very strange if so great a discovery as this had not its objectors. At first, and before the papers of the commission had been widely read, there were physicians who announced total disbelief; but these were soon silenced. Since then, and especially in the Southern United States, there have been a number of physicians who, while admitting that the disease is carried by mosquitos, still contend that there probably is some other means of transmission. These physicians, and no less a person than Dr. Souchon, president

ments were carried on at Las Animas Hospital by the director of the hospital, Surgeon John W. Ross of the United States navy, and these experiments were made with the purpose of settling at rest the still-adhered-to theory of the transmission of the disease by fomites or clothing or other articles which had come into contact with yellow-fever patients. Certain rooms in the hospital were made mosquito-proof, and numerous bundles containing bedclothes and bedding which had recently been used in the sick-rooms and on the



THE YELLOW-FEVER MOSQUITO  
*Culex (Stegomyia) fasciatus or fasciatus*

of the Louisiana Board of Health, who is a leader, hold that there are many recorded outbreaks where the mosquito agency is improbable or impossible, and they hold that no great variations in quarantine methods must be introduced until the matter is set entirely at rest. Additional experiments were carried on in 1901 by the Havana Board of Health, under the well-known yellow-fever expert Dr. Juan Guiteras, formerly of the University of Pennsylvania, at Las Animas Hospital. In a number of cases the disease was experimentally conveyed by the bites of infected mosquitos, but here, unfortunately, several lives were lost. Later in the autumn and winter of 1901 very careful experi-

persons of patients ill with yellow fever were placed in these rooms; eight men recently arrived on the island (five Spanish, two Italian, and one English) were taken as subjects for experimentation. They were placed under observation for seven days, and then transferred to the experiment room, where they were kept for seven days. They were then kept under observation for seven days longer, with the result that all emerged from the experiment in good health.

Quite recently experiments of a most careful kind have been made at São Paulo, Brazil, under the direction of Dr. Adolpho Lutz, director of the Bacteriological Institution of the State of São Paulo. These

experiments were extremely interesting, since the mosquitos chosen were brought from uninfected places, allowed to bite a yellow-fever patient, sent to another uninfected place several hundred kilometers away, and allowed to bite non-immunes who had previously been quarantined and who submitted to the experiment of their own accord. Out of six cases there were three positive results, the fever appearing from seventy-five to eighty hours after the biting. All the patients recovered. These experiments were considered necessary, on account of the great local opposition to the so-called mosquito theory. But now the question is considered solved, and the practical extermination of mosquitos has begun.

The beneficial effects of this great discovery were prophesied in the introduction. They are already evident in a marked degree in the city of Havana. For many months not one case of yellow fever was to be found in the city, although probably for one hundred and fifty years there had not been a day in which there were not cases of the disease. This condition is due to the fact that, first under the American administration and afterward under the Cuban Board of Health, the plain measures indicated by the discovery were put into effect. Before the discovery was made the health of the city improved under the active sanitary measures introduced and carried into effect by the untiring energy of General Ludlow. In spite of these measures, however, the fever was present. After the discovery, however, and under the very efficient direction of Major Gorgas, mosquito extermination began; breeding-places were abolished, and every yellow-fever patient was protected from the bites of mosquitos. The disease rapidly died out. With the new light brought to us by Reed and his colleagues, it is only necessary, when a case of yellow fever is discovered on board of a vessel entering a port, to see that the patient is thus protected, and there will be no opportunity for the disease to spread. In regions where the fever is endemic, all non-immunes keeping themselves protected from mosquito bites will undoubtedly remain free from the fever.

The distribution of the yellow-fever mosquito, *Stegomyia fasciata*, becomes at once of importance, for wherever the mos-

quito abounds, an introduced case of fever becomes, without protection, a great danger. In general, this mosquito is found in all parts of the world south of  $38^{\circ}$  north latitude and north of  $38^{\circ}$  south latitude. It is not, however, found at great elevations, and is mainly confined, in the United States, to that region of country known as the lower austral life-zone. This includes virtually all of the Gulf States, the Atlantic Coast States north to southern Virginia, the western portions of Kentucky and Tennessee, the southeastern corner of Missouri, and nearly all of Arkansas and the Indian Territory, southern New Mexico and Arizona, and southern California. It is known in Mexico and Central America, all of the West Indies, the low-lying portions of South America, Spain, southern Italy, parts of Africa, India, Farther India, Malay Archipelago, Australia, southern Japan, and Hawaii.

A peculiarity of the yellow-fever mosquito is that it bites by day as well as by night. To protect one's self from malaria, one has only to avoid mosquitos at night. The yellow-fever mosquito is known in the West Indies as the day mosquito. It is sometimes also called the striped mosquito. Its appearance is well shown in the accompanying figures, from which it will at once be recognized. It is essentially a house mosquito. It is not commonly found in the woods, but very abundantly in cities and about houses, where it breeds in the roof troughs, in water-tanks and -barrels, and in any chance receptacle of standing water. The eggs are laid singly in standing water, and will withstand desiccation. The water in which they are deposited may dry up entirely, but when, through rain, the receptacle again contains standing water, the eggs will hatch. The larvæ are much like those of other mosquitos; they are true air-breathers, and are readily killed by a kerosene film on the surface of the water.

One of the saddest aspects of this brilliant discovery is the death of the inspiring genius of the investigation, Dr. Walter Reed, who, with health impaired by his strenuous labors, died suddenly November 23, 1902, before he had fairly begun to reap the honors which were beginning to follow his monumental work. He will rank as one of the great benefactors of the human race.



1

**1. DR. JUAN GUITERAS**

The well-known yellow-fever expert, now connected with the sanitary service of the Cuban republic, and who conducted the first corroborative series of mosquito experiments in 1901 at Las Animas Hospital, Havana, Cuba.



2

**2. DR. JOHN R. ROSS,  
SURGEON, U. S. N.**

He was in charge of Las Animas Hospital during 1901, and conducted a series of important corroborative experiments with fomites.



3

mosquito, and the first investigator who announced the opinion that this species of mosquito conveys the disease.



4

**3. DR. JAMES CARROLL,  
U. S. V.**

He was a member of the Army Commission and is the only survivor of the American members of the commission.

**4. DR. CARLOS FINLAY**

He was the first to conduct experiments with the yellow-fever

**5. DR. JESSE W. LAZEAR,  
U. S. V.**

He was a member of the Army Yellow Fever Commission, and died of yellow fever in Cuba in 1900, during the first experimental work, as the result of a bite from an infected mosquito.

**6. JOHN R. KISSINGER**

A soldier in the United States army, who offered himself for experiment.

**7. MAJOR WALTER REED,  
U. S. A.**

He was the president of the Army Yellow Fever Commission, and died in Washington, December, 1902.



5



6



7

# THE WILD BIRD BY A NEW APPROACH

BY FRANCIS H. HERRICK

Author of "The Home Life of Wild Birds"

WITH PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE future historian of American life and manners for the closing decades of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century will find an interesting theme in the renaissance of natural history, or the return to nature, which marks a distinct epoch.

If a desire for country life has followed the congestion of population in cities, the increase in wealth, and the wonderful improvements in transportation, there has also grown up in America a genuine sympathy for animals and an intelligent desire for knowledge in every department of outdoor nature. This awakening has been attended by a renewed interest in the relation of living beings to one another and to their surroundings, as well as by the interest in the habits, behavior, and intelligence of animals on the part of both layman and specialist.

## ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

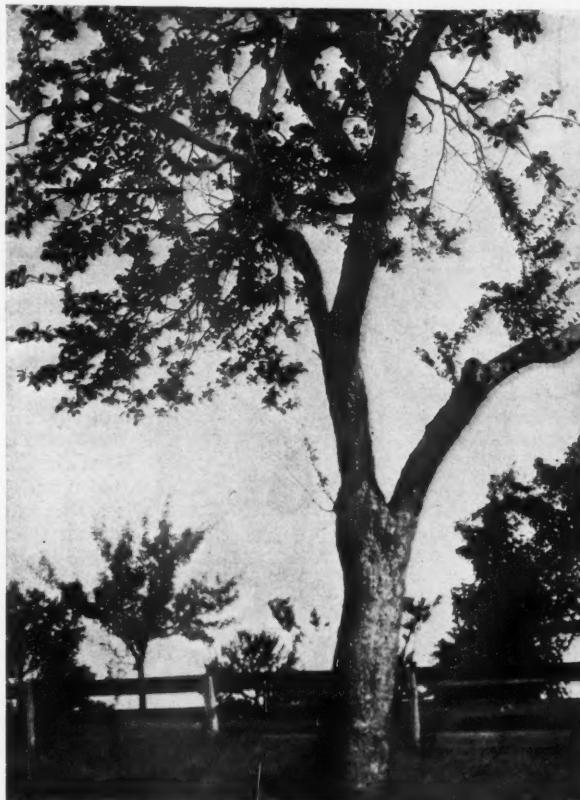
The photography of wild animals may be considered both as a fascinating sport and as a means of recording with precision the expressions of their active, strenuous life. The task is fascinating because of its difficulties or hazards and its requirements of patience and skill. If any one supposes that the successful stalking of wild birds and quadrupeds with a camera is no more difficult than bagging them with shot-gun or rifle, I recommend him to go into the field and try his hand. It is also of value because of the very exactness with which we are able to catch and register a fleeting attitude or expression, as well as the varied series of bodily acts which are the momentary witnesses of the instinct and intelligence of animals. The camera



WREN CLEANING HER NEST

is an impartial observer and taker of notes, and a kind of third eye to which we can appeal when in doubt. However great the limitations of its notes, they are of a different character from those of the actual ob-

of tall trees, since the nest is the focal point of interest. Under such conditions it is usually impossible to secure good pictures, and it is plainly impracticable for an observer to watch the course of events.



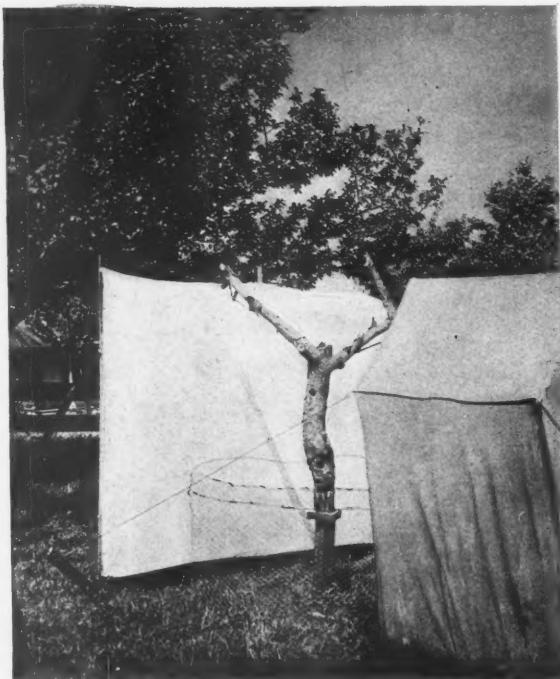
HOUSE-WREN'S NEST IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION, IN THE ABANDONED NEST-HOLE OF A CHICKADEE

The entrance is indicated by an arrow

server. The camera is a tool, a trusty servant and recorder, which the artist can use to good advantage.

One can hardly speak of old methods in the photography of wild animals in the field, since the improved hand-camera which made this possible is itself a comparatively recent invention. In the photography of birds the object hitherto has been to bring the sensitive plate up to the animal, which often means the performance of difficult gymnastic feats in the branches

In this "lucky shot" method, a long rubber tube or thread is usually attached to the shutter of the camera, which is set up before the nest when it is accessible, or fastened to the limb of a tree, while the operator lies in hiding at a distance. When a bird is seen to go to the nest, the plate is exposed by pulling the thread or pressing the pneumatic bulb. Moreover, a second person is often needed to give the signal. Such devices afford a wide range for individual patience and ingenuity, and the



OUTDOOR OBSERVATORY, SHOWING THE TENT, THE NESTING STUMP MOUNTED ON A PIVOT AND SURROUNDED BY WIRE NETTING, WITH A WHITE SCREEN AT THE BACK

Most of the wren pictures were made at this nest

lucky shot may be excellent; but there is no control over the birds, and no approach to them in person.

with the camera is not of much value. What was necessary was a means of watch-

#### A NEW FIELD IN NATURE STUDY

IN the new method of the study and photography of birds, the conditions just described are completely changed. In a word, instead of attempting to go to the bird, the bird is brought directly before the observer—nest, young, branch, and all. The nest, whatever its original position, is moved with its supports to a favorable place for study. A green tent is then pitched beside it, and under this perfect screen the observer can watch by the hour and accurately record the shifting panoramic scenes of nest life.

One might suppose that birds would desert their homes under such conditions, and thus promptly end the matter; but, instead, they forget the old site, adopt the

new one, and defend it with all their customary vigor and persistence.

A number of years ago I became interested in animal photography as a means of securing better pictures for book-illustration, but it was not until the summer of 1899 that time was found for experiments in the field. Taking up the specific problem of how to photograph the free wild bird, it was at once apparent that the nest or home was the focal point of interest to both bird and observer, since during the period of nesting and raising the young the range of the adults is limited to a comparatively small area. For a month or even more they are chained to a given spot. It was also evident that for the study of any nest situated near the ground and within reach of the camera a suitable means of concealment was necessary. A glimpse now and then or a lucky shot



WREN BRINGING A MOTH-MILLER TO THE NEST

This bird did not dismember its prey before serving to its young

ing at close range the whole life of birds at the nest.

For concealment I first decided to try a house made of light boards painted green, but soon discarded this impracticable idea and made a tent of green cloth instead. This was used at a nest of red-winged black-birds, situated a few feet above the water of a swamp, and was a success from the first. However, the task was only half completed with the introduction of a convenient blind, since most nests of wild birds are inaccessible from the ground.

The next experiment was made with chipping sparrows, whose young left their nest in fright the moment it was disturbed. The branch which held this nest was therefore sawn off, and mounted in a convenient place beside the barn, which happened to be near, one of the young birds being used as a lure. While the nest was being moved, I placed the fledgling under an old-fashioned wire screen used to cover food, when the mother, true to her parental instinct, came promptly with an insect and alighted on the wire net. Later, when this youngster had been fed a number of times on his perch, he was content to remain, and the feeding operations could be watched through a barn window, while the old birds were photographed by means of a rubber tube attached to the camera. Although in this case parental instinct was the force employed, the displacement of the nest had no significance.

The first experiment in moving the nesting branch was made upon cedar-birds, August 3, 1899. Two days later the tent was pitched before their nest, and in a few minutes I had the pleasure of seeing both birds coming and feeding their young with choke-cherries by regurgitation, as if nothing had happened. The scenes at this nest were as fascinating as they were novel, and a number of photographs were made.

It thus became evident that in the approach to the wild nesting bird parental instinct was the key to the whole problem, and later experiments began to show that this power, which binds old to young, is gradually strengthened from the moment the eggs are laid, or even before, until its culmination at the time of flight from the nest. It was also found that, as might have been expected, individual birds differed greatly in the strength of their instincts,

and that it was safest to move the nest when the young were from seven to nine days old.

As already said, the old site of the nest is quickly forgotten, and the new adopted in a surprisingly short time, and as com-



WREN CLIMBING TO THE NEST-HOLE WITH  
THE BODY OF A SMALL SPIDER

The legs have been torn from the spider

pletely as if it were of the birds' own choosing. The method is based on the solid ground of animal instinct, is capable of many refinements, and in judicious hands will add wonderfully to our knowledge of birds during that most interesting of all periods—life in the home.

## WATCHING WRENS BY THE HOUR

As exemplars of the method, we will take the little house-wrens, which appropriate any suitable cavity for a nest, and will often



WREN (LIFE-SIZE) CLIMBING TO THE NEST  
WITH A MOTH IN ITS BILL

The moth is served without wings

accept a box placed in the dooryard for their accommodation.

Wrens were very common at Northfield, New Hampshire, last summer, where I found four of their nests in old apple-trees, two in irregular cavities and two in the

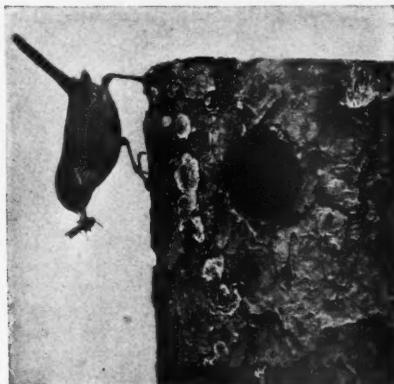
abandoned homes of the downy wood-pecker and chickadee respectively. About the middle of July I noticed the neatly drilled circular opening of the chickadee's nest on the under side of a small dead apple branch, about twelve feet from the ground. It was so admirably situated for study that I remember the feeling of regret at being so late in the field. I determined, however, to save the nest; but, upon coming to take it down on the 24th of July, discovered that it was occupied, after all, and by a family of house-wrens. After the chickadees had moved out, the wrens had evidently moved in. The wren is a close sitter, and when incubation is well advanced it is difficult to drive the female from her eggs. In the present case nothing short of a violent shaking of the whole tree would suffice. Finally a sleek little bird would appear at the window, showing a sharp bill and clean-cut profile, and in a moment go off scolding, or giving its harsh rattle, which is really a signal of alarm—*ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek!* Then, with tail cocked and with rapid, jerky movements, it would hop along the fence or over the branches of a tree, turning on its shrill rattle every few seconds until confidence was restored. The wren's tail, though a very sensitive register of emotion, is not invariably cocked, as one might infer from the picture-books.

In two cases I have known incubation to last at least two weeks, and possibly longer, while the period of life at the nest is also about a fortnight.

When it seemed likely that the little wrens were a week old, I cut off the dead branch below the opening, carefully lowered it to the ground, and mounted it on a pivot in the field. The stump was then surrounded by a screen of wire netting of ample height, to discourage cats and other enemies of nesting birds from overt interference. The tent was set up on the morning of the following day—August 24—at twenty minutes after nine o'clock. In order to secure a clear background, a large white screen was later placed behind the stump, and our outdoor observatory was complete. By its means the home life of old and young could be studied and registered with a precision hitherto unknown. Though the birds would now come and go within reach of the hand, they were quite unaware of being observed.

I watched this wren family during parts of five days, and altogether for twelve hours and twenty-one minutes. On the fourth day the stump was sawn open, so as to expose the young, which were then well feathered and able to crawl to the opening. The illustrations of the scenes at this nest were selected from a series of fifty distinct and nearly perfect photographs, which represent a complete pictorial analysis of the behavior of this bird.

In just a minute after entering the tent on the first day Mother Wren was on the stump and sounding her alarm, *ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek-ek!* In giving this harsh rattle, the bill does not close, but the lower mandible moves rapidly and the whole

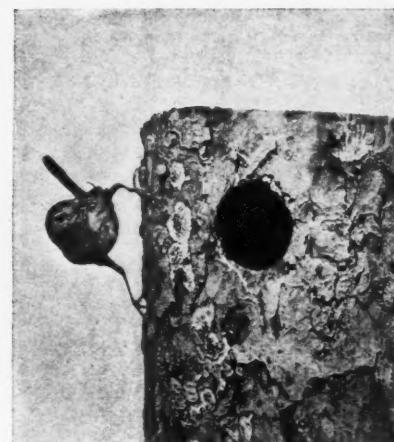


nest before venturing inside. It was some time before a definite course of approach was adopted, and this was necessarily modified whenever the stump was rotated to improve the light. The young chirped briskly as the mother approached, and, like the young of other birds, were keenly alive to every sound. After inspecting and cleaning the nest, she would return to the entrance, often with the excreta in her bill, survey the field for a moment, and be off.

This bird had the peculiar habit of tearing the wings and legs from large grasshoppers and moths before bringing them

body quavers, as the air is expelled in little puffs from the throat. A few minutes later she was crawling up the bark like a mouse, with a field-spider pinched between the sharp points of her bill. Her next victim was a black beetle, but, frightened at some object or sound, she brought it to the stump many times, reeling off her harsh rattle, or giving her incisive *kek! kek!* before venturing inside.

The work of feeding was borne wholly by the female both at this and at another nest studied earlier in the season. She would come and go quietly, unless disturbed, when her rattle would sound until every suspicion was allayed. Sometimes she would fly first to the tent roof, then to the stump, running up or down to the hole. Again she would alight on the screen, and then go to the stump by way of the wire net, always pausing at the entrance to the



THREE POSITIONS OF A WREN DESCENDING  
TO THE NEST



THE WREN HAS HEARD A SUSPICIOUS  
SOUND, AND WITH BILL SOUNDS  
THE NOTE OF ALARM

The stump has been opened to show the nest

to the nest. The photographs demonstrate this clearly. The effect of such rough treatment was certainly to prevent the escape of the prey. I was surprised to find that small spiders were also subjected to a similar ordeal, only their plump spherical abdomens, which I at first mistook for egg-cocoons, being served to the young. Many birds systematically crush or hammer their prey into helplessness either before or after bringing it to the nest.

I once drove this bird away with my hand four times in rapid succession, until the insect which was finally delivered could be observed and a photograph obtained. This is a good illustration of the force of habit, and a good index of the degree of familiarity already attained.

On the second day a high wind shook the tent, and the screen flapped like the sail of a vessel at sea, but life at the nest went

forward without a break. Even when the wind tore up the screen and carried it with a crash against a neighboring fence, the bird hardly noticed it, and two minutes later came bringing to its young a large moth minus wings.

In order to expose the nest itself, the stump was sawn open on the fourth day, but the routine of nest life was interrupted for only seven minutes. A convenient platform or stage was thus made just above the nest, and upon this many lively scenes were enacted in the course of the day. A series of pictures shows how the little wren strode nimbly down to the nest opening below.

I once photographed this bird as she stood on the stage over the nest with a large grasshopper in her mouth, and her behavior suggested some connection between bulb and bill, for at the click of the



BENDING OVER, WITH TAIL COCKED, THE  
WREN PREPARES TO DESCEND TO  
THE NEST CAVITY



WREN THAT HAD THE HABIT OF TEARING THE WINGS FROM INSECTS WHICH SHE BROUGHT TO THE NEST

In this instance the victim is a large moth

shutters he promptly swallowed the insect, and was off.

The wrens have a peculiar way of disposing of the excreta. The sac is taken directly from the body of the young and carried to a tree, where it is deposited or impaled on the bark of a limb. The sac is rarely if ever eaten, and never allowed to fall to the ground.

During the whole period of observation, which lasted eleven hours and five minutes, the young were fed one hundred and one times, at an average rate of once in five and a half minutes (on the first day once in two and a

half minutes), and the excreta was removed twenty-eight times. The bill of fare, as far as recorded, consisted of nine different articles, served in respect to abundance in the order named as follows: grasshoppers, thirty-three times; spiders, twenty-five; moths, fourteen; black crickets, six; greenlarvæ, two; brown larvæ, two; besides field-cricket, green katydid, and black beetle, each served once.

During the last day of study at this nest the young crawled to the opening and took their first flight, landing in the grass not many feet away.



YOUNG WRENS LEAVING THE NEST



MALE BLUEBIRD BRINGING A LOCUST TO HIS YOUNG

They would run like mice, and their brown protective coloring, exactly like that of the old birds, made it no easy matter to recover them when once at liberty.

#### THE INDIVIDUALITY OF BIRDS

IN studying different birds of the same species, individual traits are constantly seen and expressed in strong relief. The greatest differences seem to lie in the relative development of their sense of fear. In the wren family just described the male never fed the young and the female never became very tame. What a different state of affairs was found at another wren's nest studied earlier in the summer! After the removal of this nest it was fully forty-five minutes before the young got a morsel to eat; but after the

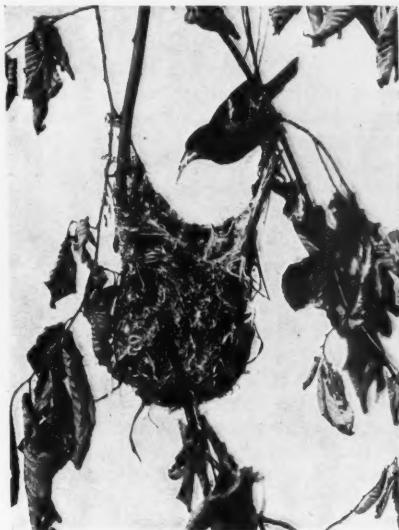
first visit the victory was won, and the hen, if not the cock, bird became very tame. During the preliminary interval of suspense the male sang cheerfully, but the female was at the nest and stump many times before venturing inside. Five minutes after her timidity had been finally overcome, the male was also on the stump, where he sat with drooping wings and gave his alarm; thence he flew to a tree, then to the ridge-pole of the tent, where he sang merrily, while the young were fed by his mate. The male sang all the morning until noon, and, after a silence, began again at two o'clock. On the contrary, at the first nest the male was never seen and seldom if ever heard; the timidity of the female was never completely overcome.



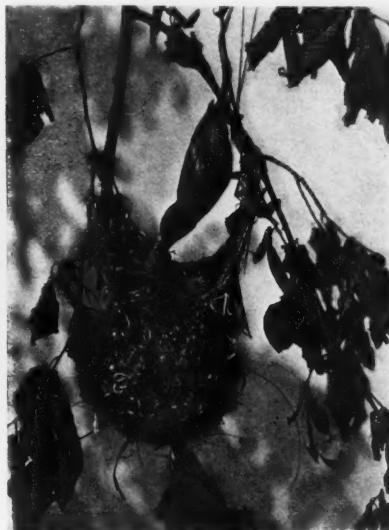
YOUNG BLUEBIRD AT THE TIME OF FLIGHT,  
IN AN ATTITUDE OF FEAR

At half-past two o'clock I discarded the tent and took my position with the camera beside the nest. This bird, which must have been originally of a confiding disposition, had already become tamed without the use of a cage. There was positively no interruption in the affairs of the nursery, the mother bringing food on the average of once a minute, and not stopping even

When a downy woodpecker suddenly pulled up at the sign of the stump, and began to circle up toward the nest-hole in his harmless quest for insects, the little male showed that as guardian of the home his services were not to be despised. Like every other intruder, the woodpecker was obliged to beat a hurried retreat, amid angry chattering and ominous snappings



A BALTIMORE ORIOLE BRINGS A YELLOW "MEASURING-WORM" TO HER NEST



SHE TUCKS A GRASSHOPPER DEEP DOWN INTO THE THROAT OF A NESTLING

while the tent was being taken down. She would bring a spider, fly with it to the old stump, and, with neck outstretched, crawl up or down to the focal point, the dark circular entrance, to which she was irresistibly drawn. Coming freely within reach of my hand, she would enter the hole, feed, inspect, and clean her brood, taking the bottle-shaped sacs of the excreta to the bare branches of a prostrate tree close by, where they were deposited upon the bark. Then, after carefully wiping her bill, she would plump down on the grass, and, accompanied by the male, which sang as if for her encouragement, bring in another captive—field-spider, grasshopper, moth, or larva. Once she darted after a dragon-fly, but missed; at another time she captured a wasp, and again a large white moth with spotted wings.

of the bill. When the female brought a long, striped caterpillar, and I wished to secure a photograph, it was necessary to drive her off half a dozen times before the required position was assumed.

Among the nesting materials which had been collected at the bottom of this cavity by these industrious birds, besides sticks, grape-vine bark, pine needles, cocoons of insects, and birds' feathers, was found the cast skin of a snake, an object not often seen, but one which the great crested fly-catcher is known habitually to place in its nest.

The beautifully woven pouch of the oriole, shown in another illustration, was originally suspended fifty feet from the ground in a vertical spray, the supporting twigs of which were smaller than a lead-pencil. To bring down this nest, it was

necessary to take off a limb weighing more than two hundred pounds. Unfortunately, the cord snapped before the branch had reached the ground, and the nesting twigs were broken off too short, but with no injury to nest or young. To this accident is due the shriveled appearance of the foliage.

At this nest the female alone fed the young, while her mate kept in the background. The fledglings were a perfect lure to the mother, who would follow them everywhere. She once came close to our house, and even fed a young bird against the wires of a cage in which were several large hawks. At another nest of orioles, whose habits were watched at close range, both birds regularly fed their young, the male being quite as bold as his mate.

The bluebirds show their individuality in an even more marked degree. At one nest the female did all the work, while the male, which escorted her about and sang, always showed the greatest timidity. At another, however, of which several illustrations are shown, the conditions were quite the reverse. Not only was the male always the first to bring food, but his pugnacity reached an unexpected pitch in a bird whose gentle and confiding manners have been praised by many enthusiasts. This nest was boldly defended when the stump was removed, and for more than a week thereafter the male fiercely assailed

every person who ventured upon his domain. With the speed of an arrow and with angry snapping of the bill he would dart straight at the intruder, who involuntarily ducked his head, and felt no desire to repeat the experiment. This bird would also dart at the tent, and at the observer the moment he showed himself outside. In short, he was constantly at the nest, which he defended most admirably, and was unremitting in the task of providing for his family.

This method of studying the daily life of wild birds is recommended only to those careful students who are making a serious study of the habits and instincts of animals, who are prepared to devote much time and energy in the field, and are capable of adding to our knowledge of the subject. The indiscriminate use of any method of studying the home life of birds is fraught with danger to their young, and to displace a nest at the wrong time in order to photograph it, or to leave it unprotected, is to open wide the door to destruction. When the study of birds with the camera is pursued as a recreation, the rule should be to disturb the nest and its occupants as little as possible. I seldom spend less than a week at any given nest, protect it securely from enemies, and have worked the entire season without the loss of a single brood.



## IN THE TIME OF SEPARATION

BY E. A. HALLOWELL

PARTING is easy to the Dead, who say,  
 "A thousand years shall be but as a day."  
 But, God, We Living Ones—what of our tears,  
 When a single day seems like a thousand years?



**W**HEN, on his second visit to France, the Czar Nicholas II was being entertained at the château-palace of Compiègne, in the midst of the historic forest, it was proposed to offer him the "sport of kings,"—the *chasse à courre, à cor et à cri*,—the mounted stag-hunt of the old régime, with dogs and horns, without guns or traps. Two vital considerations prevented the giving of the hunt.

The present government of the republic possesses neither dogs, horses, nor men trained to the *chasse à courre*; and there are no deer in the forests left free to the President. The deer-hunting of Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and Rambouillet is rented out; and Marly, the only great forest reserved wholly to the President, is almost bare of big game. The government was also forced to recognize that, could it overcome these difficulties, it could not count on a sufficient number of guests capable of following the hounds. Sticking to a horse through thicket and over stream is not one of the aptitudes of the politician of the day; and the aristocratic families that continue to maintain hunt equipages could not be counted on even to honor the imperial ally.

The Czar's uncles, Vladimir and Alexis, cynically enough shoot partridges and rabbits with the President year after year; but when they follow the French stag over the same presidential grounds of Rambouillet, it is with the hounds of a great landowner and very rich lady, whose personal life is so surrounded by safeguards against the modern and the commonplace that, except when she wishes it, she scarcely knows

that the old régime is ended. This is "the first huntress of France," the dowager Duchesse d'Uzès, who in Christmas week of 1902 was at her eleven-hundredth stag.

The duchess rents from the republic more than sixty thousand acres of this old Rambouillet forest, between President Loubet's favorite château and her own hunting château of Bonnelles. The President has the right to shoot the partridge and the rabbit on his lands of Rambouillet; but should he wish to chase the deer, he too must be invited by the duchess. She does not invite the President often. In return, the President forbids the military uniform to appear at the *hallali* of the duchess—something all the more grievous to the great lady in that the burden of it falls, not on her, but on the young officers of the neighboring garrison, forced thereby to the considerable expense of maintaining hunting costumes. The President—that is to say, the Minister of War—has even forbidden them to use their chargers at the hunts; but that is a difficulty more easily overcome, since the duchess can lend them horses.

Beginning in September of each year, the Duchesse d'Uzès installs herself in her favorite residence of Bonnelles, a modern château of vast proportions, lying in a park of one hundred and eighty acres, about ten miles from Rambouillet. Her two daughters, the Duchesses de Luynes and de Brissac, aid her and her daughter-in-law, the young Duchesse d'Uzès, to do the honors of the country house. When the hunting season opens, first old friends and "serious" hunters are invited; then come the royal visits and the Parisian se-



From a photograph

#### THE DUCHESSE D'UZÈS IN THE MIDST OF A GROUP OF HOUNDS, HOLDING TWO FAVORITES

ries. The clarion is heard in the depths of the woods; and the equipage, in its colors of red and blue, with gold-and-silver lace, holds its assizes at an old stone cross in a circular opening in the forest, two or three miles from the château.

The great hunts begin at eight o'clock in the morning. As the hunters and huntresses come in couples and small groups from every side, from châteaux miles distant and from near-by towns and the neighboring garrison, the effect is romantic and beautiful.

The faint, sad notes of the horn come from afar. Horn answers horn in many an ancient air—the “*Réveil*,” “The Plain,” “The Pleasures of the Chase,” “The Bourbon,” and the “Rallies” of Dampierre and Bonnelles, the two homes of the pack of the duchess. Now and again another brilliant costume emerges from the rising mist.

Image of war, the chase originally made part of the royal appanage; and if princes and feudatory lords might practise it, they had their privilege from the sovereign, who, as absolute master of the state, considered

this game his royal prerogative. After a thousand years of privilege, the common people began murmuring at the luxury of chase equipages. Louis XVI at last became frightened at the popular insults thrown at him in this matter, and in 1786 reduced the equipages to two, that of the stag and that of the red deer. The former was composed of sixty-two men, one hundred and twenty horses, and ninety dogs; the latter of eighteen men, thirty horses, and eighty dogs. The king, however, so little realized the fragility of his tenure that on October 5, 1789, when the starving Parisians came to fetch him by force from Versailles, he had been occupied all the morning in chasing the wolf in the forest of Marly.

The Revolution swept away the pompous venery of the old monarchy. Napoleon re-established it, to gild his new empire. He followed the deer and the dogs as he did all pleasures, with ardor, but only intermittently. He conducted his equipages as he did his armies, breathlessly. He interrupted one great chase in the middle to go with Marie Louise to Fontainebleau,

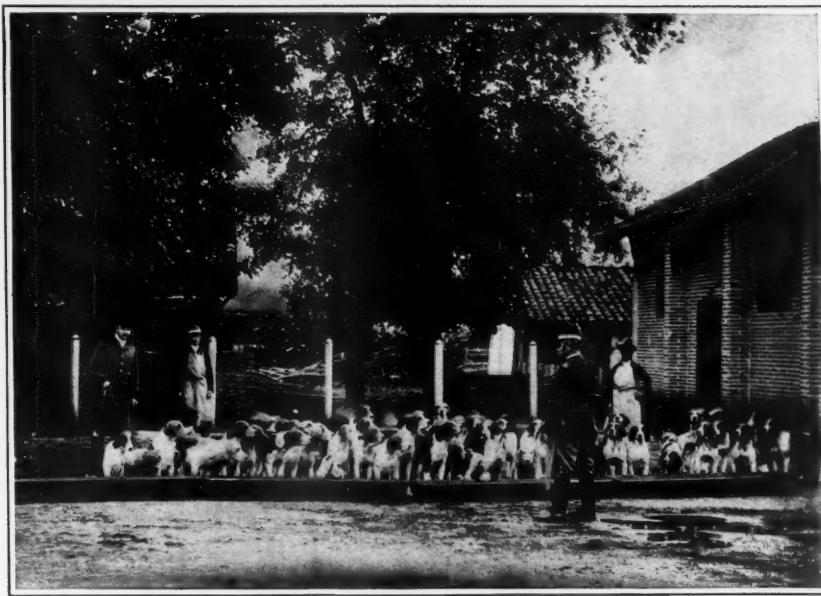
where he was to impose the concordat on the Pope.

The austerity of the reign of Louis XVIII, especially toward its impotent end, was not advantageous to the chase; but the equipages were royally kept up from the private purses of the Comte d'Artois, heir to the throne, and the other princes of the blood. Charles X, an old man at his accession, continued the expensive organization, and put all that remained of his strength into the "sport of kings." Like his brother, Louis XVI, he was surprised by revolution while pursuing it: he was hunting the stag at Rambouillet while barricades were rising in the streets of Paris.

Louis Philippe, "King of the French" and only life-tenant (*usufructier*) of the crown forests, put down the royal venery and sold the equipages to the profit of the treasury, although his sons continued to maintain their private packs. After the Revolution of 1848 the forests returned to the French state, and the rights of hunting were auctioned off to the highest bidders, as a measure of republican simplicity.

The first lessees of the crown forests considered themselves lucky, for prices in those troubled days were low. Their joy was short-lived; for, after Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* in 1851, there seemed nothing left but to kill as much game as possible before inevitable confiscations should fall upon them. These confiscations were the first flights of the Eagle. Those who had not been courtiers enough to cede their rights to the new emperor were despoiled in the calmest manner. The lessees of Rambouillet, among whom were the Duc de Luynes and the Duc d'Uzès, made one great final hunt on March 15, 1852, which remains celebrated in the annals of French venery. Not only the antlered stag was brought low that day, but six horses, being ridden to death, fell beside the game.

The confiscations profited Napoleon III little. After the proclamation of the empire, the Prince de Wagram, on account of his special aptitudes, was named grand veneur of France; but he was shortly afterward replaced by Marshal Magnan, who



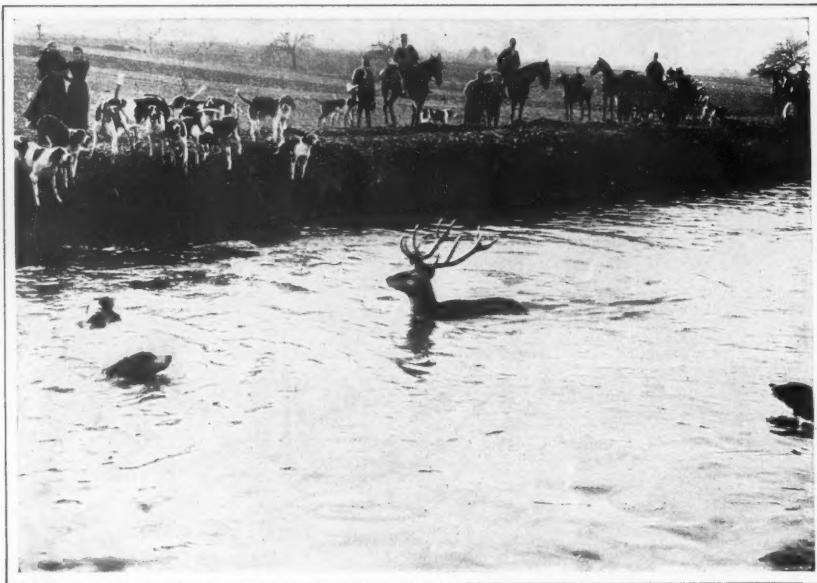
From a photograph

AT THE KENNELS OF CELLE-LES-BORDES

The training of the dogs is rigorous and continuous, whole series of forms and ceremonies being observed by the "dog-valets" to keep them in "form." Thus at feeding-time they are made to stand motionless in front of the trough containing their food. The first *valet de chien*, with whip raised, gives the signal. As long as the whip remains in the air, they will not budge. When it descends, each leaps to his accustomed place, which never varies.

knew little of the subject, while the Emperor took no interest in it. It thus came to pass that in 1868 the Duc de Luynes and the Duc d'Uzès were hunting again at Rambouillet, well established in new leases. On the death of the Duc de Luynes, who was killed at the battle of Patay in 1870, the duchess, his wife, no longer cared to keep the pack and highly organized equipage. The Duc d'Uzès took

persed in the days of the guillotine. Unlike them, however, they made friends of the common people, and it came about that pedigreed animals, which had once led the insolent tinsel rout of the court through laboriously cultivated grain-fields, took up contented lives in the homes of humble peasants. Thus they passed the period of the emigration, but not without certain damage to their heredity. The



From a photograph

A CRITICAL MOMENT FOR THE STAG

In France the hunt is often followed by invited guests in carriages, as seen in the picture

them over, and so they have remained. When the Duchesse d'Uzès became a widow, she continued to maintain them alone, her passion for the chase, like that of the late Empress of Austria, never failing, even in these last days of automobilism, when she holds the first "woman's" certificate issued to a woman by the French authorities.

II

THE very dogs that lead the chase have suffered the consequences of the great Revolution.

Like their masters, the aristocratic deerhounds of France were very much dis-

persed in the days of the guillotine. Unlike them, however, they made friends of the common people, and it came about that pedigreed animals, which had once led the insolent tinsel rout of the court through laboriously cultivated grain-fields, took up contented lives in the homes of humble peasants. Thus they passed the period of the emigration, but not without certain damage to their heredity. The

pure old race was preserved only through a small pack or pair of dogs—the race of Saintonge. In 1789 it was on the point of disappearing. If it exists still, it is thanks to a physician of Saintes, one Dr. Clémot, to whom the Marquis de La Porte-aux-Loups intrusted two males and a female. On the return of the marquis from the emigration, Dr. Clémot gave him back the increased family; and these are the ancestors of all the pure Saintonge hounds and *bâlards* of to-day.

Thus, when the Restoration came about, it happened that certain great families, and in particular the princes of the blood, were able to assemble packs composed of pure descendants of the famous old races, whose

remarkable qualities, resulting from more than a thousand years of selection, made them unequalled for following the stag through the most difficult forests. But the true remnants of pure blood were not numerous enough to constitute packs for all the gentlemen of France who now desired to take up what had been, until the abolition of privileges in 1789, the most exclusive of sports.

To dogs of more or less good blood, all over France, were now mated English sires and dams, regularly foxhounds. Plain country gentlemen, who could not support the relays of dogs and horses of the old royal venery and seigniorial families, were content to hunt hard with these *bâtards*, as they came to be called—strong, healthy dogs, straight in the track, and having great staying power, but without strong scent or form. As to the final object of the chase, which had always been to take the animal solely by fatigue, each hunter now had his carbine slung over his back; and when the run had lasted long enough, those up with the stag did not hesitate to "send out the fourth relay"—a leaden bullet.

A modification set in, however, about 1840, when in Poitou they began taking note of the effect of the new English strain, especially where the French stock had been good. In ancient times, it is true, the kings of France and England exchanged dogs like good cousins. The breeds rivaled each other in the same species of hunt. Centuries later the gentlemen of France renounced recruiting their packs in England, where the breed and the chase itself had come to differ greatly from their own. Thus in England and America, where they hunt the fox, vigor and agility replace the fineness of scent and instinctive forest lore of the French hound. Nevertheless, the results of this later crossing with English blood became celebrated. The new dogs showed themselves so superior to their immediate ancestors, they were so much more beautiful, vigorous, and light of foot, their speed and endurance tired the stag so much more readily, that "the fourth relay" came to be thought unworthy of them. So their owners set up for themselves, in all its purity, the old royal *chasse à courre, à cour et à cri*.

Yet for all French deer-hounds there

exists one great touchstone of heredity, and this quite apart from racial characteristics of conformation, color, and spirit. It is the ability of the hound to thwart a peculiar manœuver of the stag known as the "change."

All the animals hunted with running dogs, the stag, the roe-deer, the wild boar, the wolf in his first year, the fox, and the hare, no matter how rapidly they run, must depend on ruse to escape, being incapable ultimately to outrun the numerous and well-disciplined pack, with or without relays. The French stag alone, like the highly specialized French hound, furnishes a unique example of instinct acquired through more than a thousand years of the chase.

After a long run, when he feels himself tiring, the stag seeks to change, that is to say, to put some comrade in his place. Habitually he lives in a more or less numerous herd of others of his kind, without distinction of age or sex. The flying stag knows well the herd's daytime resting-place, hidden in the depths of the wood. In his first efforts to accomplish the change, he leads his pursuers to it. If the hounds are far enough behind him, he will tranquilly lie down beside his brethren; otherwise the pack breaks into the herd behind him. In either case the dogs disperse it: old stags and young ones, does and fawns, flee in all directions. Now, a pack of English foxhounds would break with the breaking herd, or follow ardently this or that stag, their instinct being to follow the fox, and not a particular fox. The already fatigued stag would in all probability escape, and the hunters would be led after a new victim in the full force of his wind.

A well-disciplined pack of French deer-hounds acts differently. No matter how the younger dogs may be excited by the sudden contact with the herd, they soon collect themselves, and follow the wise lead of the cooler members of the pack. The baffled stag, after trying one by one his minor ruses, must at last combine his great and unique manœuver of accompanying, or personally conducting, a particularly chosen substitute.

He will not try again to lose himself in the midst of his herd. Instead, he depends on this involuntary accomplice, which he finds probably by means of his delicate sense of smell. It must be a stag of his

own age, antlers, and body—*dix-corne*, if he is ten-horned; *daguet*, if he is between his first and second year. Finding the brother, he strolls or lies down beside him. Soon the pack is heard in the distance. It approaches. Both stags listen, first with pleasure, then curiously. They leap up. The hunted one holds back just long enough to let his unsuspecting comrade choose a direction for flight. He follows him minutely. When his involuntary pace-maker jumps aside, he too jumps aside, turns when he turns, stops when he stops, until the moment when the poor pace-maker, excited by all this new alarm of horns and baying dogs, decides at last to run indeed.

Then the new deer begins his long run. When he would stop to rest or listen, the traitor behind him actually prods him on with his horns.

Through the forest they flee. Then, suddenly, when they are running in some narrow forest path, the traitor makes one great bound, clears the thicket bordering the path, and there lies hidden, with his belly to the earth and his muzzle in the dirt, to prevent his scent reaching the passing pack.

What is to prevent the pack from rushing on after the fleeing substitute? The hounds have been following his scent, as much as that of the other, for perhaps half an hour already. There is no obvious accident, like the breaking up of a herd, to warn either dogs or hunters that a change is being effected. "Giving the change" has been a figure of speech in the French language since the language has existed.

The tired stag would always succeed in his wily substitution were there not in all well-organized packs a certain number of dogs *d'élite*, experts in unraveling the most complicated case of change. Deprived of this means of defense, the French stag is of all hunted animals the most certain to be taken in the long run. The unfortunate beast leaves behind him an odor so strong and so persistent that, even an hour after his passage, the hounds have no trouble in following his trail through the forest; and when he has the imprudence to break into the open, his great height and deep footmarks so betray him that there is a saying, "A stag in the open needs no dogs."

In the days of good King Dagobert

and St. Louis, the royal hunters thought it no great thing to chase the same stag two days in succession. Habitually they would attack him again next morning if they had failed to take him the day before; and to this end their first care would be to make sure that no change began the new day. At sunrise they proceeded to a minute examination of the stag's "foot" at his resting-place. This was easily found, because the tired animal would sink to rest as soon as he satisfied himself that the pursuit was finished; yet every now and then through the night he would rise and limp about, to rest his strained muscles, his toes spread apart and his weight on his heels. Sure of the stag by reason of these peculiarities of his prints, the ancient hunters, as the sun rose, sounded the horn with new ardor. The dogs themselves took up the hunt with great heart, because they had continued it in their dreams, a fact that any hunter of to-day may note if he will watch his sleeping hound. Content to follow the stag at an easy gallop, the ancient hunters would take him only when he fell, virtually lifeless from fatigue, when they could "serve" him with a single merciful stroke of the hunting-knife.

To-day, with blood-horses and what really amounts to a new type of dog, the stag is taken by speed, a new development of the old art of "forcing" the beast. To the modern hunter the exigencies of social life permit not more than half a day of hunting at a time.

### III

To the southwest of Paris, some five miles from the château of Bonnelles and seven miles from Rambouillet, in a land of little valleys and great woods, lies the old seigniorial farm-house of La Celle-les-Bordes, to-day become "Le Manoir de la Vénérerie." This relic of the Renaissance is more than a hunting-lodge: it is at once a museum of the chase and the home of the Uzès pack, of its *piqueurs* and its valets.

The eighty sagacious and forceful hounds composing the pack are, technically speaking, *bâtards Vendéens*; that is, a cross of the ancient races of Vendée and Poitou with the blood of English royal buck-hounds. They are fine, big dogs, averaging twenty-five inches from the ground, all uniformly marked in white and

two tints of brown. Each has his cap on his head, a solid marking over a white throat, and muzzle pointing down from the two sides of the forehead, and a blanket of solid brown, which leaves breast, fore legs, belly, and hind legs pure white. Only sixty of these dogs make up the actual running pack; they live in a vast kennel, light, well aired, and abundantly furnished with water, opening on two large courts and a piece of woods five acres in extent. Other kennels form the residence of six *limiers* (leash-dogs of peculiar intelligence, used to locate the trail of the stag before the hunt), the stud, the nursery, and the infirmary.

The governor of this little province is the piqueur Armand Jouannin, or "Monsieur Armand," as the people of the country call him, one-time piqueur of the late Duc de Luynes at Dampierre, and so master of the pack from its formation. He has under him two mounted piqueurs, and two chief dog-valets wearing the *petite tenue* jacket of royal blue without the gold-and-silver lace. Two chief foresters and a number of "boys" complete the equipment.

"How many of the pack are actually change dogs?" I asked Madame la Duchesse herself.

"Every one of them is a change dog," she answered peremptorily; "otherwise they would be *réformés* [rejected as incompetent]."

"Have they the change quality by heredity or by individual training only?"

"Heredity is the principle of the good dog," answered the first huntress of France.

Yet the last word is not with heredity. In certain French packs, but not of them, a few dogs may be seen sitting apart from the rest, with a proud but resigned air. They have sad dun-colored *robes*. They have enormously long ears. Though obviously in their prime, they have a venerable look, as if the weight of centuries pressed on them. They have weak, blood-shot eyes and overhanging brows. Their chaps hang broodingly far below their jaws, but with a droop that has its pride. They have none of the vivacity of the modern dogs. Yet these "stranger" dogs are more truly French aristocrats than any others. As such Napoleon III exhibited a pair of them in 1865, at the third bench-

show held in Paris. Though the race still existed here and there in France, he had procured the pair in England; and dog-antiquaries made no doubt about it that they were the pure descendants of the first famous race of French deer-hounds, the venerable and antique race of St. Hubert, one of the first specialized races of Europe, and coming immediately after the primitive shepherd-dog.

Existing as a remnant in France, preserved under another name and for a very different purpose in foreign lands, the dogs of St. Hubert remain to-day what they were when Napoleon III attempted to patronize them—strangers and neglected in their own country. The modern French chase knows nothing of them, except now and then as odd limiers, or scouts. They possess the most marvelous scent. They are natural change dogs, even though their ancestors have had no opportunity to hunt the stag since the breaking up of the old venery by the French Revolution. But they are over-cautious and slow of foot compared with the new races of the day. They are antiquated. Their voices are not melodious in the depths of the wood. They are ugly. So their heredity profits them nothing.

Although as individuals the blood-horses of the present-day race-track may possibly have more perfectly kept genealogies than the deer-hounds that make up the choice French packs, the latter far surpass them in the essentials of race aristocracy. The proudest of English or American race-horses cannot trace his ancestry back farther than to one or all of three historic stallions imported into England between the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. These were the Byerly Turk, Darley Arabian, and Godolphin Barb; and their descendants, crossed with later importations from Turkey, Arabia, and the Barbary States, compose the English Stud-book, which itself begins only with the year 1791. Now the dogs of St. Hubert were already the companions of kings before Charlemagne; while the Vendean race, from which the pack of the Duchesse d'Uzès has its greatest strain, was high in royal favor in the days of Louis XI.

Every year, on the 3d of November, the feast of St. Hubert is celebrated at La Celle-les-Bordes. The dogs are brought,

with the six limiers at their head, to the church of the village, the chief dog wearing the colors of the Uzès equipage. The huntsmen are in costume, with the hunting-horn round the neck and the hunting-knife at the belt. They are surrounded by the pack, huddled solidly together. The piqueurs and dog-valets use the lash to insure the patience of the coupled beasts, who reach through the nave to the steps in front. Before the altar the chief valet holds the six limiers in leash. At the elevation of the host the horns joyously sound the fanfare of St. Hubert, the chimes ring melodiously, and scarcely has the last prayer been finished when the hunters jump to the saddle.

The dogs of St. Hubert held the royal favor, as a race apart, until the epoch of the first crusades. Then St. Louis, himself a devoted patron of the chase, being in the Holy Land, heard of the marvelous exploits of certain hounds of Tatary. He managed to procure two specimens of the race, whose descendants became "the great gray dogs of St. Louis," famous in legend and well described in the old works on venery. Most French sportsmen will tell you that they exist no longer except in the ancient tapestries. Nevertheless, in 1887 a gentleman of Gers brought to the bench-show of the Tuilleries a pack of what purported to be the great gray dogs, having very much the type and forms described in the old books.

Were one to trace back the long descent of the hounds of the Duchesse d'Uzès, their principal line would be found to spring from two historic animals whose race, in its turn, triumphed over the great gray dogs. A poor Vendean gentleman presented to Louis XI a white dog marked with dark orange; his name was Greffier, and he is supposed to have been a white St. Hubert (called in England to-day the Talbot dog), with a dash of mastiff blood. Greffier was mated to a female of his color and marking, no less celebrated in her time, Baude, the favorite dog of Anne of France, daughter of Louis XI. Baude seems to have been a *braque* (poacher's dog of England), resembling our pointer. From this union descended "the white dogs of the king," a race that enjoyed more than two centuries of royal favor. Then, being finally supplanted by the Normans, they remained in favor only in the Vendée, the

country of their origin; and the pure Vendean race is nothing but their continuation. The triumphant Normans themselves were a cross between the white St. Huberts and these same Vendees. Thus it comes that both M. Baudry d'Asson, the present-day patron of the pure Vendean stock, and the Marquis de Chambray, who will tell you his dogs are almost pure Norman, profess to hunt with the old white dogs of the king.

## IV

THE chasse à courre of to-day demands in the dog an assemblage of qualities of which fine scent, after all, is but one. It may seem an exaggeration to object to the St. Huberts because their notes lack a sweet melancholy—*triste au fond du bois*. Yet voice has become of the first importance. The Uzès hounds, following the stag swiftly, yet in so beautifully compact a mass that *on les couvrirait d'un drap* ("a blanket would cover them"), give voice continuously as well as melodiously and sympathetically.

Behind them, often at some considerable distance, the *bien-allés* ("tones for dogs") of the hunters' horns throw forth their shrill melodies on the pack's sonorous call.

The stag is a music-lover. At first he takes evident pleasure in the far-away airs that set the echoes flying: he stops, lifts his head, and listens. After a time he begins to ask himself if these sweet sounds are really given for his pleasure only. He esteems it prudent to put a greater distance between them and himself. He flies. Then, tired from his spurt, he stops to listen again. The pleasing but disquieting sounds are no less distant than before. He becomes troubled, and, ceasing to depend alone on speed, tries trickery.

Through all this, what have the hunters to guide them amid the intricacies of the forest? They simply follow the baying of the hounds. The frequency and the character of the pack's baying indicate to them the state of the dogs' spirit, the character of the trail, and consequently the manœuvres of the stag and the state of his mind. The dogs love and know the different airs of the horn. They distinguish even, among many, the horn of the leader of the hunt. The *bien-allés* tell them that all is well. Other airs warn them, still others call them back. The vocal

shortcomings of the St. Huberts, self-centered, cool-headed, undemonstrative animals that they are, mattered less to their ancient masters: jogging along at a *petit galop*, they kept the equally slow dogs in sight.

The English, so French hunters say, count the long neck a good point in their foxhounds, in that it enables them to run with the nose to the ground, a proof, they say, that the majority of foxhounds are hard of smell. The dogs of the duchess, on the contrary, run with the nose *au vent*,—high in the air,—without deigning to snuff the ground. Individual dogs whose eyesight is known to be not of the quickest are seen to keep at the head of the pack, baying continually. Now, the ability to do this comes solely from their manner of carrying their heads, the horizontal position permitting the lungs to act freely; consequently the dogs bay easily while running, and keep up the pace without fatigue.

Such is the new type of dogs, possessed of all the virtues and none of the weaknesses of the remnants of the pure old races.

Even the great hunters who obstinately patronize the pure old races have been obliged to cross them to procure a more efficient stock. Such a one was the late Joseph de Carayon-Latour, "inventor" of the dogs of Virelade. Uniting the pure races of Saintonge and Gascony, he revivified the blood of both in a new stock; and the so-called pure Vendean race of M. Baudry d'Asson, like all pure Vendees, some will tell you, owe not only their stamina, but also their change credibility, to an infusion of the blood of Poitou.

The bâtarde Vendéens of the Duchesse d'Uzès have greatly profited by the dash of royal buck-hound blood. To the elegance, lightness, and keen scent of the mixed races of Vendée and Poitou are added speed, force, and heady health. There is but one equipage of royal buck-hounds in all England, that of her Majesty the late Queen. They greatly resemble the English foxhounds in conformation and color. What distinguishes them from the foxhounds is greater height, greater lightness, and a squarer head and longer muzzle. Indeed, they resemble the hounds of the duchess so completely that, when their ears have not been cut, they might easily

be mistaken for French bâtarde. The pack, which has its kennels at Ascot, is composed of eighty-five dogs. A few other French hunters have procured specimens from it, to the great improvement of their packs.

The royal buck-hounds may be anachronisms, but all our sympathy must go to those less happy anachronisms, the dogs of St. Hubert. In the brightest days of Napoleon III they had their chance, and lost it again. At the head of the effort to reinstate them were found such men as Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, founder of the Jardin d'Acclimatation, his two learned and enthusiastic aids, Pierre Pichot and Paul Gérusez, a great authority on the chase, M. Lecouteulx de Canteleu, and the emperor himself. In vain they argued the dogs' virtues. The hunters of France took no interest in these heavy, weak-eyed ghosts of the middle ages, with their awkward figures, wrinkled faces, great ears, and melancholy drooping chaps.

Yet French hunters who have tried them, like the Comte Lecouteulx de Canteleu (he long hunted with a full pack), tell wonderful stories of their fine scent and infallible sureness in the change. They tell of St. Hubert dogs that have taken up a trail forty-eight hours old, after it had been washed by a heavy rain. They distinguish instantly the different odors of two stags of the same age; and, thanks to their tenacity and stamina, they are able to chase the same stag three days in succession and, in spite of their slowness, wear him out inevitably.

Have they not a familiar look? We all know these dogs, though not by their ancient name of St. Hubert. Their very name of "bloodhound" is ancient, the old writer Caius saying: "They smell the blood itself of the pursued creature; therefore they are called *canis sanguinarius*."

Side by side, they blink in the sun, in a proud melancholy. The weight of the ages bears on them. And as they blink, one might fancy that they see the centuries unroll for the gorgeous history of the "sport of kings" to pass before them in a vision. They see their own race supplanted in the royal favor. Race after race rises for a time, to fall again. They see the royal chase itself disappear, first in the red mists of the Revolution, then in the phantasmagoria of Louis Philippe's bookkeeping.

They see the royal forests put up at auction, and the chief of the French state reduced to quail- and rabbit-shooting with a pair of beagles.

Then doubtless the old dogs awake with a howl to the realities of the present-day world. The sight is reassuring. These splendid kennels of France tell their own story. Though no longer a state institu-

tion, the chasse à courre with horse and hound and hunting-horn is still in honor. In his time James I of England praised "the hunting with running hounds, which is the most honorable and noblest sort thereof; for it is a theevish form of hunting to shoothe with gunnes and bowes, and greyhound hunting is not so martiall a game."



## TO THE ISLE OF ST. CHRISTOPHER

BY G. CONSTANT LOUNSBERRY

O H, glad green valleys that no winter whitens  
     With blight of snow,  
 Oh, flaming gardens where the wind that frightens  
     Forgets to blow,  
 What need have ye of poet's song or singing,  
     What need of praise,  
 To whom the sweet wind comes, forever bringing  
     Immortal lays;  
 Immortal murmurs of the soft sea's longing,  
     And, from the hills,  
 The immortal laughter of the palm-trees thronging  
     About the rills?  
 Fair as the morning, sweet beyond comparing  
     Thy fields of green;  
 And sweet thy wandering meadows—shoreward faring—  
     Which no men glean:  
 Only the Wind is reaper; whence he bloweth  
     No creature saith.  
 Sower is he and Gatherer; where he goeth  
     Is dim as Death.  
 Lo! all thy days are lovely as the flowers  
     That take the sun;  
 Fragrant with dew the long moon-haunted hours  
     Till night is done.  
 Let us shake off the dust of town and travel,  
     Forget the toil,  
 And seek no more strange problems to unravel  
     That fret and foil;  
 Learn once again to wonder up at heaven,  
     Rejoice and be  
 Strong with the wind's sharp wine, the sun's sweet leaven,  
     Glad with the sea!

# THE CENSUS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

SCOPE OF CENSUS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES—LESS COMPREHENSIVE THAN IN THE UNITED STATES—DIFFERENCES IN METHODS OF ENUMERATION—RELATIVE COST OF TAKING CENSUS—THE MACHINERY OF ENUMERATION—CRUDE METHODS IN THE ORIENT

BY THE HON. W. R. MERRIAM

Director of the Last Census

N my two preceding articles incidental reference has been made to the fact that the American republic not only was the first among the nations to undertake a periodical and systematic enumeration of inhabitants, but may justly be regarded as the leader in modern census-taking, whether in scope of inquiry and combinations of facts obtained, or in expenditure for statistical research.

## SCOPE OF THE CENSUS

THERE is a wide difference between the scope of the word "census" in the United States and in other countries. The American census is an invaluable national "account of stock," costing the American people, in 1900, \$11,854,817.91, and embracing extended inquiries concerning population, mortality, agriculture, and manufactures. Each of these topics is considered a legitimate part of census investigation, and receives equal care and consideration. In most other census-taking countries the census is much less comprehensive, being generally confined to an enumeration of population by sex, age, nativity, conjugal condition, occupation, etc., together with, in some cases, details concerning number and kind of dwellings.

In Europe, up to 1901, only five countries—France, Hungary, Germany, Denmark, and Belgium—had taken industrial censuses; and these, although including some valuable data not secured in the United States, were much less comprehensive than our census of manufactures. In France and Hungary nothing more was

undertaken than the collection of information relating to the occupation and personal condition of employers and employees. The German industrial census paid but little attention to the personal condition of employees, but called for a detailed statement of the kind of establishment, and the motive power and machinery used. The Danish census was, in the main, similar to the German, but omitted machinery, and asked for the wages paid to employees, classified by kind of work done. The most detailed and comprehensive of European industrial censuses is the one taken by Belgium in 1896. This, like the French and Hungarian censuses, comprised detailed information regarding the occupation and personal condition of employees, and in addition called for the hours of labor and periods of rest, the wages and method of payment, the kind of products, and the motive power.

## CENSUS QUESTIONS

WITHIN the field of population, to which, as already remarked, foreign censuses are mostly confined, there is a wide range in the scope of inquiry. Sex, age, nativity, conjugal condition, and relation to the head of the family are items common to all. The age question varies a little in form, some countries asking for date of birth, others for years of age, and two—France and the United States—for both. In asking place of birth, European censuses generally require, for the native population, the exact locality, that is, the township, parish, or commune, while the United States census calls for the State only. The question rel-

ative to conjugal condition, also, shows some diversity. The United Kingdom, Italy, and Spain do not include divorce in the specifications. The Netherlands, Denmark, and Norway make a distinction between divorce and legal separation.

The subject of occupation appears to be treated with greater detail in Europe than in the United States. The following are some of the additional questions relating to this subject found on the schedules of different European countries: subsidiary occupation; industrial status—whether employer, employee, or working on own account; whether working at home or in a fixed workshop, or traveling; name, address, and occupation of employer; reason for non-employment. The United States schedule comprises only two questions under this head, namely, principal occupation and number of months unemployed; but the description of the occupation, if made in conformity with the instructions, would seem to include some of the data which on European schedules are called for by separate questions or specifications.

The relation of population to locality forms another subject of census inquiry which is treated with rather greater detail in Europe. The United States enumerates the population in their usual place of abode, without regard to the place in which they are present when the census is taken. Most European countries, on the other hand, ascertain the population actually present, or the *de facto* population, making this the basis of the census inquiry; but many of them go farther, introducing questions designed to distinguish the persons temporarily present and also those ordinarily residing in the place but temporarily absent. This makes it possible to determine both the *de facto* and the residential population. Austria distinguishes the legal population, also, by asking for the legal domicile, which in that country is very commonly distinct from the place of residence.

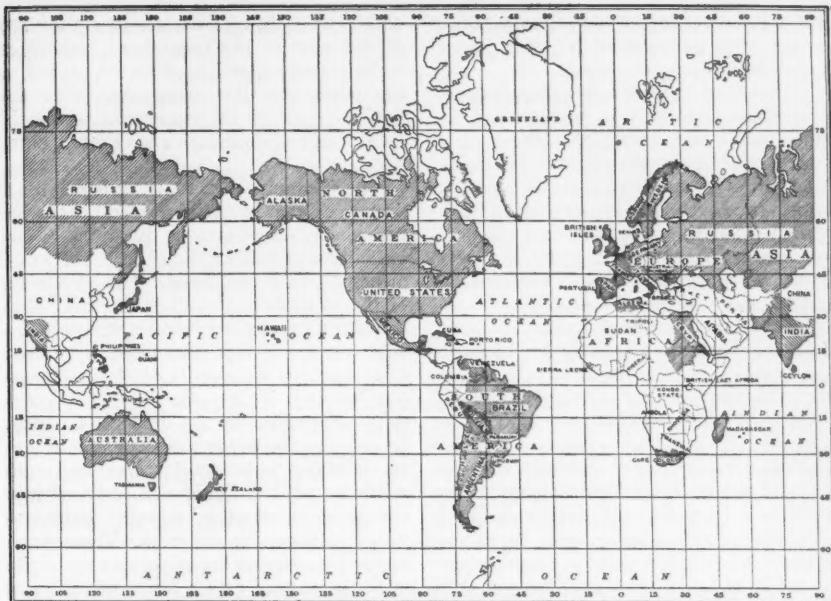
Many foreign censuses ask for the nationality of the person enumerated, that is, for the country of which he is a citizen or subject. While the United States does not include this question, it distinguishes aliens from naturalized citizens, and asks for the country of birth, which in the majority of cases is indicative of the nationality of the

alien population. Moreover, the United States asks for the birthplace of each parent. This question, which is not found on the schedules of any European country, makes it possible to classify by country of origin the foreign or semi-foreign elements of our composite population.

The only physically defective classes of which account is ordinarily taken in census inquiry are the blind and the deaf-mutes. Some countries, however, enumerate also the mentally defective, designated as insane or imbecile.

#### PAY FOR ENUMERATION

THE compensation which the enumerator receives is at best an inadequate return for the services he is expected to render. The American enumerator has a deep-seated conviction that if the United States government desires his important services it can afford to pay for them, and in this country he receives a fair remuneration, although even here his wages—averaging about three dollars a day—cannot be regarded as munificent. In Great Britain, also, he appears to be fairly well paid. But in other parts of the world he is not always so fortunate or so independent. The French government apparently makes no provision for the direct payment of enumerators, but contents itself with offering medals and letters of commendation for the best records of efficiency, leaving to the communes and municipalities the burden of compensation. A similar system prevails in Italy; but there the enumerator, instead of being encouraged by an offer of a medal or letter, is intimidated by the prospect of having a part of his meager pay withheld if his work should prove faulty. Germany relies mainly upon volunteer enumerators; the office is regarded as an honorary one, and the petty officials, house-agents, schoolmasters, students, soldiers, police, and obliging citizens who are pressed into service receive no pecuniary compensation. In Austrian cities the house-owners or their representatives are virtually compelled to act as enumerators, being required to assist the mayor by distributing the schedules among their tenants or occupiers, and collecting and verifying them after they have been filled out. Russia, encountering difficulty in securing the 135,000 enumerators required for the cen-



CENSUS MAP OF THE WORLD

The shaded portions indicate the countries which take a census

sus of 1897, hit upon the device of a medal. The result was highly gratifying. The way in which the people manifested their appreciation of the precious privilege of earning this keepsake is thus described in an official document:

The offer, by order of his Majesty the Emperor, of a medal for persons of both sexes who fulfil the functions of enumerator gratuitously, has dissipated all the well-founded apprehensions which could have been conceived in this respect. The population has received this news of his Majesty's condescension as a precious token, granted by the throne, of the great importance of the task to which it was called, and has responded in such manner that, with hardly any addition to the number of paid enumerators who had already been appointed, the local census authorities now have at their disposal as many as 135,000 persons, and thus the need of enumerators, which was felt almost throughout the empire, will be satisfied without difficulty.

European countries have, in theory, a one-night enumeration, and undertake to make the census data relate to the conditions existing at a particular moment. The moment generally selected is midnight.

Infants born before the clock strikes twelve are included in the census; those born afterward are omitted. Conversely, persons dying before midnight are omitted; those dying later are included. The next morning the record is supposed to have been made; and at noon the collection of the schedules begins. If we include, however, the time consumed in the preliminary distribution of the schedules and in their subsequent collection and verification, the period of enumeration is prolonged to a week or ten days at least. In the United States it is expected that the census data will all relate to the conditions existing on June 1, the day on which the enumeration begins; but the enumerator is allowed two weeks in cities, and a month in rural areas, in which to collect the required information and fill out the schedules for his district.

#### CENSUS MACHINERY

THIS comparison of census methods would be incomplete without some description of what may be termed census machinery. The topic is, however, somewhat technical, and I shall not undertake to do more than

give a brief outline of the organization of census work in a few of the more important census-taking countries.

In the United States over fifty thousand enumerators, working in enumeration districts under the immediate direction of three hundred supervisors, are controlled from the Census Office at Washington. These employees fill in the desired information upon the schedules, and the portfolios are then transmitted to the Census Office, where all the work of examination and tabulation is performed.

In England and Wales the permanent organization for the registration of births and deaths is utilized for taking the census, and the work is accordingly under the charge of the Registrar-General. The country is divided into permanent registration districts, each in charge of a superintendent registrar, and these districts are divided, in turn, into subdistricts, for each of which there is a registrar of births and deaths. The registrar acts as census supervisor. It is his duty to divide his district into enumeration districts and to appoint the enumerators. During the week preceding the census day—for which a Sunday is always selected—the enumerator distributes the schedules, to be filled out as of midnight of that date. The following Monday he collects the schedules, copies the data into his enumeration-book, and foots up the totals. The material is then forwarded to the registrar, who compiles, for the registration district, summaries by enumeration districts and by civil divisions. The schedules are then sent direct to the central office, but the summaries are forwarded to the superintendent registrar, who revises them and sends them as rapidly as possible to the central office, where the results are tabulated and published. In Scotland the system is virtually the same. In Ireland the methods are similar, although differing considerably in minor details; the Royal Irish Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police form the enumerating staff, and the constabulary district becomes the enumeration district.

In France supervisors and enumerators are appointed by the mayor of the commune or municipality. The mayor acts under the direction of the prefect of the department, who, in turn, is subject to the control of the Ministry of the Interior. When the schedules have been collected

and verified by the enumerator, they are turned over to the communal authorities to be classified, and by them forwarded to the prefect of the department after the data required for the preparation of certain local lists and summaries have been compiled.

The German census is ordered by a decree of the Imperial Federal Council, which prescribes certain questions to be asked and lays down the general rules and principles to be followed. The execution of the work devolves upon the individual states composing the empire, which determine the forms and schedules to be used and regulate the details of the enumeration, adding, if they see fit, to the questions prescribed by the Federal Council. In most of the larger towns or communes of Germany there are local census commissions, which divide the territory into enumeration districts, appoint enumerators, and supervise the work. The several state governments are required to compile from the census data a series of tables in the form prescribed by the decree of the Federal Council. These tables are then transmitted to the statistical office at Berlin, which publishes the results for the entire empire. The individual states are at liberty to make further tabulations, and usually publish independent census reports.

In Italy the census is taken under the direction of the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures. In each province the work is under the control of a permanent statistical board of eight members. The mayor of each commune is assisted by a communal commission in dividing the commune into "fractions" and then into "sections," appointing the enumerators, and supervising the enumeration. The commune prepares summaries of population, which are sent to the provincial government, and also copies from the schedules such information as is desired for local records. The schedules are sent direct to the general statistical bureau at Rome for detailed tabulation.

In Russia, above the enumerator are, in order, the district commission, the provincial commission, and the General Census Commission. The schedules are made in duplicate, those for the peasant population registered in rural communities by the enumerators, and those for the rest of the rural population and for the urban popula-

tion by the heads of households or estates. They are sent to the office of the district commission, and from there, with a summary for the district, to the provincial commission. A summary for the province is then made, and forwarded to the central office with one set of schedules, the duplicate set being preserved in the provincial archives. The final and extended tabulation from the schedules is made in the central office, by the electrical or American system.

#### DECENTRALIZATION OF CENSUS WORK IN EUROPE

To the American observer of European census methods, one of the most striking characteristics is the decentralization of census work. In the United States the census is completely centralized; every person engaged in the work acts as an officer or employee of the federal government, and all expenditures for census purposes are made from the United States Treasury. In most countries of continental Europe, on the contrary, both the labor and the expense of collecting the original census data devolve upon the municipalities, townships, or communes. The central or state government generally supplies the blank schedules and other printed forms; but the local bodies have charge of the distribution, collection, and verification of the schedules, determining the enumeration districts and procuring the enumerators and local supervising officers. In France even the printing of the schedules is a charge upon the local authorities. In some European countries the tabulation, likewise, is more or less decentralized. But it is evident that if the valuable data collected on the census schedules are to be fully exploited, this delicate and laborious task must be relegated to a central statistical office, as in the United States; and judging from recent developments in those European countries in which the tabulation is not already mainly centralized, the movement is in the direction of centralization.

In France, prior to 1896, all the tabulations made directly from the schedules were prepared by the communes; the tables for the arrondissements, the departments, and the nation were merely summaries derived from the local tables, the communes remaining in undisturbed

possession of the original schedules. At the census of 1896 the schedules, after being collected and verified by the communal authorities, were cut in two, in order that the part relating to occupations and industries—on which the enumerator had transcribed the data relating to sex, age, nativity, nationality, and conjugal condition—might be sent to the central office at Paris for tabulation; the rest of the schedule remained in the possession of the communes. This device of bisecting the schedules did not work very well in practice, and at the last census (1901) the schedules, entire and undivided, were sent to Paris after one or two comparatively simple tabular statements had been drawn off by the communes.

There was a somewhat similar development in Austria. In that country the census is taken under a law passed in 1869. This law established a decentralized system; the tabulation as well as the collection of the census data devolved upon the local authorities. Before the time arrived for taking the census of 1890, however, the Austrian government realized that under this system the valuable material collected by the census was not yielding the statistical results which might readily be derived from it by an efficient and well-equipped central office. Owing to the composition and temper of the Austrian Parliament, the prospect of obtaining any satisfactory revision of the antiquated law of 1869 did not seem encouraging; but in the end the problem was easily solved. The Ministry of the Interior issued an order directing that the local bodies, after preparing the summaries required by law, should forward the original schedules to the Royal Statistical Commission at Vienna. There the information desired was tabulated by the use of the electrical system, and the schedules were then packed up and returned to the local offices. By this expedient Austria secured modern and adequate treatment of census material through a central office.

In Belgium the tabulation is still decentralized. In fact, all the primary tables are prepared by the enumerator himself. For this purpose the schedules, after being collected and delivered to the commune, are returned to him. He then copies on separate cards the data relating to each person returned on the schedules, and from these cards he prepares, on blank forms furnished

by the central government, tables classifying the population of his district by customary and actual residence, sex, age, conjugal condition, literacy, language, occupation, nativity, and nationality. These tables are afterward consolidated to form tables for communes, which are then transmitted to the central government as the basis for the tables and reports covering the entire kingdom.

#### THE CENSUS IN THE ORIENT

AMONG Oriental countries, Japan deserves first consideration for advanced and scientific interest in statistical inquiry. This extraordinary nation, which has shown such a surprising capacity for appropriating the ideas of Western civilization, annually collects statistics of population with distinctions of sex, age, and conjugal condition, and also statistics of agriculture and industry, under the direction of a well-organized central office.

In other parts of the Oriental world census-taking is mostly confined to countries under European rule or influence.

In India census-taking is a colossal task accomplished decennially, with noteworthy success, by the British government. Even among those who find descriptions of census methods dry reading at best, interest must be awakened by the difficulties surmounted in that land of splendor and squalor, vast population, and innumerable races, languages, and religions.

The population of India is 294,266,701—a figure so vast that it is better realized by considering the fact that there are more than 715,000 villages and towns scattered over an area of one and a half million square miles. To make the enumeration of this vast territory, virtually a million enumerators are required.

The successive steps of census organization are the enumerator's "block," the "circle," the "charge," the district, the province, and finally the Imperial Census Commission. A charge comprises two or more circles, a circle is composed of ten or fifteen blocks, and the block contains from thirty to fifty houses.

The provincial superintendents begin the work of organization a year in advance of the census date. Officers are designated, the villages in each circle are listed, block lists are prepared, and every house is num-

bered. In some provinces the census authorities determine in advance the size of the number, and specify the proportions of red ocher and oil, or other ingredients, forming the substance with which the number is to be painted. Even in this simple detail, however, racial difficulties are encountered: in Hyderabad objection is made to tar because of its color, and red ocher is substituted; in some other localities, on the contrary, the natives consider red ocher unlucky, and if it is used they carefully erase the figures. On huts of wattled bamboo a small space is plastered and then whitewashed, to form a background for the number. In the case of huts made of leaves, and also when objection is made, on account of caste restrictions, to the touching of houses by enumerators, the numbers are painted on bits of tin, tiles, or pots conspicuously placed, and are usually treated with great respect by the natives.

In this immensely populous and remarkable empire the census schedule is framed to meet a wide variety of local and racial conditions. It is printed in no less than seventeen different languages, and includes, in addition to the ordinary inquiries, questions concerning religion and caste.

Wherever possible, the census is taken in one night. Obviously, a moonlight night is necessary, but as the night of the full moon is usually chosen for fairs, festivals, and gatherings at shrines and bathing-places, the third or fourth night before or after that time is generally selected.

The enumerator enters in his enumeration-book a careful preliminary record of inhabitants, except Europeans and natives of rank. Three days before the census date, household schedules to be filled out by the householder are left with the two classes not included in the preliminary inquiry. The final enumeration consists in correcting the preliminary record. It is made on the census night, except in districts where night travel is dangerous; in such cases it is made on the morning of the following day. Enumerators visit not only houses, but camps, mooring-places, temples, and deserted villages. Highways are patrolled. Troops on the march are enumerated by the commanding officer. On railway-trains all travelers not already enumerated are entered on general schedules, or themselves

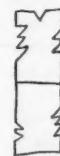
fill out household schedules obtained from the guard. These are collected at 6 A.M. Upon being enumerated, each passenger is given a traveler's ticket reading, "Census of —, enumerated," for exhibition if challenged.

On the day following the final enumeration, each enumerator sews into his enumeration-book the household schedules for his block, and, after the supervisor has inspected the volume, abstracts the totals by sex. The results for circles, charges, districts, and provinces are then rapidly ascertained, and the provincial totals telegraphed, with little delay, to the Census Commissioner. The schedules are packed and shipped to the Provincial Commissioner, by whom the detailed tables are prepared. In 1901 the slip system of tabulation was employed. For each province independent reports are published.

India is a land of violent extremes—of dense and sparse population, and of scorching heat on the plains and mountain cold in the Himalayas. It is, moreover, a land of such bewildering variety in race, language, religion, and caste that census inquiry is naturally attended by many odd and even grotesque incidents. The immense floating population without domicile perplexes the enumerator; inhabitants of doorways and verandas run away as he approaches, and those who live on wharves and along the shore make still greater trouble by taking to boats. When finally caught and enumerated, they are ticketed. In the hills the enumerator's task is equally difficult. In several of the passes in the mountains enumeration cannot be made until long after the census date, because

of snow and impassable torrents. In the wilder districts nothing more than an estimate of population can be made. In the Pakokku Chin Hills, in Burma, at the last census, a novel form of enumera-

DIAGRAM OF A BAMBOO STRIP USED IN THE EAST INDIAN CENSUS FOR ENUMERATING THE WILD TRIBES IN BURMA



Which reads  
two adult males,  
three adult females,  
three male children,  
two female children.

the stick with the notch at the top and the line toward them, and to make a notch above the line on the right for adult males and on the left for adult females, and below the line in the same manner for male and female children. The notched sticks were then collected and turned in as schedules by the headman.

In some districts in Hyderabad and the Central Provinces, enthusiastic and devout enumerators have returned the village shrines and temples as "occupied houses," the occupant being the idol, whose occupation was stated as "granting boons and blessings," or "subsistence on contributions from the tenants." However, this is by no means the only strange calling returned on the Indian census schedules. It is difficult to imagine a more remarkable variety. Among them may be mentioned collectors of edible birds' nests, receivers of stolen goods, witches, wizards, and cow-poisoners.

In other Oriental countries the characteristics of Mohammedanism hinder statistical inquiry. In Persia and Turkey the only practical value of an enumeration of inhabitants would be to increase taxes and conscriptions, and consequently an accurate census would not be possible under existing conditions.

In one of Greg's essays on "British and Foreign Characteristics" there is a letter from a Turk which vividly illustrates the Oriental point of view. A European traveler, having returned to his home after a visit to the Orient, wrote to his Turkish host for facts concerning the city and province in which the latter resided. This was the reply:

My illustrious friend and joy of my liver! The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and another stows away in the bottom of his ship, that is no business of mine. But above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it.

O my soul! O my lamb! Seek not after the things which concern thee not. Thou camest unto us, and we welcomed thee; go in peace.

Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the

enumeration was employed. The headman of each village was commissioned to distribute little bamboo sticks, each with a notch at one end and a line across the middle, among the householders, who were directed to hold

fashion of thy people thou hast wandered from one place to another until thou art happy and content in none. We (praise be to God) were born here and never desire to quit it. Is it possible, then, that the idea of a general intercourse with mankind should make any impression on our understanding? God forbid.

Listen, O my son. There is no wisdom equal unto belief in God. He created the world; and shall we liken ourselves unto him in seeking to penetrate the mysteries of his creation? Shall we say, Behold, this star spinneth around this other star, and this other star, with a tail, cometh and goeth in so many years? Let it go. He from whose hand it came will direct and guide it.

But thou wilt say unto me, Stand aside, O man, for I am more learned than thou art, and have seen more things. If thou thinkest thou art in this respect better than I am, thou art welcome. I praise God that I seek not that which I require not. Thou art learned in the things I care not for; and as for that which I have seen, I defile it. Will much knowledge create thee a double stomach, or wilt thou seek Paradise with thine eyes?

O my friend! If thou wilt be happy, say, There is no God but God! Do no evil, and thus wilt thou fear neither man nor death; for surely thine hour will come!

The meek in spirit (El Fakir),  
*Imaum Ali Tade.*

## THE OBJECT-LESSON

BY EDITH ELMER WOOD



YOU would never guess what this is," said Mrs. Robinson, holding up for her husband's inspection a letter which she had just received in the mail.

He took it between thumb and finger, and contemplated the envelop critically.

"Pink," he said, "and square and thin. Stamp put on crosswise." He sniffed suspiciously. "Scented, too. A young woman with more aspirations than achievements in the direction of culture. Local postmark. That narrows it. I think it's from the girl with cherries in her hat who sings in the choir."

"Your deductions are rather clever, dear, but that wild guess at the end was wrong. However, it would have taken a wizard to hit the truth. Read it."

The judge adjusted his glasses, drew out the sheet of pink note-paper, unfolded it, and read aloud:

THE MISSES POWERS

At Home

R. S. V. P.      Tuesday, October 17

"The Misses Powers?" he repeated. "Who on earth are they?"

"Why, Martha Ellen's daughters, of course."

The judge chuckled joyfully.

"To be sure, to be sure! But where does that worthy washer of linen and scrubber of floors come in? I don't see her name mentioned."

"Poor Martha Ellen! It will always be her destiny to toil inconspicuously that her children may shine."

"And what do you intend to do about it, my dear? Are you going?"

She mused.

"I think I will," she answered. "Not on account of those worthless girls; but I would n't hurt Martha Ellen's feelings for the world, and I dare say her whole heart is in this."

"Undoubtedly. And your presence will be the culminating glory of an otherwise incomplete social triumph. And, really, I should think it might be much more entertaining than the average conventional tea."

"I hope you don't suppose I would accept anybody's hospitality to make game of it?" she said a little hotly.

He waved aside the suggestion.

"It would be a sad world if we could not smile at such a situation as the Misses

Powers giving a tea. By the way, did you observe the 'R. S. V. P.'?"

"I did."

"I suspect they got that from the etiquette column of the 'Ladies' Own Journal.' Are you going to *responder*?"

"I suppose so. They probably wish to know how much ice-cream to order. How in the world, though, can one respond to a thing like that?"

"I thought your social experience would n't prove equal to it, my dear. How would you like the form: 'Mrs. Robinson is happy to hear that the Misses Powers will be at home on Tuesday'? Or, 'Mrs. Robinson accepts with pleasure the kind information that the Misses Powers will be at home on Tuesday'?"

Mrs. Robinson laughed, then sighed.

"I wonder how many days poor old Martha Ellen will have to go out scrubbing to pay for all this foolishness?"

When Martha Ellen came on Monday to help with the washing, she was bubbling over with plans for the next day's festivity.

"We was all real pleased ter get yer note an' know fer sure ye was a-comin', Mis' Robinson," she said.

"I shall certainly be there," said Mrs. Robinson, hoping that her cordial manner concealed her underlying disapproval.

"Mis' Robinson," the old woman began a little anxiously, "I've got a favor ter ask of ye. The girls is set on havin' everything real stylish, ye know, an' they told me ter ask ye ef ye 'd mind lendin' us them air glass bowls—finger-bowls—o' youn."

Mrs. Robinson wondered whether it would be kinder to offer advice or not. Martha Ellen noted her hesitation, and hastened to add:

"I'll carry 'em back an' forth meself, ye know, an' we'll take the best o' care of 'em. There sha'n't nothin' hurt 'em."

Mrs. Robinson decided against the advice. It would only lay her open to misconstruction.

"You are very welcome to the finger-bowls, Martha Ellen," she said. "I know they will be entirely safe with you."

On Tuesday afternoon, at half-past four, Mrs. Robinson drove up the Damascus road till she reached the modest little white-washed house where Martha Ellen dwelt with her aspiring daughters. A variety of

buggies, carryalls, and farm-wagons were already hitched to the fence.

The front door, which opened directly into the living-room, was flung wide as Mrs. Robinson approached, and the Misses Powers, all curls and smiles and newly achieved affability, rustled forward in noisy silk to greet her.

"My dear, if you 'll believe me," Mrs. Robinson said later to her husband, "they had their arms bent up at the elbow and their hands flopping forward at the wrist, and they would have shaken hands with me at the level of our shoulders if I had n't held mine in place by sheer force!"

The room was full of worthy women who were in the habit of talking with one another every day over their back fences, clad in calico wrappers and sunbonnets. They now sat uncomfortably on the edge of chairs, so as not to crease their best dresses, and conversed mincingly about the weather. An air of unreality pervaded the place.

Mrs. Robinson tried by hearty voice and manner, and by shifting the talk to the Sunday-school picnic, to set the guests more at ease. She accomplished something in that direction, but the elegancies of the Misses Powers kept frightening them back to shyness or affectation.

"Where 's your mother, Katie?" said Mrs. Robinson, suddenly.

"She—she—" Katie began with some embarrassment, but the more resourceful Ella interrupted her.

"Ma 's slightly indisposed to-day, Mrs. Robinson," she simpered. "You 'll have to excuse her."

"Sick?" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson. "Why, she seemed all right yesterday. That's too bad. Is she in her room? I 'll go right up and see her."

"Oh, dear, no," Ella hastened to protest. "She 's not so but what she can be up." She approached Mrs. Robinson, and lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "It 's not that she 's sick, you know; just that she 's—for the moment—very much *engaged*."

"Do you mean that she 's out in the kitchen making the tea?" Mrs. Robinson asked with unkind insistence.

"Yes 'm," said the girl, meekly; but her heart was hot within her.

Mrs. Robinson tried to possess her soul in patience and wait for the refreshments,

the serving of which would presumably emancipate Mrs. Powers. Ella was directing the attention of her guests to two framed pictures on the wall—unthinkable roses and water-lilies on a shiny black background.

"Did you know Katie 'd been taking painting lessons, Mrs. Robinson? She 's only had five lessons, but her teacher says she has surprising talent. What do you think of those pictures?"

Mrs. Robinson was silent a moment, racking her brain for a phrase that would be civil without making too great a strain on the eternal verities.

"They are, it seems to me, quite remarkable," she ventured.

"Now, there 's praise for you that 's worth while, Katie!" cried Ella, triumphantly. "Mrs. Robinson 's a judge of art, you know."

Mrs. Robinson gasped at the thought of her responsibilities. Would she be quoted hereafter as authority for Katie's genius, which Katie would use as an excuse to escape all the drudgery of life? The girl was capable of asking her mother to send her abroad to study.

"I guess she means remarkably bad," Katie simpered, in an ecstasy of gratified vanity.

"That 's the most sensible thing I ever heard you say in your life!" exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, repentant for her momentary weakness.

The girl's face fell, and a scared look went around the room. Mrs. Robinson's plainness of speech was well known.

"I did n't mean remarkably bad, of course," Mrs. Robinson went on: "that would have been unpardonably rude of me. But I did n't mean that your work was remarkably good, either,—in itself,—only in view of the few lessons you have had. People have to study and work hard for years before they can produce anything that is really good in art."

"Oh, of course we don't suppose that Katie 's a great artist already," Ella snapped.

At that moment the kitchen door swung open a few inches, and a plate appeared in the aperture, held by a yellow old hand that shook slightly. Ella hastened to take the plate and others which followed it in rapid succession. Katie and several of their young friends assisted in passing

them around, but only Ella received them at the door.

The plates contained a rather surprising assortment of delicacies, which were followed in due course by saucers of ice-cream, dishes of cake, and cups of tea. Most of the guests present wished it had been coffee, but tea was obviously the correct thing at a function of this sort. Finally there appeared Mrs. Robinson's finger-bowls. The guests were already seriously embarrassed by the problem of holding an ice-cream saucer, a cake-plate, and a cup of tea, and this added burden was almost too much to be borne. Most of the guests placed the bowl on the floor beside them, some said, "No, I thank you," when it was passed to them, and the rest tucked it precariously among the articles on their laps. Then came the question of how to use the bowls. One unsophisticated soul seized hers in both hands and proceeded to drink from it. Finding it contained lukewarm water, she desisted, and glancing at her neighbors, perceived her mistake, and became furiously embarrassed. Most of them knew what finger-bowls were for, and the others kept still and watched. There was a tendency to be too thorough and to give the whole hands a serious washing, but one elegant person, who had not removed her gloves for the refreshments, dipped her gloved fingers in the water, and shook the drops off daintily.

The dishes were finally gathered up and passed through the kitchen door again. Still Martha Ellen did not appear. After the lapse of a few expectant minutes, Mrs. Robinson got up.

"I 'm going out to see your mother," she said, starting resolutely toward the kitchen door.

A little gasp of horror at this breach of decorum ran around the assembly, but no one felt equal to the task of dissuading Mrs. Robinson.

"My land, Mis' Robinson! Did ye want somethin' more? Why did n't ye let the girls fetch it fer ye? I ain't fit ter be seen."

Martha Ellen wiped off her right hand on her gingham apron and extended it hospitably.

"I 've come out to help you wash the dishes," observed Mrs. Robinson. "You must be worn out."

Martha Ellen laughed nervously.

"Did I ever! Now, Mis' Robinson, that was mighty kind of ye, but I don't need no help at all. You jest go back in the settin'-room an' set down an' enjoy yerself."

Mrs. Robinson was obdurate. She had never seen Martha Ellen look so old and broken. Her dishabille was partly accountable, no doubt. The calico wrapper she wore was not of the freshest. The heat in the little lean-to that served as kitchen, with the afternoon sun beating down on it and a roaring fire in the stove, was overpowering, and Martha Ellen was pattering about barefooted. Also, she had taken out her teeth for convenience, and laid them on the shelf.

For half an hour Mrs. Robinson washed dishes vigorously, trying to work off her indignation against the young women in the next room. Meantime she conversed pleasantly with Martha Ellen, and endeavored to persuade her to fix herself up a bit and go in to see the guests.

"It 'ud take too long, an' they don't keer nothin' 'bout seein' me. Don't pester yerself, Mis' Robinson. I 'll hear all about it afterwards, an' thet 'll do *me*. I never was much of a hand fer parties."

"Why don't you leavethe rest for the girls to do?" Mrs. Robinson suggested, pausing to mop the perspiration from her face.

Martha Ellen shook her head.

"They 'll never be young but once," she asserted, "an' what I says is, wear out the oldest first."

When the last dish was put away, Mrs. Robinson took her leave. The other guests soon followed suit.

Martha Ellen put her head tentatively through the door.

"Come in, ma. They 're all gone," said Katie.

Both girls were lolling back in armchairs, completely fagged out by their duties as hostesses.

"Any of that ice-cream left?" inquired Ella.

"A little mite. Shall I fetch ye a saucer?"

"Yes," yawned the girl. "I 'm awful thirsty after all that talkin'."

"You hev some too, Katie?"

Katie was too much exhausted to speak, but she nodded her head.

Martha Ellen returned with two saucers containing all that was left of the ice-cream.

"There ain't any spoons," said Ella.

"Why, so there ain't!" cried Martha Ellen, and hastened back to the kitchen to get some.

"What do you suppose possessed Mrs. Robinson to act so cranky?" Katie asked.

"I don't know. Just contrariness," returned Ella.

"I was right down mortified ter hev her come inter the kitchen an' see me rigged out like this," said the old woman, looking down at her bare feet. "Of course she was considerable in the way, too. I 'd 'a' been through long ago ef it had n't 'a' been fer her. But then she meant it all fer kindness."

"Kindness, nothin'!" commented Ella, and Katie sniffed scornfully.

"Ma, did she take home those finger-bowls of hers?"

"Yes," Martha Ellen admitted. "She said, seein' ez her carriage was here, she might ez well take 'em along with her, an' it 'ud save me carryin' 'em over."

"That 's what was the matter!" cried Ella, triumphantly. "That 's what she went out there for—just to get her old finger-bowls! She could n't trust us to return 'em. Stingy old thing! I wish we had never invited her."

THE judge listened to his wife's account of the afternoon with keen enjoyment.

"Are n't you a little afraid, my dear, that your object-lesson to the Misses Powers in regard to helping their mother bear the white woman's burden was just a trifle too subtle for them? I 'm awfully afraid it was lost on them."

"Of course it was," said Mrs. Robinson, resignedly. "But it did *me* good."



# FIELD SPORTS OF TO-DAY

BY DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

**I**T is not so very long ago that the American bison were sufficiently abundant to stop a train of cars in Kansas. As late as 1880, riding from Fort Buford, Dakota, to Fort Keogh, Montana, I observed these animals grazing in large herds, like cattle on the range. There are no bison to-day, except the small band of about fifty in the Yellowstone National Park, and a few owned by private parks and zoölogical societies.

The story of the passenger-pigeon told by Cooper in "The Pioneers" is not fiction. The ornithologists Wilson and Audubon give even more surprising accounts of the abundance of these birds. In Ohio and Michigan I have seen them passing over, when for days at a time the air seemed full of pigeons, flocks containing thousands of birds chasing one another like clouds before a March wind, and casting shadows upon the earth. There are occasional reports in the papers that a wild pigeon or a flock of a few birds has been seen in the Northwest, but the wild passenger-pigeon is virtually an extinct bird.

When Charles Dickens visited the United States, he noticed the myriads of wild fowl which then came to our Eastern waters. In the West I have seen ducks rise from the small lakes and wet prairies until the whole surface of the earth seemed to be in motion, and the noise produced by the many wings might well be compared to a burst of thunder.

I have seen snow-geese cover the plains like a mantle of snow; and one of the most beautiful sights I ever beheld was these same white birds arising at daybreak from the cool night shadow on the earth, to take on, in the sunlight above, the rosy tints of dawn, like clouds in the sky.

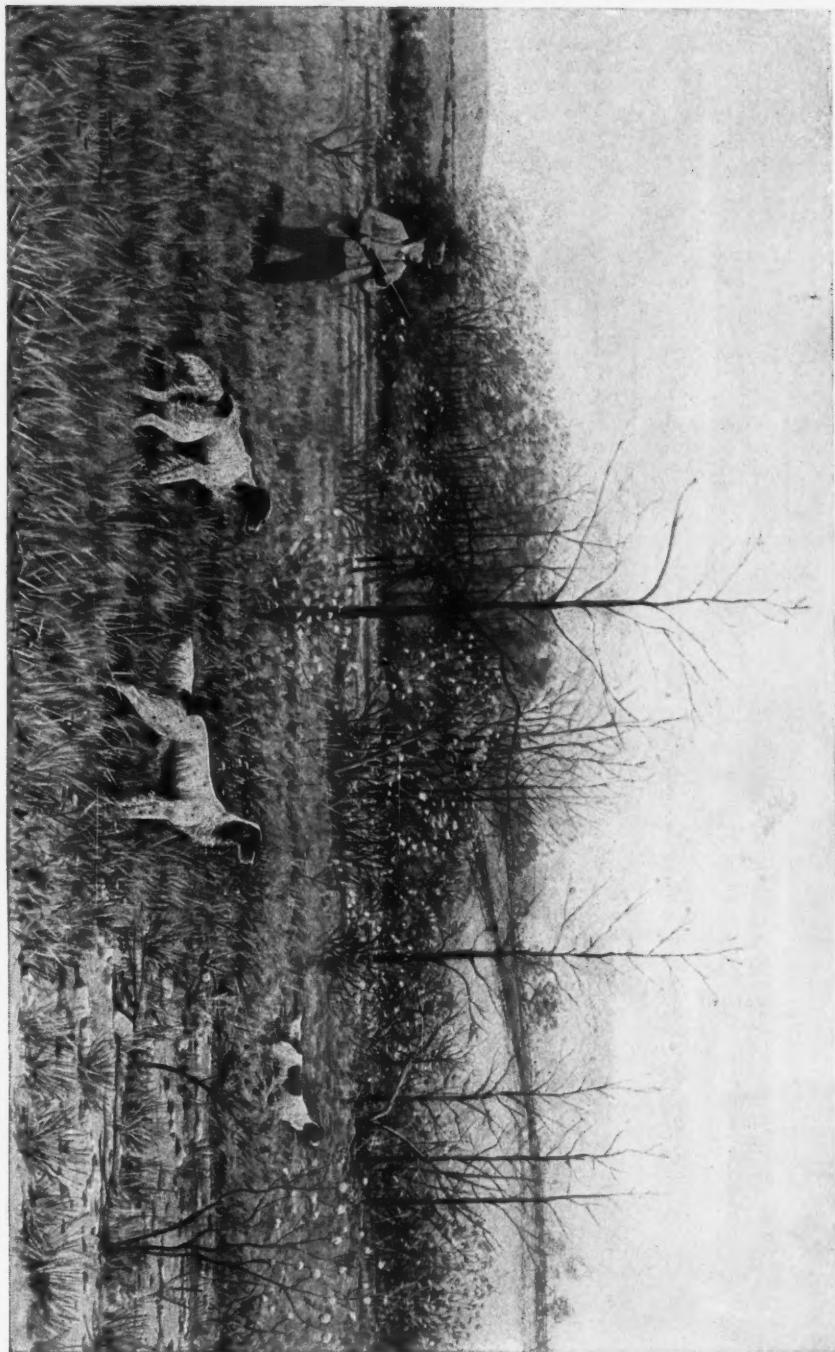
A few years ago the grouse of the plains

and prairies were shipped by the ton to Eastern markets. The woodland birds, the ruffed grouse, the Canada grouse, and the dusky or blue grouse, were so tame as to be uninteresting to sportsmen. The largest of these, the dusky grouse, on account of its tameness is known in the West as the "fool-hen," and is so designated in the law of Montana, passed for its protection, which now prohibits the killing of more than twenty fool-hens in a day. The prairie-grouse are extinct in many States where Audubon reported them abundant, and in other places, on the opening day, the covies often contain only two or three birds.

Mr. Tripp records his sitting down on a mountain-top in Colorado and stroking the feathers of a ptarmigan while, as he says, "she scolded and pecked at me like a sitting hen. I made a special effort to obtain some of these birds in the Rocky Mountains, but failed to find a single specimen. One must now go to Alaska to find them in any numbers."

Washington Irving, in his "Tour on the Prairies," refers to the abundance and simplicity of the wild turkeys, which, he says, fluttered up into the trees and gazed in astonishment at the troopers who shot them. Simplicity is no longer an attribute of the wild turkey, and there is now no fluttering into trees, to stand "with outstretched necks" and gaze at an enemy firing broadsides. The range of the turkeys originally extended throughout America from the New England States to the great plains. They are found to-day in only a few places of limited area, chiefly in the Southwest, and are as wild and wary as the most timid deer.

When I first crossed the plains the antelope were continually in sight from the car-window. Their curiosity brought them often quite close to the train. These gr ace-



SCATTERED BIRDS



ful animals disappeared from the plains so rapidly that many Western States hastened to pass laws protecting them absolutely or for a period of years. In Texas a new law prohibits the shooting of antelope at any time; in Arizona it is unlawful to shoot an antelope for five years. In South Dakota and North Dakota they are protected until the year 1911, and in California the shooting is absolutely prohibited.

There is a significance always in such legislation. It follows, usually, the passing of the game. It has been well said (by Mr. Whitehead, in *THE CENTURY*) that it requires the extinction of a valuable bird to teach the average American the importance of its preservation. The laws prohibiting the killing of prairie-chickens in Massachusetts and the discharging of firearms in Ohio at any wild pigeon on its nesting-ground served no purpose except possibly to give expression to the hope that the birds would some day come again.

The moose, the elk, the caribou, and the several varieties of deer are no longer seen in many places where they were abundant. With the passing of these noble animals came laws protecting them at all times, or protecting the does and fawns and allowing the killing of a small number of males ("with horns," as the statutes read) each year. In Maine it is lawful for one person to kill one "bull"-moose and two deer in a season. In Michigan and Minnesota the limit is three deer, and in the latter State one moose and one caribou. In Connecticut deer are protected until the year 1911. In Wisconsin, Nevada, and Wyoming the limit is two deer, and in Nevada two elk may also be killed in a season.

There are records of a hundred woodcock and snipe being killed by one gun in a day within a few miles of New York, but there are few places now in the West where any such bags could be made in the absence of the legislation which in many States limits the number to from five to twenty-five birds per diem. In much of the woodcock cover the sportsman of to-day does well to get one.

Many varieties of shore-birds or waders came to the bays and lagoons along the sea-coast and visited the country in the interior, stopping by the rivers, lakes, and ponds in countless numbers. Upon one occasion I shot these birds without chang-

ing my position until the gun became hot, and the dog, which had been bringing several birds at once, refused to retrieve more, and stretching himself upon the grass, looked on in amazement, if not disgust. I had neither decoys nor blind, but the birds continued to fly about the pond, passing me at close range. It soon occurred to me that I had all that could be used at the military garrison where I was stopping, and I ended the shooting, which had ceased to be interesting. The shore-birds still visit the salt-water bays, lakes, and ponds in the West, but in greatly diminished numbers.

The evidence is cumulative that, notwithstanding its great abundance, all game in America, big and small, was threatened with the extermination which came to the pigeon and the bison.

As the game diminished, the devices for its destruction were improved and multiplied. We proceeded rapidly from flint to percussion; from the long single muzzle-loading guns such as Audubon first used, to the breech-loading, hammerless, double-barreled guns and repeaters of to-day. These weapons occasionally came together in the woods. The market gunners used guns which they could not lift, mounting them in boats like cannon, and fired them (in the night-time) at the sleeping water-fowl, killing hundreds at a single shot. The larger animals, as well as the partridges, were taken in traps and snares, and shot, in the winter, when the snow made it difficult for them to move about. There are many devices for concealment, from the ordinary "blind," or "hide," on shore, to the elaborate sink-box, or battery, in which the shooter lies below the surface of the water. The rude forms of home-made decoys have been replaced by the handsomely painted counterfeits from the stores, and tame ducks are now taught to fly out over the water and, returning, lure their kind to destruction. Live wild geese are used on the bays as well as on the lakes in the West, and are a part of the equipment at the shooting clubs. One club in Massachusetts keeps a stand of two hundred live wild-geese decoys. I once saw a flock of seven geese go to the live decoys of a market gunner on Shinnecock Bay, who, firing two double-barreled guns, killed them all. The deception where wild birds are used as decoys is

complete. A Sioux Indian in Dakota once stalked my decoys, and I stopped him just as he was about to shoot, since there was great danger of his bagging me with the geese.

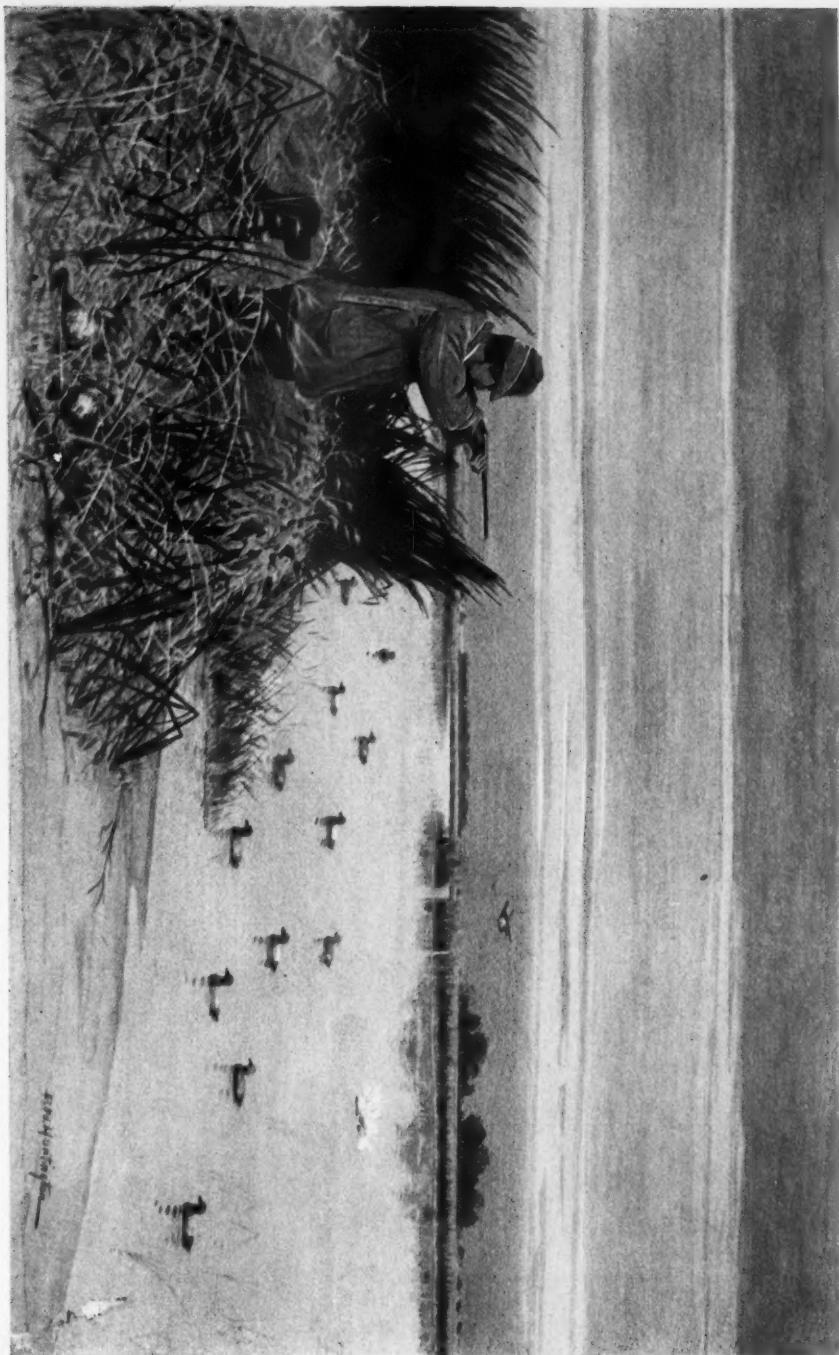
The clothing is made to match the color of the marshes, and grass suits, with hoods to cover the head, are woven from the wild grass. The pace set for the destruction of all game made it evident to thinking sportsmen that in another decade, or two at most, there would not be a wild quadruped or bird left in the land. Remarkable as this statement may seem, there were ample facts to support it. It was admitted that some birds and animals were already extinct, including one of the wild ducks, and that many birds and animals were no longer found in States where they were formerly abundant, and that those remaining were seen each year in greatly diminished numbers. There was then no room left for a doubt: extermination seemed certain, and not only a question of time, but of a very short time.

A few years ago there was not a game law (certainly not one that was executed) in America. Game was killed everywhere, in season and out, and sold openly in the markets. As the supply diminished the price went up. The temptation to wholesale slaughter increased. There was, too, a tremendous waste committed by those who shot for sport. I have seen a number of buffalo fall before a single pistol in a short run. I was guilty of killing a few one day for the entertainment of some ladies who made the run in an army ambulance. A large number of buffalo were killed by contract, that their heads might be used as signs to advertise a railroad throughout the country. It was in this service, I believe, that Cody became Buffalo Bill. Ranchmen, cow-boys, travelers, every one who had a gun (and every one had), took a shot at an antelope to see if he could hit it. The number of birds which were shot when they could not possibly be used was tremendous. After the waste came, as usual, the laws to prevent it, as in Colorado: "No game or fish shall be used for baiting any trap or deadfall, nor shall any edible portion of game or fish be abandoned or permitted to go to waste." A magnificent elk was often sacrificed to bait a trap for a bear. Deer and antelope shot in passing, to try a gun, were left

where they fell. Wagon-loads of ducks were thrown away. Express companies did a large business carrying wild pigeons to shooting-matches. As late as 1874, there were one day eight thousand of these birds in crates at the old Dexter Park shooting-ground, to be used in a "shoot." In the West they used prairie-chickens in the same way.

Sportsmen, once aroused, were not slow to act. It was evident that the laws in existence were inoperative and not executed for the reason that there were no game commissioners or game-wardens, and there was no public sentiment to sustain them. Sportsmen had been too often the violators. I knew of a prosecuting attorney in a Western State who was among the first to take the field in July for prairie-chickens, though the season did not open legally until September 1.

The best blow for game preservation was struck when laws were enacted prohibiting the sale of game at all times. A difficulty was encountered at first, owing to the conflict of laws in the different States. Birds were offered for sale in a State where the sale was illegal, and the evidence was always at hand that they were killed in another State where the shooting season was open. The words "wherever killed" were soon added to the laws prohibiting sales, and these were supplemented by laws prohibiting the transportation and exportation of game, and making it a misdemeanor to have it in possession in close seasons. The national Congress recently enacted a law (known as the Lacey Law) enlarging the duties and powers of the Department of Agriculture so as to include the preservation, distribution, introduction, and restoration of game-birds and other wild birds. This law was passed "to aid in the restoration of such birds in those parts of the United States adapted thereto where the same have become scarce or extinct, and also to regulate the introduction of American or foreign birds or animals in localities where they have not heretofore existed." It prohibits the transportation by interstate commerce of game killed in violation of local laws. That a sentiment has developed in favor of the execution of the game laws is well known, to their sorrow, to many innkeepers, common carriers, and dealers. Constitutional questions have been raised, and



DUCK SHOOTING AT THE OTTAWA CLUB

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cases growing out of the killing of a few partridges have gone to the Supreme Court of the United States. It is gratifying to the sportsmen that the laws have usually been upheld. This has always been the case excepting where too little care was exercised in their framing. There was much bungling in the earlier legislation. There is some to-day.

Some years ago a country doctor, my colleague at the time in the General Assembly of Ohio, brought me a bill which he had prepared to regulate the fishing in a small stream which flowed through his district. I noticed that the last clause read, "provided, however, all garfish shall be killed"; and I suggested to the venerable doctor that, in the absence of some provision for a gar-police or other executive officers, the law would be inoperative. This attempt at fish legislation is no worse than some of the earlier game laws. Ohio has recently enacted a law which provides that no person shall shoot *quail* except when they are flying. The word "partridge" should of course be used instead of "quail" in all game laws. Since there are no quail in North America, a conviction under the Ohio law would be hardly possible.

As the larger game-birds become scarce, more attention is paid to the smaller varieties, such as the diminutive peeps, ox-eyes, and sanderlings, which should be unmolested and permitted to run about and feed before the waves on the sandy shores of the ocean. Many of these small birds have been exterminated in the vicinity of summer hotels. In the Southern States the meadow-lark and the robin are shot by sportsmen. Strange game the robin-redbreast seems to Northern sportsmen; but the robins are considered game-birds in many Southern States, and are recognized as such in their legislation.

The importance of laws prohibiting sales is well illustrated in the case of plumage-birds. Laws there were in abundance which declared that these were not game, and protected them at all times. But the feather-hunters shot them openly until the various Audubon societies organized throughout America, and urged the passage of laws prohibiting the sale or purchase of the feathers. Then there was at once a decided improvement in the situa-

tion, and it is now probable that plumage-birds will not be exterminated. A hasty glance at the recent game legislation reveals much that is good besides the sale and transport laws. There is a uniform tendency toward a short open season. In some States it is for only a few weeks;<sup>1</sup> in others not for more than one or two months. I have already referred to the laws limiting the size of the bag to be made in a season or in a day. It is usual to allow the killing of only one or two of the larger quadrupeds by one person in a season, and from one to six deer. The bag limit for birds may be said to range from five to fifty birds per diem. The latter number is unusual, and applies only to ducks. The average bag limit for upland game would seem to be about twenty birds per diem. In Oregon and Washington it is only ten; in Vermont only five, excepting ducks, the limit for which is twenty; in Maine the number is fifteen, "excepting sandpipers, the number of which shall not exceed seventy."<sup>2</sup> I cannot imagine what the little sandpipers have done that they should thus be singled out from their kind—the snipes, the tattlers, the plovers, and the curlews—for slaughter. It may be that the term "sandpipers" is intended to cover all shore-birds, but laws of a criminal nature being always construed strictly in favor of the accused, there could be no conviction except the killing of the bird named. The laws limiting the bag to small numbers of birds are in striking contrast to the former scores of sportsmen, who often killed over a hundred in a day, and of market gunners, who did as well with a single shot from a swivel-gun.

There are laws which provide for a license the average cost of which for non-residents of the various States is twenty-five dollars, and the permission is usually only to shoot in the county where the license is issued. A careful study of the American game-birds would cost an ornithologist a large sum to-day. Other laws provide rest-days for the birds, such as Sunday and Monday in Ohio, Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday in North Carolina, when the pursuit of the birds is prohibited.

There are many laws which prescribe the method of capture, such as those limiting the size of the gun—in some States to the

<sup>1</sup> For example, Ohio law now is November 10 to December 1 for partridges. <sup>2</sup> Non-residents are now required to pay a license in many counties, and the bag limit for them is fifteen.

ten-gage (which is accurate), in others prohibiting the use of any gun excepting those "fired from the shoulder in the ordinary manner." There are persons who could probably swing a four-gage. Eight-gage is common on the Chesapeake Bay. There are laws forbidding the use of sink-boxes and batteries which are in force in nearly all of the Northern States, excepting, however, certain counties where, as on Long Island, the influence of market gunners has prevailed; laws prohibiting night shooting, or shooting more than one hour before sunrise or after sunset; laws against snaring and trapping; laws prohibiting the use of dogs to run deer, elk, and antelope, and the use of the jack-lantern or any artificial light, and prohibiting the placing of blinds or the use of any concealment on the open water where wild fowl are feeding or resting, and forbidding the pursuit of these birds with steamboats, sail-boats, or any electric or motor boats. There are laws against trespass, requiring the permission (often in writing) of the owner to shoot on his land, and providing for the posting of the farms, with the result that the sign-boards reading "No shooting on this farm" have multiplied, and now mean something.

In North Carolina it is unlawful for any person to leave any landing before sunrise in the morning for the purpose of hunting wild fowl, or to put decoys or nets into the water before sunrise, or to continue to shoot wild fowl after dark. It is also unlawful "to sail, row, or propel a boat over Currituck Sound on the Lord's day for the purpose of locating wild fowl for a future day." This I regard as the high-water mark of game legislation. It would seem necessary for a sportsman sailing the waters of Currituck on Sunday to close his eyes in order not to see what the ducks are doing. This, from the same author, is refreshing in both matter and grammar: "Sec. 7. It shall be unlawful for any person hired or employed to lay around, sail around, or stop anywhere near any citizen who may be gunning or fishing, for the purpose of keeping them from shooting or damage his shooting." What better illustration could we have of the careful detail of the legislation of to-day?

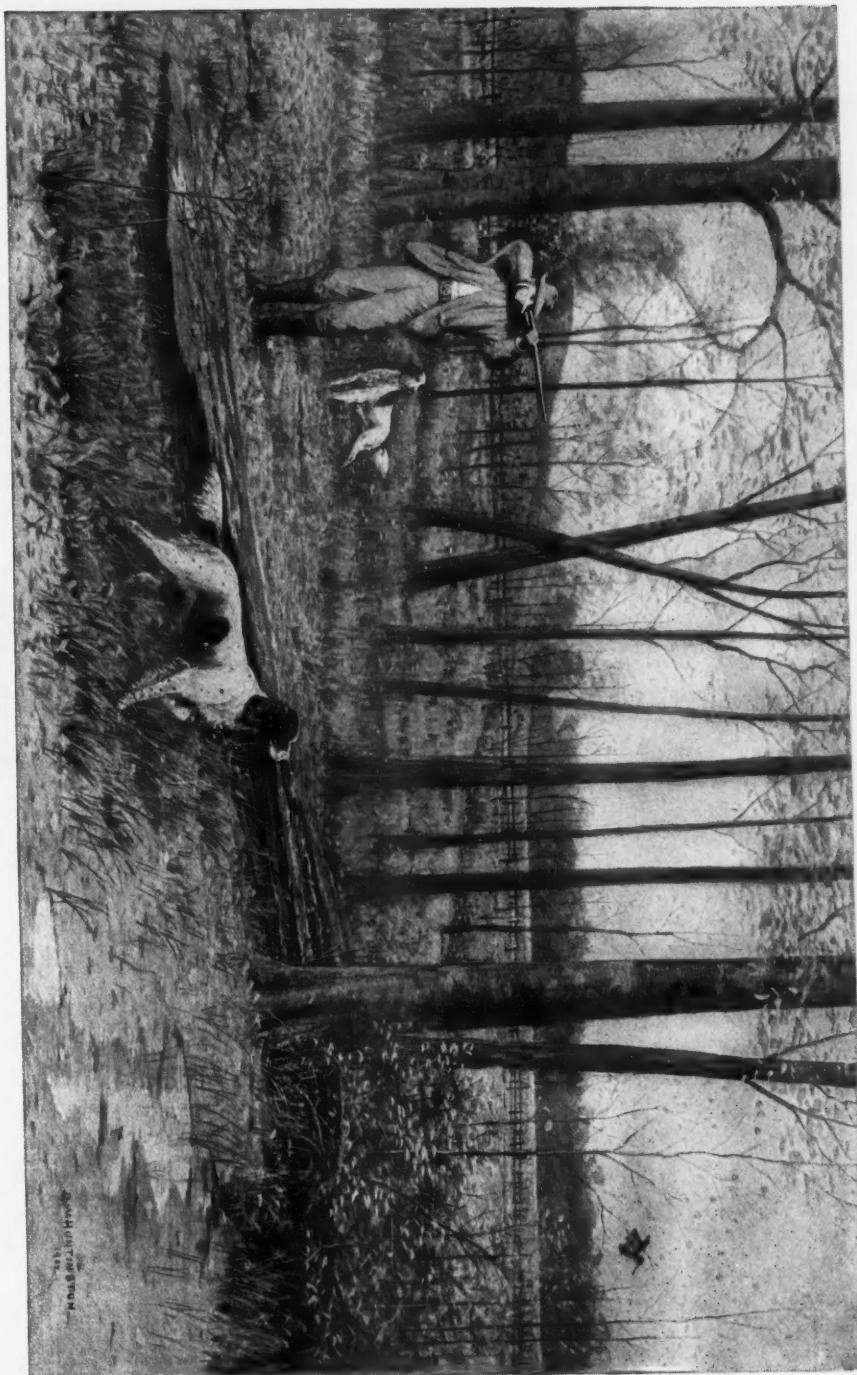
<sup>1</sup> A number of States now require non-residents to be accompanied by a registered guide. In South Dakota the guide must be a deputy game-warden. In Maine one guide may not be employed for more than five persons. In Wyoming the guide must file a report stating the number of animals killed, etc.

<sup>2</sup> This law has (1893) been amended so as to again permit duck-shooting in September and October.

Within the memory of the older sportsmen there was not a game preserve in America. To-day the sportsman who does not belong to a club may have to go a long way to obtain any shooting. This is specially true of duck-shooting, nearly every available marsh in the country being owned or controlled by a club, where game-keepers closely guard the birds and exclude poachers. This has given rise to much bad feeling, which resulted in vindictive legislation in Ohio and homicide in Illinois, while Louisiana, Missouri, and Arkansas prohibit non-residents from shooting within their borders.<sup>1</sup> About the St. Francis River, in Arkansas, there are famous shooting-grounds, which have been occupied by clubs of sportsmen from Memphis, St. Louis, and other cities. The marshes were bought and the club-houses erected for the shooting only. The shooting being prohibited, they become worthless, and the passage of the law amounts to a confiscation of the property. The courts have held that the States have the right to tax non-resident sportsmen and to prohibit them from shooting.

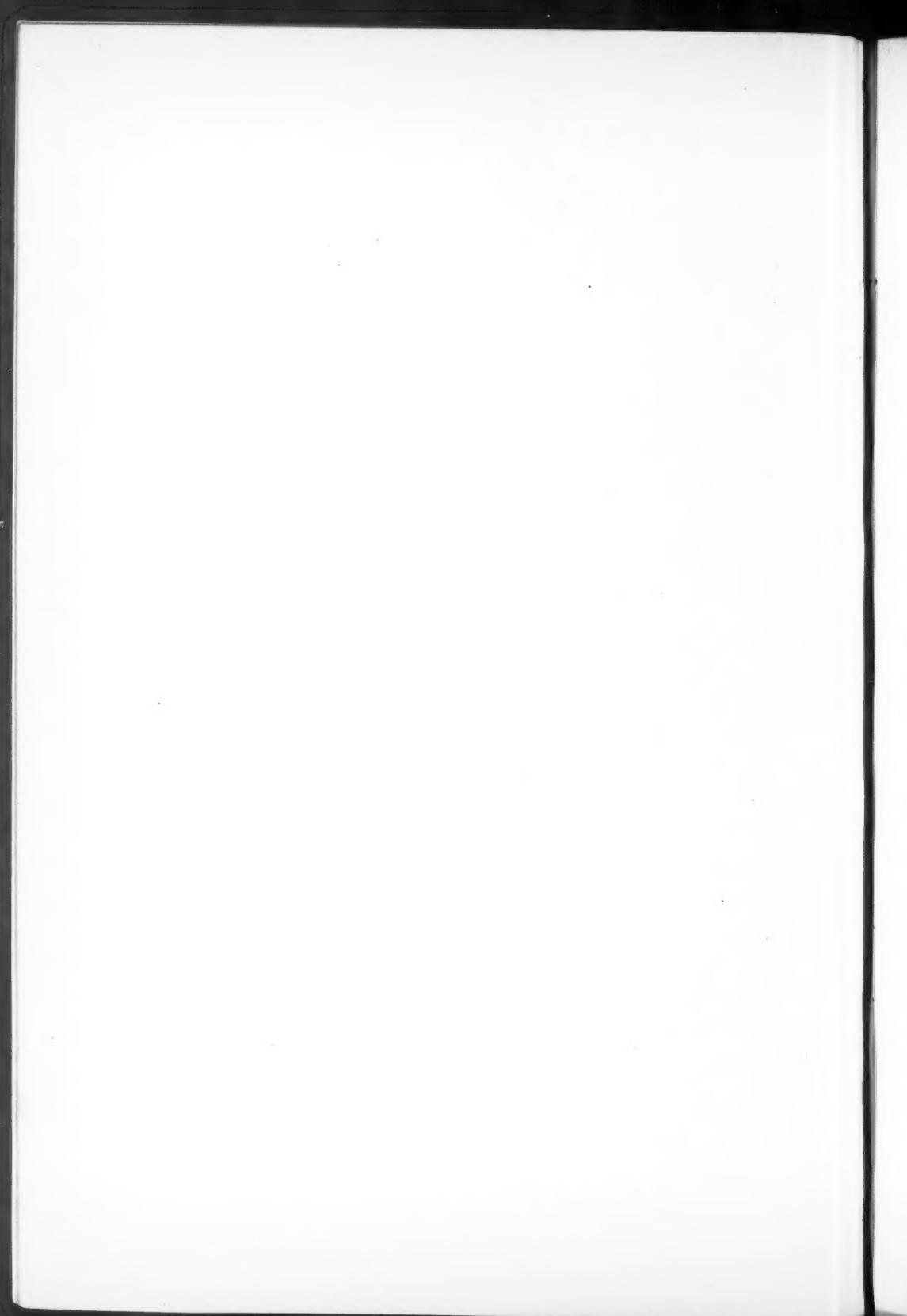
In Ohio the club occupation of the vast marshes about Lake Erie is complete, and a law (urged, it is said, by the men who used to shoot over the grounds now closed) was passed prohibiting the shooting of geese, ducks, snipe, woodcock, and the other wading-birds until November 10, at which time the marshes are usually frozen over and the birds gone. Here we have game preservation literally with a vengeance.<sup>2</sup> The battle between the poachers and game-keepers of the Tolleston Club, near Chicago, resulted in loss of life and much expensive litigation.

I was sketching in the Ottawa marshes (near Sandusky, Ohio) last October, and, but partly concealed behind a wind-break of rushes and wild rice, I saw hundreds of mallards, fat, lazy, and tame, which came to the little pond before me, where they were fed by a gamekeeper. There were many snipe, even more tame, diligently probing the mud along the shore. As I have observed, the Ohio law absolutely prohibited the shooting, and it occurred to me it was a very fine thing for the birds;



AFTER WOODCOCK

W. H. WOODCOCK



but when I observed the closed shutters of the club-house and the other fine dormitories and boat-houses at Winous Point, my sympathies were with the clubmen.

There are records of immense bags of birds at these clubs, kept in club registers. Eight thousand six hundred and twenty-two birds have been killed in a season at Winous Point, and there are many records of over five thousand birds. The ducks continue, however, to come there in great numbers, and, with the exception of certain varieties, such as the wood-duck, the teal, and the canvasback, are nearly as abundant as they were some years ago. The diminution shown in the varieties named is not due, I am satisfied, to the shooting on the club grounds, but to other causes, such as the partial destruction of the feeding grounds by the rooting of the carp (a most undesirable fish, which has multiplied amazingly since its unfortunate introduction), and the immense slaughter of the birds when they reach the Southern States, where, as a rule, they have no protection. A St. Louis paper recently records the killing of thirteen hundred and seventy-two ducks in two days at Lake Bistineau, Louisiana, by three persons whose names are given. A complaint comes from Oregon that the carp also have destroyed the *wapato* (the Indian name for a bulbous root upon which the canvasbacks feed), and that the birds are no longer so abundant on the club grounds, or so good to eat. These highly prized ducks come to the preserves of all the clubs in diminished numbers.

As in the Eastern States, so it is in Oregon and Washington: nearly every available marsh in the valleys of the Columbia and the Willamette and their tributaries is now controlled by clubs of sportsmen, many of whom reside in Portland. The clubs are equally numerous in California. One of the finest duck-grounds I ever visited is situated in the valley of the Illinois River, where there are miles of marshes and many small lakes and ponds. A magazine a short time since published the following from a Chicago man: "I concluded to revisit my old hunting-ground on the Illinois, where I used to shoot when the United States was a free country. Every place where a duck might possibly alight had been bought or leased. When I came away, I saw four hundred

and seventy mallards put on the train, and all the birds had been killed in one day by three shooters on a 'preserve.' When they butchered a few days previous, they got only three hundred and twenty mallards. A dozen sportsmen left on the same train with me, and there were not ten ducks in their combined bag. They had no money to invest in swamp-land. I should like to see the marshes open to rich and poor alike." There is no law in Illinois limiting the size of the bag, and it would seem from the above that there should be. One of the clubs in Pennsylvania, the Blooming Grove Park Association, has recently advanced the idea that the members can shoot game out of season on the preserve. Some of the members violated not only the State law but the Lacey Law in addition, and the matter is now in the United States courts.

The growth of the club idea in America has been marvelous. Besides the clubs which control the marshes, there are clubs which own large tracts of land where the larger game animals are preserved, and there are many clubs whose chief interest is in the upland birds, such as the Nittany Club in Pennsylvania, which has a handsome club-house and a membership of two hundred, and which controls a game preserve of twenty thousand acres, over thirty square miles, extending from the Bald Eagle Mountain on the north to the Nittany Mountain on the south. This club was organized in 1897, and in the fall of that year and in the following spring liberated four thousand partridges (or quail, as they are still called in Pennsylvania). The grounds are continually restocked, which is necessary not so much on account of the shooting as on account of the severity of the winters in those mountains. The place is not as suitable for partridges as places of less altitude, and the best of partridge-grounds are to be found farther south. There are to-day in the Southern States many preserves for partridges owned by clubs and individuals, and the number increases rapidly. There are also many insular clubs, from the Robbins Island, in Peconic Bay, to the great and famous Jekyl Island, off the coast of Georgia, and these preserve the upland birds, and guard as their own the sea-fowl and shore-birds as well. The grouse of the open country are protected in vast Western

stubbles, and woodland birds are guarded in clubs from Maine to Oregon.

Besides the clubs organized to provide shooting-places for their members, there are many others organized from a less selfish motive by men interested in game preservation in a more general way and in legislation and the proper execution of the game laws, such as the Cuvier Club at Cincinnati, which has a very large membership, resident and non-resident, a handsome club-house, containing one of the best game-bird collections in America, and a sportsman's library. Clubs of this character are located in the cities, and have for the entertainment of their members card-rooms and libraries, where sportsmen gather to play whist or some other game, and to discuss the ways and means of stopping the destruction of the birds. They usually have a committee on game laws, and employ legal counsel and detectives to aid in the discovery and punishment of evil-doers and to urge the passage of good laws and their amendment from time to time as occasion demands.

I once defended a young man charged with the killing of a number of quail, and urged his acquittal upon the ground that there are no longer any quail in America, the ornithological union having determined that bob-white is a partridge. Truly we live in an iconoclastic age when the idol of the gormand, "quail on toast," is shattered! It is such matters which invite the attention of the game-protection clubs, and which are brought by them to the attention of lawmakers.

The League of American Sportsmen is a national association with a very large membership throughout the United States, organized on the lines of the American Wheelmen. As the latter urges good roads and takes a general interest in cycling matters, so does the League of Sportsmen take an interest in all matters pertaining to field sports, and urge the passage and execution of good game laws.

There are now, in thirty-three States, State officers (usually a board of commissioners) who have charge of the game, and there are local wardens to see that the laws are observed. The few laws of former years were, in the absence of officers to enforce them, little more than appeals to

the conscience of market gunners, who had none, and of sportsmen, who were too often sadly deficient.

Under the present conditions the game is well cared for throughout many States and on the preserves, as a rule (the Blooming Grove Park and the Illinois preserve incidents are, I am satisfied, exceptions), and the clubs often supplement the laws with club rules still further restricting the sport and the size of the bag.

The game is being restored to the denuded fields, and many foreign birds are being added to our fauna, such as the pheasants from China and England, the great capercaillie from Norway and Sweden, the blackcock from Scotland, and some of the European partridges. In Oregon, where the Mongolian pheasants were first introduced, they are abundant, and are shot by sportsmen with the other game-birds — only ten of each kind in a day, however, except ducks, of which the bag may be fifty.

I have seen the pheasant fairly abundant at some of the clubs, and heard recently that they were shooting them at one club from the trap, like pigeons. This would indicate a return to the barbarism of a decade ago, when the prairie-grouse were so misused.

I have had occasion to say at another time that more attention should be paid to the restoration of our native birds, in the States where they have been exterminated, than to the importation of foreign birds and their propagation in State hatcheries.<sup>1</sup> Our native prairie-grouse, for example, now extinct from New England to Kentucky, lie better to the dog and are in every way better game-birds than the pheasants, which are runners. Our wild turkey is the largest and best gallinaceous bird in the world, and superior in every way to the capercaillie.

In looking over the American game fields to-day, I observe with satisfaction that our birds are now in some places holding their own; in a few they may be said to show an increase. The same may be said of the big game, and there are many attempts made to restore the animals and the birds to the woods and fields, and carefully to guard them in the future as a heritage for posterity.

Much remains to be done, more especially the stopping of the spring shooting

<sup>1</sup> Ohio has abandoned the breeding of pheasants. to be liberated in that State. New Jersey has bought a thousand dozen partridges



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A POACHER

when the birds are mating, which has been accomplished in a few States,—Vermont, Minnesota, and some others,—and the passage of good laws in the Southern States and in Illinois, so that such affairs as the slaughter of the thirteen hundred and seventy-two ducks at Lake Bistineau

in Louisiana and four hundred and seventy mallards on the Illinois River will no longer be possible, and so that the migratory birds, which are now fairly well cared for from Maine to Dakota, will not be exterminated when they reach the Gulf States, or in Illinois while on the way.



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

GROUSE-SHOOTING ON THE PRAIRIE

There has been a revolution in field sports. From conditions of no restraint, the absence of law and license, when the fields and woods were open, and the United States was, as the Chicago complainant puts it, "a free country," we have proceeded to good laws and game clubs, which largely control the shooting. The

Canadians have also taken a great interest in the subject of game preservation, and in a recent report their game commission has expressed the opinion that in the establishment of the game preserve lies the salvation of the game—an opinion in which that American editor and sportsman devoted to caribou and barren grounds heartily concurs.



A COW-BOY TAKING A SHOT AT AN ANTELOPE

## LYRIC TIME

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

NOW the sap begins to climb  
In the linden and the lime;  
With it mounts the olden rapture;  
Comrades, it is lyric time!

Young desire along the vein  
Quicken to a throbbing strain,  
And the spirit fain would capture  
Vanished ecstasy again.

Flushing into prismatic hues,  
Every dormant thing renewes;  
All along the vernal valley  
Countless colors form and fuse.

Every thicket overspills  
With a myriad mellow trills;  
Sally upon silvery sally  
Echoes up and down the hills.

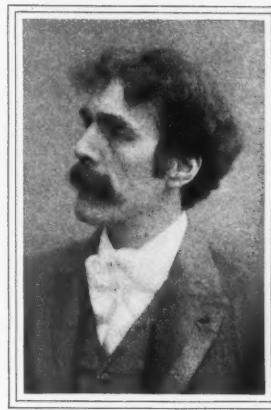
Runs from tree to vocal tree  
An elusive harmony;  
Now a whisper faint and fleeting,  
Now a chorus full and free.

Brook to singing brook replies;  
Fount with welling fountain vies;  
Oh, the music of the meeting  
Of the mountains and the skies!

Dawn or sunset,—dim or bright,—  
Every hour evokes delight;  
To evolve the perfect paean,  
Sun and moon and stars unite.

Life seems set to smoother rhyme,  
And the trivial grows sublime;  
Under God's blue empyrean,  
Comrades, it is lyric time!

PICTURES OF  
BIG GAME  
BY  
ARTHUR WARDLE



From a photograph by Brown, Barnes & Bell

ARTHUR WARDLE

A YOUNG MONARCH  
PUMAS  
IN SEARCH OF PREY  
A PATRIARCH



A YOUNG MONARCH—NUBIAN LION



PUMAS IN SEARCH OF PREY



A PATRIARCH—BENGAL TIGER



## THE PAYER OF BLACKMAIL

BY RICHARDS M. BRADLEY

Dedicated to those American-born citizens in New York when under Tammany, and in other cities, who have compounded with official rascality for the sake of their business interests.

**Y**OU paid them! You, whose fathers braved  
The wintry ocean and the unknown shore  
To serve their God and save their souls from hell!  
Pray God they sleep unconscious of your shame!  
But *you* can have no blood from men like these.  
Who was the slave that stole into his bed  
Whose Pilgrim name you bear, and gave you life?

So cried my shame and scorn, but reason said:  
Not he alone, but many of his kind,  
In this great city at the nation's gate,  
Have paid the price that smooths the path to wealth:  
These are no ill-got spawn of faithless wives.  
True as their sirens they serve their chosen lord,  
With altered service suited to his will.  
Unchanged in race, they have but changed their God.

For Mammon is their god; the hell they dread  
Is failure in full service at his shrine.  
They fear not want, but only lesser wealth.  
So, at their god's behest, they pay the price,  
Bowing their necks to dastard feudal lords,  
Who muster voters now in place of blades.  
So for his sake, with humble cheerfulness,  
Along with gambler, pimp, and prostitute,  
They buy the right to ply their trades in peace.

Full service this! No more can master ask;  
No more can servants in devotion pay.  
Their fathers' God was seldom served so well.



# THE WAY OF THE ENGINEERS

A STORY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI

BY WILLIS GIBSON

WITH PICTURES BY F. C. YOHN



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'I CAN'T STAND FOR YOUR DRUNKENNESS ANY LONGER, EGAN'''

EGAN, chief engineer of the *Chippewa*, still showed traces of his spree when he climbed the stairs to the second story of the St. Louis wharf-boat and entered the office.

With uncertain stride he walked to Murnane's desk, took off his cap, and stood

before the superintendent. President Kehoe, whose "business desk" was not a yard away,—his glass-walled private office he never used,—lowered the newspaper he had been reading and gazed at the twain interestedly.

Murnane, hearing the footfalls on the

carpet, looked up pleasantly from the mess of letters before him; but when he saw who was his visitor his face turned grave. He did not ask Egan to sit down, only surveyed him coldly from over the desk's top.

"The boys said you wanted to see me," spoke up Egan, with a bit of a swagger, but talking slowly, to keep the thick words from running together.

"Yes," snapped back Murnane. "I can't stand for your drunkenness any longer, Egan. Take your stuff off the *Chippewa*. The cashier'll hand you what's coming on this month's pay."

Egan, staggered, leaned unsteadily over the desk and looked close at his chief. He wheeled toward Kehoe, to see how he was taking the thing. But Kehoe was deep in his paper, and the engineer again faced Murnane.

"Discharged, am I?" he cried, his voice shaking, his fists clenched viciously. "After fifteen years' slaving for the damned line!"

"It's nobody's fault but your own," replied Murnane, a shade more kindly. "I've had you up about this drinking business half a hundred times, and none of it's done any good. It's a crime, Egan, to trust you with steamboats and lives."

"Sober or drunk, I never missed a bell," defied the discharged man.

Murnane, uncommemting, resumed work at his morning's mail. Several minutes passed while Egan waited for an answer.

"All right—all right!" Egan thundered at length. "There's lots of steamboat lines besides the Union." With that he swept a villainous scowl around the office, and stalked out, with an oath for each man there.

After Egan had slammed the door, Kehoe laid aside his paper and inquired of Murnane:

"Who you going to send out in his berth?"

The *Chippewa* was due to leave for St. Paul at five the next afternoon.

"I've an application from an A1 Pittsburgher who's been with the P. & C. people," returned the superintendent. "I've wired him to meet the *Chippewa* at St. Paul. The up trip with Jerrems I'll have to give young Jo Black; he's the only engineer in town that's not working

this week. He's that towboat man, you know—was on the *Arctic* until she was sold."

"Sorry we can't find a packet man for the up trip," remarked Kehoe.

"So am I," agreed Murnane.

## II

MIKE EGAN was an Irishman, American-born, forty-five years old. All his life he had steamboated, fifteen years with the Union Line alone, easily our veteran engineer. A great hulk of a man, he stood, as grim and stanch as the mountains of the upper valley, six feet six, thick in proportion, and all muscle. He was a first-class engineer.

But when that is said all is said—that is good. Unlike the most of his craft, he was unsociable, out-and-out ill-tempered usually. His conversation, outside of California cut-offs, balanced valves, induced drafts, and so on, was churlish.

He was, finally, a hard drinker. During his service with us he had never let one of the forty-eight-hour lay-overs that come at the St. Louis end of every round trip go by without getting more or less drunk. About this drunkenness there were no features whatever, nothing dramatic, nothing picturesque—nothing tragic even, in the ordinary sense, for he had no father, mother, wife, or little ones to suffer by it. Tippling, he simply grew beastly, wickedly drunk.

Murnane hated a drinking man as bad as any Prohibitionist, and had vowed a dozen times every year to fire Egan. Yet he had never done it until now because Egan, despite his shortcomings, was worth having. Not all the evil liquor of the North Levee could kill his knack for his trade. He knew a boiler from grate to dome, an engine from pillow-block to top works, a dynamo from armature to brush. Mechanics, hydraulics, electrics, all were child's play with him. His creed was practice: the musty text-books in his trunk had not been opened in years, the engineering journals he subscribed for he seldom read.

His case was peculiar in many other ways. To begin, he could worry along with the least coal, the fewest repairs, of any chief on the line; in that way he had proved a jewel to us, especially in those

troublous years back in the eighties when we did more economizing than business. He had been with Kehoe right from the early days, and that was something. Again, he could manage the engines of the stern-wheeler *Chippewa*, the boat he had been on the last eight years, and to do that was a feat, because those engines, purchased personally by Kehoe from a Cincinnati inventor,—Kehoe had a soft spot for inventors,—were rank poor machines, though nobody, not even Murnane, dared hint such a thing around the office. They were the only engines of the kind in the country, for the Cincinnati genius never succeeded in convincing any one but our president.

But more than all else, Egan was a life-long packet man. Not that the towboat fellows are not good men and brave—they are, most of them. But the engineer who holds the throttle of a packet; who carries over his head from one to three hundred lives; who stands guard over throbbing, straining boilers the steam of which would feed a dozen Baldwin Moguls, over engines so powerful that a single blow from a disconnected pitman will clip out a steamer's whole deck as easily as a man may snap a tooth-pick; who knows that a breakdown means a steamer helpless, means, in a tight place, in a drawbridge or a rapids-channel, sure disaster—that engineer leads a different life, takes a different training, learns a different duty from the chap who carries, out in front, only a raft of logs or a barge of coal.

That was the reason Kehoe and Murnane objected to young Black, ex-chief of the towboat *Arctic*.

It was of late years that Egan had got to going on watch the worse for whisky, and the spree that caused his discharge was really the first through which his boat's safety had been threatened. On her last down run the *Chippewa* had lain over in Davenport all afternoon for a big party coming by rail from Des Moines. At the beginning of the wait Egan hied away up-town. At six in the evening, while Captain George Travers was tolling the first bell, the Des Moines party being all settled, Egan hove down the levee, staggering. It was Egan's watch from six o'clock till midnight; but Henry Jerrems, the second engineer, suspecting his partner had gone bad, was then in the engine-room, ready

for the start. Egan lunched across the landing-stage, aboard, and up-stairs to his room in the *texas*. While he was in there, Travers tolled the last stroke, and shouted an "All ready!" to Hi Davis, the pilot. Jerrems, at the engines, got a backing bell, and gave steam to the cylinders. The *Chippewa* backed away from the levee into mid-river. Then a stopping bell, and a wait while the steamer swung. Then, as she straightened, a go-ahead jingle. Jerrems shifted the reverse sharply, and opened wide the throttle, to full stroke nearly, aiming to make up a part of the six hours' delay.

Before the wheel had made twenty turns ahead, Egan walked into the engine-room. He had not forgotten that it was his watch. Without any preliminaries, he picked up a sledge from the anvil, and advancing upon Jerrems with an ugly sparkle in his eye, commanded harshly:

"Get away from the engines!"

Jerrems, weaponless, got away, to the middle of the room. It was not enough. "Go on forward, damn you!" continued Egan, in a rising voice. "If y' come back before the watch is over, I 'll put you in the river."

Jerrems notified Travers at once, and the two, with Mate John Magee, himself something of a giant, started down to dislodge Egan. But when they got back by the engines they found the chief in a murderous temper, twirling his sledge the way an ordinary mortal would handle a tack-hammer.

A mix with him could result in nothing less than a man or two killed, and Travers ordered him let alone for then.

An anxious trip it was for the officers: a hundred and fifty passengers up-stairs, not counting a thousand tons of freight below, and a drunken man minding the machinery. There were gages, of course, on the boiler-heads, as well as by the throttle, so Jerrems was able to watch the steam. And from half-past six on, Travers sat, with a revolver, in the shadow of the cook-house, just forward of the engine-room, ready to shoot—to cripple—and rush in, the instant Egan blundered. But Egan, though he answered his bells a little slowly, did not blunder. At midnight his watch was done without mishap.

Then Jerrems—and it took nerve to do it—sauntered into the engine-room, to

Egan's side, and said, just as he always did at transfer-time, pleasant as though nothing had gone wrong, "Guess it's my turn for a spell, Mike."

Egan dropped his wrench, and, with a growl about a valve that needed adjustment, walked out and up-stairs.

As soon as the chief was asleep in his room, Travers and Magee tiptoed to his door, opened it with a pass-key, stole in, and, after a rough scrimmage, bound him fast to his berth, and left him there, guarded, to sober up.

Jerrems, standing thirty hours at the engines, brought the boat in.

Such a row as that even Mike Egan's fifteen years' service and modest coal requisitions could n't square.

### III

STRAIGHT from his talk with Murnane, Egan went to seeking a new berth. That afternoon he interviewed the New Orleans and Memphis lines, also the independent packets. But Mike Egan's reputation in local marine circles was black, blacker maybe than he deserved, and nowhere was he welcomed. No vacancies, none in prospect, was what the managers all said, and very sourly at that. When Egan finished the rounds at supper-time, he was clean surprised, clean discouraged—and sober.

Next morning, Friday, the *Chippewa*'s sailing day, he set at the towboat men. But it was well along in the season, late September; the owners were laying off crews, not hiring. By four o'clock he had visited everything in port that had an engine on it, and had simply thrown that much time away.

Quitting the last craft on his list, he stood on the levee not a dozen yards from the Union wharf-boat and the moored *Chippewa*. The *Chippewa* was to leave in an hour, with Jerrems in his place, and a new man in the second berth. Even then the roasters were trotting, an endless line, from the wharf-boat, over the stage-planks, down the main-deck, and back again, hustling on the last ends of the freight. A score of early passengers straggled along the boiler-deck rail. Up on the roof Murnane was chatting with Captain Travers.

Egan took in the scene and scowled. Suddenly the safety-valve opened, and the

waste steam began to rush, rumbling and booming, from the vent by the water-line. Jerrems, or the new man, was getting his fires hot too soon. With the thought, all the fury of his discharge, his practical disbarment from his trade, swept through Egan's surly brain, and he cursed again the Union Line, and all who had to do with it, from Kehoe down to the lowliest negro deck-hand.

Well, at least he could go home; they could not prevent him from doing that.

For all his roving life, Egan had a home, away up beyond Winona, in the Minnesota highlands, the little cottage at Minneiska Landing his father had built when he came into the West, and, dying, had left to him. There he spent his winters, the closed seasons.

The true steamboatman, when he travels, travels by river, whenever it is possible geographically. He scorns the puny locomotive, swift though it may be; he frets in the cramped coaches; he chokes in the swirling dust of the road-bed.

So it did not once occur to Egan to journey home by any route other than the river, even though all the boats were Kehoe's. (The Union Line was the only one running so far north as Minneiska that season.)

Boarding the wharf-boat, he waded through the tangle of drays and assembling tourists on the main floor to the ticket-office, slapped down a bill, and called for a first-class passage via the *Chippewa* to Minneiska, Minnesota. Murnane, it happened, had, in the meantime, returned from the steamer, and stepped for a moment into the ticket-office. He heard, of course, Egan's request, and, thinking to do the square thing, put his head into the window and said heartily:

"You don't need any ticket to ride on the *Chippewa*, Mike."

"I ask no favors of you," answered the engineer, looking a yard over Murnane's head.

Before the superintendent could argue the matter, the clerk handed out Egan's ticket and change.

Seeing the mood his old mainstay was in, Murnane went on the steamer at once, and warned Travers to watch Egan and keep him away from the engine-room. Also, he told Eddy Siver, the bartender, not to sell him any liquor.

The *Chippewa* left on time, with Jerrems and Jo Black in the engine berths—Black on watch—and Mike Egan holding a first-class ticket and elbow-room up-stairs. He did not have a state-room, because all had been sold for a week. Ordinarily, so late in the season, travel with us was beginning to wane; but that year our passenger department had turned out some clever advertising matter, illustrated in colors, telling how fine the up-river country looked in its autumn foliage, and a very nice showing of people was being attracted by it. The *Chippewa* had three hundred and ten passengers out of St. Louis that trip, really a hundred and ten more than she could accommodate. The surplus had to be content with seats at the second table, and, at night, with cots in the cabin, the women separated from the men by curtained partitions.

Yet, for all that, we never sent out a jollier, finer crowd. It was glorious weather: a little hot at noon, perhaps, but cool at other times, with a big, soft harvest moon after dark. The whole country-side—mountains, hills, prairies, lowlands—was ablaze with the thousand gorgeous colors the first frost had painted. The smoky, drowsy haze of the fall lay gently over everything. And how those passengers enjoyed the ride—all each day, late into each night!

It was a banner freight trip, too. The boat left with a big manifest, and at every landing she found more. And all offerings were welcome but one: a consignment of baled straw for Winona.

Travers did not like to accept the straw, for fear of fire. But Magee suggested that it be piled aft on the main-deck, just ahead of the engines,—a good hundred feet from the boilers,—and covered with tarpaulins to guard against any stray cinder or cigar-stub. That seemed sound reasoning, so Travers let Magee load the straw, and went on without worrying more about it.

With such a load, Travers was naturally anxious to make a good run to St. Paul; but the steamer's crotchety engines were against him from the start. With the first stroke, almost, they began to ail, and before Hannibal was passed, Saturday morning, they were completely out of trim, grinding, pounding, leaking steam at every joint. Jo Black owned they were too much for him, and Jerrems had to be in the en-

gine-room, tinkering and studying, half of Black's watch besides all his own.

Jerrems was a lanky chap, not overstrong; his trouble on the down trip—the thirty hours' solid work—had worn him, and that, taken with this new dose of double time, put him on his berth with a touch of fever Saturday night, leaving Black alone with the machinery. And all Travers could do was to pray that things might hang together until the Pittsburg chief could take hold.

Meanwhile, aside from a general sulkiness, Mike Egan had adopted tactics Murane had never reckoned on. He had not gone near the engine-room once. He had ordered a single drink, had been refused by Eddy Siver, and had backed quietly out.

The truth was, Egan was on his dignity; he was letting the *Chippewa*'s people see in what scorn he held them.

So passed all of Sunday and all of Monday, with the engines mulish; Jo Black working twenty-four hours to the day, doing his best but bungling; Jerrems a very sick man; Travers worried; the weather beautiful; the three hundred odd passengers happy; Egan sulky and still sober.

Eight o'clock Monday evening caught the *Chippewa* just leaving La Crosse, nearly six hundred miles out of St. Louis. By then Jo Black was done up. Two whole days in that steam-filled, grease-reeking engine-room; two days of watching those forty-foot pitmans forge tirelessly forward and back; two days of straining eyes at jiggling dial-faces, of testing cocks, of oiling and adjusting; two days of listening to the hum of boilers and steam-pipes, the jolt of engines, the turmoil of bells, had knocked the tuck completely out of him, and Jo would have given his pay for the trip for a twelve-hour sleep that night.

Very different was it with the three hundred up-stairs; no thought of sleep had they. The evening was warm, unusually clear and quiet. Excepting a dozen or so, all the *Chippewa*'s guests were sitting out of doors, about equally divided between the boiler- and hurricane-decks.

The reds and pinks and golds of a wonderful upper Mississippi sunset—the finest sight on earth—were turning dull, the mountains on each shore melting into weird, uncertain masses of black, the broad,

dusky river mirroring the first venturesome stars.

By and by it was night. The valley lay inky dark. The mountain-tops jutted sharp into the deep blue of the sky; the steamer's masts, chimneys, stays, her trailing wake of smoke, stood out black against it. Beacons, miles apart, twinkled yellow along the banks.

Nobody went to bed, only more and more came up to the hurricane-deck with chairs.

Then, at ten, the moon—a moon that cast a creamy light over the valley, and gave back to the river its shape. The orchestra, in the cabin, played gently. Aft, a group of young Dubuque people chanted catchy coon melodies. Besides the music, there were no sounds over the river save the throaty rush of the drafts in the boat's chimneys, the gentle puffing of the dynamo-engine, the spatter and swish of the great wheel astern.

There was plenty of water that year, but in the channel around La Crosse there was a maze of steep sand-reefs which Uncle Sam, for some reason, had shirked from cleaning out. To squeeze by these called for careful steering, and very often tonight the engines were stilled, and the steamer, drifting, turned and twisted in dead silence.

At ten o'clock Egan was the only passenger not outside viewing the scenery. Egan was in the bar, drinking. Three days Eddy Siver, in accord with Murnane's mandate, had treated the engineer as a stranger. But on the evening of the fourth, Travers, casually asking whether Egan was taking much, betrayed the fact that Murnane had said nothing to him in regard to the prohibition. And as Siver was a worthless animal, particular about orders only when his own scalp was in jeopardy, a half-anarchist who sympathized with anybody who had a grievance, he gave Egan a wink about nine o'clock that the banns were removed. So Egan went to ordering straight whisky. At first he was haughty with Siver, but by ten the whisky had thawed him, and he was loudly berating Kehoe, Murnane, and the line, and waxing hotter with each drink. At twenty minutes after ten, while the steamer was drifting into a crossing, dodging reefs both to port and starboard, he was railing away thuswise:

"You know, Eddy, how I 've slaved for the line, how I 've patched their rotten boilers and puttered over their played-out engines. And now I 'm let out, good as black-listed, for drinking, they tell me, as though this prime stuff could hurt a man! Time was when Kehoe was a good boss to work for; but that upstart Murnane put the old man under his thumb the day he went in as superintendent. I 'd like to see the two of 'em at the bottom of the Mississippi, by God! And all their old tubs of steamboats along with them! I 'd like—"

Egan was stopped by an odd, sharp noise somewhere below, like the hiss of a soaring rocket. With it the incandescents in the bar dwindled out. Egan's head was a bit logy with liquor, yet he knew that hiss meant a fuse gone, and he waited patiently, his little glass of whisky midway between the counter and his mouth, while Siver lighted the kerosene-lamp kept for such occasions.

Egan started the glass once more toward his lips, but it never reached them, for Siver, with a cry, pointed across the narrow room. Egan looked, and saw many little tails of smoke puffing out at the top of the baseboard, fast blackening the white-painted partition.

As the two stared, there came in quick succession, almost together, confused shouts from the main-deck, a rush of feet on the deck overhead, and a sudden cloud of smoke, thin, but stinging, with many sparks mixed in, that rolled up from some place below, all along the boiler-deck rails amidships. Some of the smoke curled through the promenade doorway into the bar. Siver and Egan broke for the promenade together.

The mischief had started in the baled straw that Travers had been wary of. No cinder, no cigar-stub had passed Magee's snug tarpaulins, but the fuse-box supplying the cabin lamps, screwed in the deck square above the head of the straw-pile, overcharged for a moment, had blown out and shot a blue-white bolt of electricity through wood and rubber and canvas into the heart of the straw.

Jo Black was just then trying the cocks on the boiler-heads, away forward. By the time he had turned at the flash, the fire had sneaked from the bales to the boiler-deck timbers above, to the main-deck

floor below. Jo cut into the smoke for the engine-room. He made the head of the straw-pile, staggering. But there, in the billowing heat, his nerve, worn down by overwork, shaken by the vastness of the danger, withered entirely, and he halted, sick and irresolute. His steamer was adrift in mid-river, her motionless engines unattended.

Jo well knew his duty, but it was a volcano, and nothing else, that reared in the path; he could not bring himself to go on.

There was trouble above-decks, of course: a panic among passengers such as the river had not seen since the *Stonewall* disaster. Small wonder! With a shock more telling than anything in playwrights' make-believe, moonlight and music and dreamy lounging had given place to the gaunt death-specter, beckoning and close at hand. Almost with the alarm, though the fire started sluggishly in the heavy woodwork below, the leaping flames from the straw slipped into the boiler-deck, where there stood a very forest of light partitions, fragile stanchions, rails, and cornices.

The passengers on the boiler-deck, closest to the danger, stampeded first; after them, those on the roof—the scene the same on both decks. Three hundred men and women joined in a wild charge up-ship, away from the fire. Inside of two minutes the hurricane-deck forward of the *texas*, the boiler-deck forward of the cabin, were packed solid with a mob as frenzied as a runaway cattle herd. Not much noise—a gasp now and then from the fainting, a whimper from the bruised, a groan from the hopeless: only a blind movement ahead, a mad pushing, plunging, wrestling, each man, each woman fighting for vantage-ground by the rails. Those who did gain the decks' edges, to save themselves from being crowded through the yielding rails overboard, struck savagely at those behind. The deck-chairs, overturned, snared the feet of the struggling throng, even as they were trampled to kindling.

Mates Magee and Jackson, clerks Lane and Clifton, pilot Hi Davis, with a score of cabin-boys at their backs, strove like heroes to rig the fire-hose, to lower the life-boats, to quiet the people and guide them to life-preservers; for preservers there were, the sort that button on like

jackets, in every state-room, and floats stacked on deck by the hundred. But the passengers were deaf to orders, blind to life-boats and life-preservers. After the first minute of the strife, the *Chippewa*'s men were carried along with the mob, as powerless as bits of flotsam in a whirlpool, unable to help even themselves.

It was then the negro rousters, forty of them, the quickest set in the world to flash into panic, began to jump from the forecastle into the river, and stroke like water-dogs for shore.

Yet, strangely, no one among the passengers ventured jumping. Doubtless it was because, new as were the majority to steamboating, they feared the water fully as much as the fire. Excepting Lake Pepin, there is not any great depth anywhere in the upper river; but, for all they knew, there was a hundred feet in that particular spot, and there was indeed twelve—quite depth enough to swallow up that crazed company.

Captain Travers had gone to bed early, but with the first cry of the alarm he was at the door of his state-room in the head-end of the *texas*, clothed in night-shirt and trousers; Charley Barr, a young pilot, but as cool as an icicle, was then at the wheel—two good men for the night's work. Travers, his bearings taken instantly, hurled himself like an angry bull out on deck, through the crowd that swarmed in front of the *texas*, to a place from where he could see the pilot-house. Then, worming about, he shouted an order up to Charley Barr. Charley could n't hear a word of it for the crackle and hum of the flames, but he knew what the order was, nevertheless, because there is only one rule—a golden one—for that sort of a life-and-death proposition: run your boat to the bank, and hold her there until the passengers are safe ashore, then every steamboatman for himself.

Charley Barr spun the wheel over to land on the Minnesota side, then, pulling fast at the bell-ropes, sent the signals to ship up and start engines ahead, and followed, almost instantly, with a call for full stroke.

Sharp above the noise of the fire both Travers and Barr heard the big bells jangle discord down in the engine-room, and, together, they waited for the hiss and quiver of the answering engines. But no

sound, no move, came from below. The *Chippewa* drifted silently on at the middle of the mile-wide Mississippi, while the flames, darting up into the calm night, straight as a spire, from abaft the midships section, slowly spreading toward bow and stern, rolled higher and higher until, in their light, the mountains took on again the colors of the autumn, and the river's silky flow changed from black to crimson.

Suddenly Travers, wheeling for a glance up-stream, noticed among the swimming negroes a white man who looked very much like engineer Jo Black. Travers, getting Barr's eye, pointed toward him. Barr nodded back that he had already seen. If the fellow was indeed Black, it appeared as though the *Chippewa*'s wheel had turned for the last time. Even then two of the cabin-boys were carrying the fever-stricken Jerrems, too sick to lift a finger, from his cabin to a life-boat. As for the rest of the *Chippewa*'s officers,—not counting the one chance in a million of reaching the engine-room, and their ignorance of machinery,—they were, every one, wedged helpless in the mob.

Again Charley Barr, his face hard, snatched at the bell-ropes. Again the bells pealed loud, filling the woods around with many clanging echoes. And still the machinery hung quiet, still the steamer drifted, dead, a thousand feet from the nearest shore, while the flames seethed fiercer and fiercer through her middle. The fire had gotten through the roof now; the rear of the Texas had caught; the pilot-house was smoking in the heat, its glass sides cracking.

The third time, despairing, Barr pulled the go-ahead calls. The third time the bells clashed wildly over the roar of the fire.

A faint exhaust rumbled—*whoo-ooof*—in the chimneys: the engines were starting! Jo Black was still at his post—so thought captain and pilot.

The exhausts came again, and again, and again,—*whoof, whoof—whooof, whoof—whooof, whoof*,—long-drawn, resonant, so mighty that the great chimneys trembled with them. And, ringing louder with each stroke, rose the clank of the waking engines.

Shivering her whole length, swiftly gathering way, the *Chippewa* plowed for the Minnesota shore.

FROM the bar Mike Egan started up-promenade after the flying Siver. He had run but a little way when Charley Barr sent his first bells to the engine-room. Egan heard them, and, like the officers up-stairs, listened for the noises of the engines. No noises followed. Egan stopped, surprised. Little interest as he had taken in the boat's affairs during the trip, he knew that Jerrems was sick, that Jo Black, late tow-boater, was standing all the watches; and although, unlike Travers and Barr, he had not seen the man swimming away before his eyes, he guessed the truth—that Black had shown the white feather, that the engine-room was empty.

Egan hated the Union Line; hated its owners, its managers; hated its boats; had, only a minute before, wished them all at the river's bottom, where the *Chippewa*, in certainty, seemed bound. But all this was forgotten: he stood now only the packet engineer.

He lagged a moment to make sure, then, facing about, loped aft, with ponderous footfalls, as fast as his giant frame would let him. Ducking through swelling banks of smoke, dodging flames that waved and flapped all along the rail, he thundered to the head of the steep stair astern that led to the back of the engine-room. Down the stair he slid rather than ran.

The back of the room was not afire yet; whether the front was still untouched he could not tell. The whole main-deck was glutted with a smoke that, fed by oak and pine, by straw, by assorted freight, butter, syrup, oil, and what not, cut at a man's eyes and nostrils like acid, and hung as solid as a brick wall. Too heavy to float into the open, it was growing thicker with each second. Egan could not see an inch any way, only where the fire, up ahead, tinged the smoke dull red.

The throttle and levers were fifty feet forward. Quitting the eddy of air by the stairway, Egan tried to make a run for them. It was not in man to do it. Once in the thick of the vapor, he dropped, strangling, almost with the first leap. The stair was not his length behind, but he did not seek it. Gagging, spitting, gasping for air where there was none, he started forward again, crawling on his belly. The smoke filtered into his mouth, his eyes, his

nose. The heat made his flesh pucker and tingle. His clothes stuck to him, sodden with sweat. The light of the blaze, fast brightening, showed scarlet through his close-drawn lids. Knife-like slivers, that sprang from the worn planks of the deck, scratched and gashed his arms, chest, and legs. So he went on, each inch a battle, each foot a campaign, mumbling curses at the pain, his mouth against the deck, his arms groping for some post or rod he knew, until it seemed he had gone the length of the steamer.

Of a sudden the bells rang again for engines, somewhere overhead; but whether the sound was to the left or right, before or behind, Egan could not decide.

He toiled a few feet farther; his hand touched an iron pipe running across-ship next the deck. The pipe was full of steam, hot, and it seared his hand; yet he did not curse this time. That pipe was the supply for the dynamo-engine: it told him his whereabouts. He had gone too far forward, and to the left. Twisting around, he sighted the four incandescents on the switchboard back of the dynamo—a row of mere yellow specks, though they were not five feet away. The levers and throttle stood on a small platform just in front of the switchboard.

Very slowly, toward that platform Egan wrenched his scorched, bleeding body, while the flames leaped yards to his inches, grappled the edge, and drew himself in a heap upon it. Slower yet he ran his right arm up the shipping-lever: the engines were set to back, in obedience to the last order before the alarm. Unable to reach the bar's top, Egan tottered to his knees, clutched the latch, released it, and tugged to bring the lever over. It stuck, for some cause. Gaining his feet, he threw on his weight. The lever slipped forward with a jar. The strain over, Egan, unthinking, opened his mouth and drew in a great breath of smoke. Down he fell like a man shot, and lay there, just alive. The heat swept at him a shriveling gale, the platform was charring, but Egan did not mind much. His throat was swollen shut, his tongue lolling; he could scarcely breathe. He did not mind that, either. Somehow he was forgetting what he had come there for.

With a mad crash and rattle, the big bells—Barr's third despairing call—let loose square over Egan's head. It brought the weakening engineer up like the trumpet of judgment. Getting to his knees once more, he felt for the throttle—found it. Oiled a dozen times a day for a score of years, the steel wheel turned at his touch, as smooth as the stem-wind of a watch. Twice around he sharply whirled the throttle, waited a space, then spun it down like a top till the valve was wide open and the steam from four boilers was hurtling through ten-inch pipes to the cylinders.

Egan could not see the engines, but the spit of the steam around the pistons, the pound of the slide-valves, the rise and fall of the deck, told him they were moving.

Until then the fire had risen straight up; but now, spurred by the draft of the boat's movement, it came rushing astern, through the engine-room, like a whirlwind. But Egan, on his knees, his hands locked on the rim of the throttle, was dead a full minute before the flames reached him. He did not know when the *Chippewa* met the Minnesota bank, full speed, with a shock that ground her nose yards into the clay soil. He did not know when the steamer's company—not a life was lost save his—scrambled from the blistering decks to the soft, damp turf, while his racing engines held the boat fast against the shore.

## v

THEY huddled on the beach, the *Chippewa*'s passengers and crew, the mountains behind them as light as noonday in the fire-glow, an awed, silent crowd, shrinking from the heat, and watched their steamer rage into the night, a white-hot bonfire, the skeleton of her upper works slowly crumbling in the heart of it. And all the while, as they looked wondering on, the engines, slow to die, driving the great wheel dizzily around, lashed the shallows inshore to blood-red waves.

But not until an hour after, when Jo Black limped in at the tail of a party of rousters and brokenly told his story, did Travers and Barr and the others guess to whom they owed salvation.



Drawn by F. C. Yohn. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"GETTING TO HIS KNEES ONCE MORE, HE FELT FOR THE THROTTLE"

# SANDY McKIVER, HERO

BY HERBERT D. WARD

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN



T last McKiver's conscience began to annoy him. In other words, he had got enough. It occurred to him for the first time after a four-days drunk that he had a wife and child on the "Neck" who were anxiously waiting for him—anxious not so much for his affection, that lately, by the powerful alchemy of alcohol, had been transformed into cold brutality, but for that pittance without which they had hardly been able to support life. But McKiver's "trip" had disappeared. He had been paid off a hundred and five dollars as his share of a three-months fishing trip, and he had forty-two cents in his pocket. With a grunt he turned his face toward the ferry, and steered himself as well as he could down the narrow sidewalk. Every now and then he would luff up into the strong scent of a bar-room; then the jingle of the few cents he had remaining would remind him of duty and home, and harass him until he turned again upon his unsteady course.

It might have been a day in October instead of in January. Fairharbor was familiar with these exotic changes in the dead of winter. The children played in the streets, and dories dotted the harbor. Far out beyond the dangerous breakwater the sea seemed a cloth of blue velvet upon which motionless vessels were indolently etched. It was a languorous dream of summer, as much out of place on the bleak gray shore tinged with snow as Sarah Bernhardt would have been in Barnstable, or McKiver in a mosque in Jerusalem.

McKiver's huge form kept yawning toward the ferry. He was an Englishman who five years before had stepped from the deck

of a salt-steamer to the deck of a fisherman, and had exchanged a "lime-juicer's" life of starvation and safety for the full-bellied and hazardous existence of a "Grand Bunker." Incidentally he had married a girl from down East somewhere,—he did not know just where,—who had waited on him in his boarding-house, and had been attracted to him by his brute size and surly masterfulness. After her fashion, Kate clung to her husband, and accepted his caresses and abuse as a legitimate part of the "for better" and "for worse" portion of the marriage fate, and was faithful to him. She had borne him a red-headed, freckle-faced baby, combining the marked characteristics of the two, and was prouder of the advent than he. Likewise, after his own fashion, Sandy cared for Kate. He had been too busy living to love. But Kate was sort of human Newfoundland, always fawning and ready—more of a convenience than a care. That is what a wife is liable to be to a fisherman who is away three quarters of the time and "found."

Now McKiver's brain, under the influence of the hot sun, began to thaw and clear. He pushed his sou'wester back, and unbuttoned his jacket. As the whisky sweated out, his responsibility to his family filtered into his heart. Why had he not gone straight home instead of allowing himself to be tolled up into a saloon? How long would the grocer and the butcher, the landlord and the milkman, support his wife and child for him? The last trip had been a failure, and he had solemnly promised Kate to bring the proceeds of this voyage right home. If he did not, she swore she would go home to her

mother and never see him again. Now he had been four days in the city, drunk, if not worse, robbed of all he possessed, and what of Kate? His coarse, mottled face took on a piteous expression in the bewilderment of his tardy remorse. He broke into a grotesque dog-trot as the double whistle of the fussy ferry announced its approach.

The tide was very low. Ten feet below the level of the wharf lay one of those fishing-schooners which an expert at a glance could see was a Georgiaman. Its decks bustled with the preparation of an early departure. McKiver stumbled down the gangway of the ferry-slip, and sat upon the low rail of the tug, under the stern of the fisherman. In a dazed way he read its name—*Finance*. Why, he knew her skipper.

"Hullo, there, *Finance*!" he called gruffly from sheer habit. He was simply trying to drive Kate out of his mind.

A hollow-cheeked, winter-beaten countenance, surmounted by a prehistoric straw hat, peered down over the stern. There was an underpinning of gurly trousers tucked into rubber boots; the man was distinguished by a white shirt covered by an open green vest. His short sleeves were rolled up, showing bare, sinewy arms the muscles of which were now loose. They curved under the flesh like lanyards on the lee side of a vessel in a gale of wind. A recent shave had given this lank countenance the appearance of having been touched by hoar-frost. This effect was accentuated by lips chestnut with tobacco. It was the face of a human gull, and by the white shirt you might have known it belonged to the skipper of the *Finance*.

"Hullo, there—you—Noah Lufkin!" repeated McKiver, stupidly. "Wha' che doin' there?"

Noah Lufkin looked indulgently down at the drunkard. He knew McKiver's weakness and his strength. Sober, there was no better trawler in the fleet; a bit surly and overbearing, but to be depended upon when the hooks were heavy and the wind blew. The skipper spat unerringly at the screw of the tug, and opened his gaunt jaws.

"That ain't up to you, Sandy McKiver, what we're doin' here. But I cal'late, if the ice gets down, that we'll be nigh up to Eastport by to-morrow this time—

that is, if it breezes up." He stopped and looked McKiver over critically. He detected the symptoms of the familiar debauch, and that state which vibrates between temporary sobriety and the freshet thirst eager to override the dam of remorse.

"I say, Sandy," he droned dispassionately, "git off the *Little Giant* an' come with me this trip. I'm one man short, an' you've had enough booze for one while. Ye can't stand no more. You're soaked now to the scuppers. Ye'll share alike with the rest of us, an' be back in six weeks a new man with a hundred in your locker."

To the honor of the skipper, it must be said that Lufkin did not know that McKiver was a husband. In Fairharbor men are not rated as catchers of women, but as catchers of cod.

Now, to McKiver's sogged brain the skipper's invitation came like a warp to pull him out of the hell of shame into a Nirvana of forgetfulness, which, after all, is most men's idea of Paradise. If he did go home now, dead broke, Kate would only worry him like a rag, and he would break every bone in her body in return. How much easier to evade trouble and spurn responsibility! As for the baby, it had never yet called him father, and it was but a puppy to his memory. So Sandy eagerly rose to the bait, and managed to stumble up the ferry-slip and down the rigging into the hold of the *Finance*. In five minutes he was snoring in his bunk. In his maudlin, subconscious way, he had now managed to drop out of Fairharbor, for the time being, as completely as if he had been shanghaied off the wharf on a dark night.

And Noah Lufkin, thinking that he had done a philanthropic act all round, as soon as his latest haul was fast asleep, hurried ashore to his cousin the lumper, and purchased a mattress, oilskins, rubber boots, a heavy blanket, and a flannel shirt, in order that McKiver might not suffer too much from salt and cold. Nor did he forget to enter these items in a little cover-soaked book. If Noah had known that there was a desperate woman haunting the purlieus of the city and the wharves for a lost husband, he would have trembled a little as he met a wild-eyed, hungry-looking, red-headed, disheveled creature (carrying a dirty, freckle-faced baby), sweeping

the street and the wayfarers with haggard eyes. As it was, the skipper looked upon her pityingly, and hurried back to his vessel. In an hour's time the tug towed the

said Fred Briant, as he gave the wheel half a spoke to port, "but this weather is unnatural in January. I don't somehow like shippin' a man like him at the 'leventh



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"'I SAY, SANDY, SHOVEL A LITTLE MORE COAL'"

*Finance* two dollars' worth into the harbor, while the crew lazily hoisted her sails, that she might meet her fortune or her fate. That was the 6th of January.

It took ten days to make Eastport.

"I ain't a-goin' to criticize the skipper,"

hour. Not but what it 's often done, especially when they 're liquored up. But—" He shook his head ominously at the shock of red hair peering above a trawl-bucket forward, and then swept the clear horizon for a breeze of wind.

"It 's so onnatural hot, too." George Johnston stroked his mouth meditatively and gazed at the heavy, oily sea. "Besides," with a jerk at the red head, "he has n't got nothing to commend him, an' it 's my opinion that there ain't no law that can compel him to share and share alike, if he jes eats and sleeps an' don't talk. It 'pears to me that it don't take more 'n ten days to get over a rip-snortin' drunk. I suspicion he 's done sumphin' he had n't orter, an' he 's Jonahin' the hull trip."

The two men looked at each other darkly, and gravely nodded in unison. For it must be admitted that as a companion on the cruise Sandy McKiver had so far been a failure. Sulky and surly and rude, he resented all attempts at friendliness, until the crew gave him up in disgust, and the skipper himself regretted shipping so crabbed a hand.

Indeed, the atmosphere on board the *Finance* was a little prickly. Never in the memory of the twelve men had such extraordinary August calm occurred in January. The winter of 1888, remarkable for fateful contrasts, had now begun its atmospheric coquetry. The sticky rigging, the brazen sky, the leaden sea, the lumpy waves of vitreous and iridescent surface—these were more exasperating than wind and frozen foam and the bone in the schooner's teeth that stirs the sailor's heart. Some people might have looked apprehensively at the flapping sails, and have listened to the wailing of the blocks with a dull fear, wondering what the foil to this stupendous calm would be. But the fishermen chafed at the lost time and at their forced inertness. For every hook had long been ganged, and every trawl was properly stowed in its respective bucket, ready for bait and business. No, the twelve men had only two guides—the barometer and superstition. The skipper said the barometer was all right, but McKiver, the thirteenth man, had become the superstition of the crew.

There he lay, his head propped up against a dory's mast and sail, motionless, with a look of ineffable weariness on his coarse face,—refining it a little in the sight of angels, but not in the recognition of his mates,—there he lay, the pathetic spectacle of a strong man cast out of humanity because he had cast manhood

out of his heart. What thoughts swept like bats through his dark brain! Indistinct visions of dishonor that seemed for the first time to be unmanly, an undefined disgust for the liquor that starved Kate, a remorse that was beginning to emerge as from a dense fog, a surprised suspicion that he had been a coward to his wife in the moment when he should have pleaded on his knees for forgiveness, and a growing desire to touch Kate—honest, warm-hearted Kate—and to hear his little kid squeal. How he cursed the *Finance*, its captain, and its crew! How he cursed the enforced idleness! It made him think. But, without knowing it, thought was molding him into a man.

So they drifted into Eastport, and found no bait. Then a little breeze sprang up, and they ran for Cutler. There they baited up, sailing for Georges thirteen days after they had left Fairharbor. There were not a few on board that afternoon who put that ominous figure and McKiver's advent together, and asserted that no good could come from the combination.

But McKiver, now busy for the first time baiting up his two buckets of trawls, smiled grimly upon his mates, and forgot his thoughts. For the weather was turning cold, the barometer was dropping, and the wind was rising from the northwest. Before the crew realized it, each man was clumsy in woolen clothes, jumpers, oil-skins, rubber boots, mittens, and sou'westers, and they were hove to under a handkerchief, in a blinding gale of snow and wind, their only mark had been Seal Island off their port bow, and that mark had disappeared in the drift.

Sudden changes at sea are the meat and drink of the fishermen. They are part of that exciting life which will turn in at four bells in a calm, and stumble out of the bunk at two bells in a "snorter," without the slightest trace of resentment. It did not take the crew of the *Finance* long to get their ship into shape. Even in the stinging flail of snow, before the night came and the sea arose in his wrath, the deck was cleared of every movable thing except the two nests of dories that were snugly lashed together between the masts amidships. Trawls, buckets, pens, buoys, and spare sails were stowed below near the fresh herring, that had no need of ice to keep them fresh, so cold had it already



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SANDY MCKIVER RAISED HIS TWO CLENCHED FISTS AND UTTERED  
A HOARSE CRY OF DEFIANCE"

become. By night the wheel was lashed and the *Finance* jogging without helmsman, meeting the buffets of the storm with almost human intelligence. The men were all huddled below, with hatches fast. Four stayed aft: the skipper, Fred, George, and McKiver. They sat in silence, each in his

own bunk, bent over with chin in hands, their shoulders pressed upon the upper berths, their feet steadied on the floor, immovable, a part of the swaying, protesting, creaking fittings and furniture. There they smoked, clad in their thick clothes and oilskins, ready for any emergency, re-

garding the sullen storm with expressionless faces. Forward in the cuddy the other nine men were cut off from their mates except by a venture along the life-line, which it had already become a mockery to grasp. A horizontal icicle, when the boat pitches to escape the demoniac onslaught of a curler, when the blinding snow cuts like a rain of stilettos, and when the gale plucks at you with the force of a limited express, is not the tenderest guide to conduct you to safety.

"What's she at, skip?" Fred Briant noted the skipper's glance at the barometer. This prophet of the deep, this more than wife to the sailor, on the interpretation of whose moods hang the life and death of the seafarer, lay comfortably upon the skipper's pillow on its back, its fateful black needle pointing five points below "France," where it seemed to hold with a pertinacity worthy of a happier cause.

"Steady at five!" roared the skipper, in a lull of comparative calm from the bombardment of the storm. "I say, Sandy, shovel a little more coal."

Sandy McKiver's face lighted with a smile of response. He was no longer sullen and offish. His face had become purified from whisky, and resolute. Responsibility had clothed him with a new complexion; danger had given his wavering eyes directness and aim. He was as different from the McKiver of a week ago as a ravenous bluefish is from a slothful, wormy rock-cod. With consummate dexterity he glided over the heaving, pitching floor to the coal-locker, and filled up the hungry stove without losing a lump.

"Ain't the coal a little low? How much ye got for'ard, Noah?"

Fred and George cast glances at each other as if they were casting for trout. These said plainly that Sandy McKiver was fit for something else than the bait-mill. It was their discovery, and they were proud of it. Coal was a secondary subject when they perceived that their sodden mate had become somewhat of a man. Let the poets prate about the furnace of affliction! It is the ice of desperation that brings out true manhood and its worth.

How cruelly cold it was! Even the stove, pushed to its utmost, could hardly keep the frost on the mustaches of the men from steaming like little bergs of ice. But McKiver saw by the skipper's face that the

coal question was liable to become serious. Three days of such penetrating weather would easily use up a three-weeks supply. Why, the snow and ice lay thick upon the companionway, and were fast becoming a slush on the cabin floor. Even now, a wilder flurry blew a gust of fine sleet down from the crack of the companionway above, and landed it at the foot of the stove, where it lay unmelted. The four men regarded this patch of snow, each wondering how long it would take for it to disappear.

Suddenly Fred Briant arose, felt the buckles of his rubber boots, tightened up his oilskin, pulled the flaps of his sou'-wester over his ears and buttoned them under his chin, and drew on a pair of thick woolen mitts having about the indefinite discoloration of tapioca pudding. He swayed up to the companionway.

"I guess I'll go an' see how the boys is for'ard," he explained casually. "I'll bring back some feed an' coffee, an' see how the coal is holdin' on. Beat a hand there, George, an' shut the slide on me."

"Hol' on!" Sandy McKiver stood to his height. "I want a breath of air, an' two is better 'n one in this hell. A couple o' extra buckets o' coal would come in handy jes now, hey, skipper?"

Fred Briant looked at the man he had once despised, and his underhanging lip trembled a little. Then suddenly he shot out a clammy mitt and clasped McKiver's huge hand. "Come on, mate!" he roared. "An' if any one says you're not white, I'll sliver him, by —!"

The two men forced their heads and shoulders into the storm, as if they were lifting a monstrous weight. In the opening of the companionway slide the cabin was flooded with flurry and roar.

Left alone, the skipper sat regarding George Johnston struggling to get the slide in place. Then he opened his oilskin and tucked his barometer into his breast and carefully buttoned it in. He slid over to the impoverished coal-locker and inspected it thoughtfully; then he said:

"Let's jine 'em, George. This ain't no place for us. We're better in the cu'd. One stove is all we can afford, an' the glass ain't goin' up none. Come, let her go!"

In a quarter of an hour two more beaten, exhausted pygmies clawed at the forecastle

slide and dropped below. All the crew of the *Finance* were now together.

For three days, with only a crack in their hatch, the men waited in the cuddy

to exchange desperate and furtive looks. Yet they said not a word. They huddled, smoked, shivered, ate, drowsed, and stared. Sailors never whine. Outside of their pro-



"I'M AFRAID HE'S FROZEN STIFF"

for the gale to abate. By that time their coal had almost given out. Ice-logged, snow-bound, wave-swept, wind-racked, the *Finance* labored heavily, like a convict exhausted under the lash. The men began

fession they had no resources, shut up there, but the medicine-chest; and one does not take emetics for recreation.

On the morning of the 22d the gale suddenly lulled. For the first time in

seventy-two hours, the wind abated, the snow ceased, and the temperature rose. The horizon presented an ominous band of crape. The sea was still as rebellious as a litter of wildcats. For an hour the crew cleared deck and chopped ice. The vessel was considerably lightened, and groaned less; but the captain shook his head.

"Boys," he said, "it's no use. We're runnin' out o' coal 'bout as fast as we run out of Eastport. Haul in on them sheets an' make it nor'west by no'th. I want to fetch Shelburne. The glass is droppin' like —. He's down to twenty-nine an' scootin'."

Even as the skipper spoke, the clouds closed in; the snow obscured all things from sight, and the hurricane leaped upon the *Finance* as if loosed by Satan himself. There was now no such thing as waiting in the closed cuddy with lashed helm for the weather to change. It had become a battle for life, and every man on board knew it. It was now watch and watch, and a thrash to quarter in an Arctic hurricane, and a thrash back. Two at the helm, two on the lookout with nothing to see, and two amidships ready for the last emergency—the rest below waiting their turn.

Hell has bequeathed to earth no greater horror than the anticipation of inevitable disaster or death. The convicted murderer dies a thousand tortured deaths before the painless moment of electrocution. Indeed, the evil he dreaded comes to him as a positive relief. So the hopelessly besieged have welcomed the final onslaught of a pitiless enemy. So the exhausted, sleepless crew of the *Finance* welcomed the shriek of the lookout, electrifying them into an activity which eagerly faced the known. Death now mockingly held before them the hopeless prize of life.

It was two o'clock in the morning when the cry of "Breakers ahead! She's struck!" sent every man to the rigging. Pounding, overwhelmed, gashed, the old fisherman staggered over the outlying reefs, and brought up bow on in the embrace of two rampant ledges, sunken at high tide. The wind howled hysterically. The snow cut like powder of steel. Then the waves began to play with an easy prey. There were four hours left before dawn to strew the coast with kindling-wood and battered corpses. As a relish, the sea first tore the rudder from its fastenings and hurled it at

the granite shore; that could not have been more than a few hundred feet away. For the crew could plainly distinguish the procession of the surf by its thunder, and the recessional by the rattle of gravel—the suction of a sure death.

In the first lull of onslaught delay meant but suicide before sure execution; immediate action was imperative to hope. The deck was white with foam. At every punch the ship grunted horribly. The nest of dories had long since disappeared like curlews in the scud. The mainmast now went by the board with the successive spitting cracks of a gust of spiteful artillery. Fortunately, for the moment the crew had instinctively made for the foremast rigging. It generally lasts a little longer.

But Sandy McKiver was transfigured by a delirium of joy. It was a savage, elemental joy, such as Nolan felt when he led the Six Hundred, such as Shaw felt when he marshaled his faithful blacks into certain death, such as every hero feels when he faces inevitable destruction, and by his undaunted courage dares the miracle that alone can save him. There McKiver stood on the last ratline of the rigging, one hand clutching the rope, while with the other he sheltered his eyes from the snow and scum, trying to pierce the darkness and discover the distance of the shore. His eyes blazed so hot a defiance to the wrecking fury that one might have wondered why the ice that enveloped his face did not melt. For McKiver now felt for the first time what others of the crew had muttered when he staggered aboard, drunk. His sin—a coward's sin, a man's desertion of a loving wife—was being visited upon his innocent mates; and now expiation leaped like lava in his blood, although he had never heard of Moses and the goat.

Ah, but he felt as strong as the keel that still held the vessel together in the remorseless surf! Ah, but he felt as unconquerable as the granite rock against which waves beat in vain! His thoughts were fast and furious, like the storm. Perhaps Kate was dead, starved by her husband, and the kid gone too, murdered by his neglect.

"Kate, old gal!" he kept saying to himself. "By —, hell itself can't wipe me out without makin' it up somehow." His right arm shot out, defying the force of the whole Atlantic, and his hand caught in mid-air—a *Rope!*

It was a rope flung high by the spume, and by its feeling Sandy knew it was a tarred trawl-line. It was a message from heaven. It was an answer to his desire. Or was it the sarcastic challenge of the worst surf that inhospitable coast had seen for many a year?

Sandy carefully drew the line in. He knew just what it was. It was a three-strand piece which had been stored away in one of the dories to use in the trawls. It was new and strong and long. That line, plus a man, was the only hope for the crew. It was a chance that might succeed only once in a thousand trials. It was sure suicide unless the miracle intervened. And when McKiver held it in his hands he rejoiced like the Son of the Morning. He threw his head high, and his eagerness and exhilaration could no more have been chained than the waves themselves.

First McKiver kicked off his waterlogged rubber boots. Then he divested himself of everything but his underclothes. He did not yet feel the cold; he felt only the opportunity. Blinded by snow and spray, drenched in every wave, assailed by the January cold that could devour at a gulp the hottest furnace in the land, Sandy McKiver stood for a moment ready for his plunge into the caldron of the surf.

"Pay it out easy!" he howled to Noah Lufkin, when he had made the end of the line fast about his waist. "You'll hear from me, Noah. Don't haul her in too soon."

He passed the precious coil to the skipper, and dropped below the lanyards to the rail. For a moment he stood, a gaunt silhouette against the breaker and the foam. Then the next wave arose, gigantic, imperious, leaping. It frosted the wreck and swept irresistibly shoreward. Before it touched him Sandy McKiver raised his two clenched fists and uttered a hoarse cry of defiance. When it had plunged on, the hero was gone.

Only the skipper knew the struggle that now ensued. Paying out the line with the skill of a passed angler, now slowly, lest it tangle, now fast, lest it impede, he played McKiver with consummate art; for he was playing for life.

Now the battle between the storm and the man raged. But in the very hope of victory, a fierce breaker picked McKiver up in its teeth, shook him, and smashed him against a rock. It was a jagged rock,

and mechanically the man clutched it like a limpet. As the water receded it left him high and streaming, almost a part of the green fringe that dares the white cascades to tear it from its granite roots. But the fisherman blindly struggled a few steps up, and clung in a crevasse. Numb almost beyond movement, broken in bone, bruised of body, his will was still unfrozen and his soul unconquered.

Inch by inch he pulled himself up the glassy rocks until he fell in a puddle out of reach of the boiling breakers. It was below zero. The wind cut like Sulu swords, and the snow seared like frozen filings. It would not take McKiver long to freeze to death, and he knew it.

"Christ!" he ejaculated dumbly. This oath was the first prayer of his life. "It's got to be done, an' I'm the man to do it." He staggered to his feet. One leg was smashed from the knee down. He supported himself upon the other, fixing his bootless foot in a crack in the rock, and so he lay back again, ready for the awful tug which he knew could have only one end. His hands were too numb to tie the rope upon a rock. Still tied about his waist—he straightened and strained; it was his endurance against the life of twelve men.

By this time the *Finance* was on her last legs.

"I've got the signal, and she's tautening up!" cried the skipper in a lull. "If ye're goin', it's got to be quick! Get down in there, George, an' let out a reef!"

And as George grasped the frail buoy-line and hurled himself boldly into the white hell, the tide mercifully turned.

But Sandy McKiver felt the strain of water-swept weight. His muscles cracked, his waist was circled with flame, while his foot froze into the crack of the rock.

"God!" he cried. "If I could only see Kate and the kid! I'll bet she'd forgive me!"

WHEN George Johnston crawled out of the deep and the frozen swirl, almost dead himself with the struggle, and followed the life-line up, he stooped and felt, and then uttered an oath commensurate to the sacrifice. He hurriedly unloosed the bowline from McKiver's waist, and hitched the trawl-line to a granite projection. Then

he fell upon his knees and began to chafe his unconscious savior.

One after the other, the crew of the *Finance* made the perilous journey from the broken vessel to the barren rock that lay a cable's-length from the mainland. Not a man of them was lost. By what the blind are accustomed to call a "freak" of Providence, the *Finance* held firm in her granite vise until Noah Lufkin, her skipper, found himself dashed upon the rock. By the loosening of the line he knew that the final catastrophe had come. His men hauled him in just before his freezing hands lost their hold.

Then the sea, thwarted and furious, hurled, as from a hundred bows, slivers of wreckage that smote and pierced the huddled group as they lay on the rock, clutching with bleeding fingers its jagged fissures, lest a roller higher than the last wash them to the edge, and they slide and become flotsam. For there they clung together, with McKiver in the middle, whether dead or dying, they knew not, and all they knew was that if God permitted them to live until morning, they would carry him ashore and give him a decent burial. So they caught the javelins and impaled them in the crevasses, and fastened themselves down.

Then there arose a wonder: this was a gale of frozen herring. These the sea in its final fury cast upon the men like flails—frozen ghosts of frozen fish. Only once in the memory of the Fairharbor fishing-fleet has such a ghastly bombardment taken place. By twos, by threes, by dozens, by scores, the receding tide threw up on the apex of its foam the released bait. This the wind caught and shot like arrows at the crouching heads of the freezing men. If the tide had been coming instead of going, the story of McKiver could not have been told.

THE day dawned leisurely and with that exasperating unconsciousness of great disasters peculiar to nature. The sparse inhabitants of that cheerless Maine coast dreaded to look out that morning. The snow that for the last twenty-four hours had shut out one horror of the sea, but had left its rhythmic booming to irritate the nerves and the imagination, had now ceased. The cold day dawned. The sun arose. The storm had passed.

Now, one by one, faces peer anxiously through battered windows, and out of storm-pocked doors. Huge, oily waves thunder up the rocks and obliterate the view with their iridescent spray.

Round Rock stands out imperturbable—a glistening sentinel. But what is that black mass upon its top? The rising sea approaches it stealthily; each wave licks nearer. One old mariner after another brings out his long telescope and inspects the unusual phenomenon.

"My God! It's men! Shipwrecked! Cast up in the night!"

But where is their vessel? Not a sign of ship or wreck. Are these specks children of the hurricane and of the sea—born in the night and thrust out upon the bleak?

Simultaneously the little population gathered upon the shingle behind the rock. It did not take long to launch a dory with a couple of men in the swirl of the rushing tide. Behind gathered a row of gaunt women; some of them held fat children, who, awed by the solemnity of the scene, cuddled for protection. With eyes shaded by shawls, their mothers waited—fire in their hearts, but their impassive countenances graven by the custom of peril and of want.

The dory grated upon the lee of the rock. The men hauled her up and bounded to the top. The crew of the *Finance* had not passed into the Valley yet. The skipper opened his eyes and said:

"Take him first." With his last strength he jerked his eyes toward a huge broken figure, red-headed and snow-faced.

So they hauled poor McKiver out, and brought him ashore.

"Hurry him up to our house, the poor, poor man!" said one of the tall, gaunt women, who held a freckled baby in her arms. She spoke with a rich, womanly accent, and cuffed the baby because it howled. "Mother would n't hear to his goin' anywheres else," she added.

Then and thus a neighbor answered her:

"I'm afraid he's frozen stiff, but I reckon if any one kin bring him to, you kin, Kate. We'll fetch a pail o' snow, an' you kin rub him with that until the doctor come."

So they carried Sandy McKiver up the hill, and laid him on his wife's bed.

It was a fair spring day. The buds were green and full and bursting joyously. The

sun shone hot, and the birds caroled as if their throats would burst. The scant grass that fringed the coast-line looked thick and juicy. The poor little fishing-hamlet that in winter barely supported life lay in luxurious content and almost Oriental languor.

Then the sea—oh, how blue and peaceful! It just trembled a little in the warm, low wind, as if in ecstasy of mere existence. A baby could venture upon its bosom, so innocent of harm it looked, so devoid of cruelty. Dory fishermen were lazily baiting their lobster-pots, while from the precipitous ledge of Round Rock a group of boys were noisily catching cunnerns punctuating each new haul as it squirmed up into the undeflected sun with uproarious shrieks of glee that could be heard in the squat houses on the shore.

Propped in an old-fashioned kitchen rocker, with his face to the sea, the sun bathing his covered limbs, a gaunt figure reclined. In his lap sat a fierce, freckle-faced baby, making desperate dabs at the man's brilliant red beard. This he would manage to pull, and receive a sharp rap as a reward of merit.

"Say, old gal," cried the father, holding the scratching and kicking infant at arm's-length, "this kid is worse 'n a dog-fish. I reckon he takes arter his ma. Ho, ho!"

A tall, bony woman stooped and emerged from the doorway. "Sandy,"—she spoke in a high, quick tone, but her face showed the tenderness and content of a woman who is absolutely necessary to the man she loves,—"if yer don't cuff that little kid o' yourn mother says you'll spile him—you'll spile him so he won't be wuth his weight in bait." She came and laid upon his shoulder her large, sun-whitened hand. This he gathered in his own at the risk of having his eyes gouged out by his son.

"Kate, old gal," his lips trembled, "I dunno how it come about. I've been thinkin' an' a-thinkin' since the snow went how it happened that the sea cast me up in the only place on God's footstool that I wanted to be in. I guess it's becuz I wanted yer so an' me heart le'pt to yer, an' I guess God understood me better 'n any one else, an' I could n't seem to die until I said, 'Kate, me old gal, will yer forgive me, so help me God?'"

"There, there, Sandy," said Kate, "don't yer say no more, Sandy. Me an' the bebbie hev forgiven an' forgotten long ago. Jes think; if it had n't happened as it did, I would n't hev come home to mother, and I would n't 'a' bin on hand to nuss yer, an' I'll bet no other woman could hev saved yer, Sandy. There was a time when neither you nor me saw any landin' ahead, Sandy; but God and the ocean—them two knew what they was about."

"An' I say, Kate (git down there, you imp o' Satan, yer!), I kin walk poooty well." McKiver stood up, turning his unbronzed and chalk-lined face to the receiving sun. He slipped a crutch under each arm and began to hobble, almost stumbling over his obstreperous child. "Ain't that fine! An' I'll be healed by June, the doctor says; then I'll teach those hollerin' boys a thing or two about cunnerin'."

Kate's eyes filled with tears as the hero showed his deformities. One leg was hopelessly bent, and the foot was gone, and the other foot was only a stump. His right hand had lost three fingers; but this was considered a minor subject, not worthy of comment. The fisherman's wife tried to speak, and could not. Suddenly she blurted out:

"Capt'n John Foster is gittin' deef."

"Hey?"

"I say, he's gittin' deef."

"What's that to me?" a little testily.

"Oh, nothin' much. They say he's goin' to give up the post-office in June, an' thet there's a movement to put a feller called Sandy McKiver in. Did ye know, my father was postmaster once, an' they kinder want some one to represent the country as the folks respect—and—and—as is a man."

His wife came up and put her arm under his. "Lemme help yer, dear; you're tired. You'd better git back to the chair an' lie in the sun. That's better 'n a whole school o' doctors. An', Sandy,—who cares?—as long as me an' the bebbie has you."

It was McKiver's turn. He tried and tried again. Then he burst out like a great big boy:

"'Tain't me. It's you. Y—ye damned old angel, you! I say, it's as long as *I* have *you*—I kin do anything. It's only to be with my wife—that's all I care. There, there! Don't, Kate! For God's sake, don't!"

# THE NEW WOMAN IN TURKEY

HOW ANCIENT RIGHTS AND MODERN DRESS PROTECT AND  
IMPROVE THE LOT OF TURKISH WOMEN

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD<sup>1</sup>

THE curtain screening the more intimate life and manners of the Turk was first lifted by the white hand of an English ambassadress. In 1717 Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went to Constantinople to fall in love with everything Turkish. In the warmth of her ardor she painted the East as the most perfect of countries. The climate, she vowed, was "delightful in the extremest degree." Turkey was the country where she found "women the freest, men the most faithful, religion the purest, and manners the most polite." If its beys, pashas, and effendis betrayed tendencies to an "amiable atheism," it was only that they might prove themselves the better wits.

This clever Englishwoman, to whom no subject was dull, was also "charmed with many points of the Turkish law—to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours." Morality, indeed, in that "heathenish" country she found was at so surprisingly high a level that there was even a punishment for convicted liars.

For over a century and a half Lady Mary's sprightly pictures of the life of Turkish women have remained as the true Western ideals of the mysterious East. In a hundred and fifty years what changes! The Turk is now become the "unspeakable." Turkey is the nation above all others at which hands must be uplifted, eyes virtuously rolled, and the political garment withheld from compromising contact. Yet when one comes to know him, even a

little, the Turk is found to be neither so very terrible nor so hardened in his brutality as we had supposed him.

Whatever may be one's personal conviction concerning Turkey's deeds or her misdeeds, the interest this curious and fascinating country presents is perdurable. More closely allied to European sympathies and tastes than the more wholly alien races of China and India, Turkey is also compellingly attractive, and particularly to Americans, as still preserving to our eyes and ears certain vanished forms and customs.

"Our private life must be walled." This, the Asiatic rule of life, is the curtain that is rung down before the eager, searching Western gaze. Turkish interiors, both moral and domestic, are hedged about as by a triple wall. In spite of the innovations, changes, and reforms introduced by foreign models, the Turk continues to perpetuate, more or less unconsciously, the traditions of his fathers. To hold tight to the secret of one's inner life—this is in the blood of the Turk. Frankness is as foreign to the Moslem nature as is a subtle complexity of thought to the American.

In these more emancipated days Turkish reserve is occasionally seen to lower its vizor. On the slightest suspicion of indiscreet intrusion the movable face of the helmet is, however, quickly sealed tight to its clasp. A Turk nowadays may speak of his wife; he counts on your discretion to consider his mention of her as unuttered.

<sup>1</sup> The author and her husband were members of General Horace Porter's party during the visit to Constantinople of the American ambassador to France, when they received marked attentions from the Sultan and Turkish officials.—EDITOR.

## MONOGAMY ON THE INCREASE IN TURKEY

ALTHOUGH of late years, among Turks highly placed, it has come to be considered as far more chic to have only one wife, yet this laudable increase in the practice of monogamy does not tend to a complete emancipation from certain well-established Moslem traditions. The mention of one's wife to a foreigner is nowadays made the easier when one may truthfully speak of her in the singular number. A Turk may, after some months of semi-intimacy, talk somewhat freely, indeed, of his domestic life, provided always his household is modeled after the European plan of life. The social line is drawn at the point of asking even a lady to call. Frequent visiting between European and Turkish wives, when these are in the singular number, is possible only after a somewhat prolonged residence and much friendly intercourse.

To the casual visitor there is an unexpected embarrassment in finding almost all the Turks one meets in society married to one wife only. The singularity of this singleness is as trying, apparently, to the Turk, on certain occasions, as it is eminently disappointing to the European.

"I do so hope the Minister of —— may grant me the honor of visiting his harem," an American lady remarked with the charming aplomb characteristic of the American woman.

"F—— Pasha would be too delighted, I am sure; only, as it happens, his Excellency has no harem in the sense in which, I presume, most foreigners understand our word," was the courteous reply of the minor official to whom the remark was addressed. "He has but one wife, as, indeed, we mostly all have."

"Has n't any one a harem?" The cry was almost tearful. "F—— Pasha has a great many children," continued this disappointed investigator of Turkish customs.

"Yes, he has eleven living. His wife is very fond of children."

"Is she Turkish?"

"No; she is a Circassian lady of very good family."

"Ah-h, a Circassian! She must be very beautiful; the boys are so handsome," the pretty American remarked in a mollified tone. From a romantic traveler's point of view, if Turks persist in marrying as vir-

tuously and dully as every one else, at least to find them marrying a Circassian slave was a trifle more solacing than to have found the single wife of correct Turkish descent.

The young aide-de-camp smiled as he made answer: "Yes, you are quite right; we mostly marry Circassians, and almost all our children are beautiful."

There are still enough harems throughout Turkey sufficiently equipped with a plurality of wives to satisfy the most exacting of travelers in search of sensation. Even in Constantinople there are pashas and effendis rich enough to keep up the old standards of Moslem marital pomp. The majority, however, of the upper ten thousand practise, at least outwardly, the European fashion of monogamy.

## A FINANCIAL AND A SOCIAL REASON FOR MONOGAMY

THAT this fashion will continue and increase there is little doubt. Fortunes at best are among the most uncertain of possessions in a land where exile and banishment are as likely to happen as birth and death. The most extravagant gift with which a Turk may present himself is, therefore, a properly stocked harem.

Each one of his four wives must have a separate establishment. Each establishment must have its own slaves, cooks, and equipage. Each wife or odalisk must, if she be in the height of the present fashion, have her piano, her French gowns, and foreign tutors for her sons and daughters; and she must, besides, be able to dispense a large and continuous hospitality, ever ready to return the Gargantuan feasts, the grand luncheon-parties, and the *al fresco* fêtes which form the social dissipation of the smart Osmanli feminine world. No one of the wives may be slighted. Each has her legal rights, clearly, exactly defined by scriptural and accepted law. These rights are many—so numerous, indeed, that after a review of them it is the European rather than the Osmanli women who seem to be still in bondage.

As no Turk can with safety withhold from his wives their enforceable rights, he naturally thinks many times before burdening himself with several. Unless his fortune be unusually large, he contents himself with the one wife Christian society

considers as the essential of an ideal marital state.

The rich young Turks, also, have traveled; they have seen the young girls and the clever married women of France, Germany, England, and Austria. On their return to their own country they feel the loss of such stimulating feminine charm and of such intellectual comradeship. A whole harem of beautiful women is not as satisfying as is the company of one woman who may be a companion as well as mistress and wife.

The young Turk is also in his turn an imitator, a student of foreign ways, of life, and of manners. The European, he notes, has (at least, at one and the same time) but one wife. But this single wife is surely better than many, for he may present her, introduce her, she may go everywhere, even do everything, in matters of pleasure or sport, that he does. The European or the American wife is not one wife; she is a hundred. She multiplies herself by her diversity, by her infinite variety. *Ergo*, to have but one wife is at once more chic and more amusing. But where will the young Turk find such an one among the young Turkish maidens suggested to him by his parents? These young girls will have been well brought up according to the Turkish standards of education. These standards are based, however, upon more or less harem, not Continental, matrimonial modes of life. Will he look among the beautiful Circassians, whose loveliness is still, as every Turk knows, as easily to be purchased as is a new thoroughbred? Beautiful, even clever in her own way, as the chosen Circassian may be, still the purchased woman represents the old conditions, the old harem, demoralizing, stupefying, unregenerate conditions.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF MARRYING A SLAVE

FOR various and excellent reasons, however, beautiful slaves, Circassians or Georgians, are still often preferred as wives by Turks of good standing to the free maidens of their own race. Marriage with a Turkish young girl is almost as expensive an affair as the setting up of a harem. There are lavish sums necessary for the giving of the numerous wedding presents. The length and expense of wedding festivities themselves might well daunt the stoutest

heart. Marriage with a slave, on the contrary, entails no greater outlay than the purchase-money. If chosen from the household of a great lady, such a wife stands as good a chance of being well educated and well bred as a high-born Turkish maiden, for the feminine heads of the best households take great pride in the training and education of their slaves, the more beautiful among them receiving a proportionately higher degree of care.

The Turk who marries a slave marries no one else. The dreaded specter of the mother-in-law is one he need never fear. The bride's family, having been conveniently lost and forgotten many years before, will never present itself at the right moment for making trouble.

Once the slave is legally married, she takes her place, with all the social rights and privileges of an Osmanli wife. The true family life of the Turk begins when he is thus the legal spouse of one or more wives.

#### THE MODERN TURKISH GENTLEMAN

MEANWHILE, among the Turkish men, as every one knows, the transformation of the exclusive Oriental into the accomplished European is already become the universal pattern of a Turkish gentleman. Whatever his party, whether he belong to the old or the young Turkey party, the Turk of any pretension to style or to social state clothes himself in certain of the European modes of thought, as he does, sartorially, in European dress.

Whatever the laws governing the standard of manners in Turkish life may be, their results prove them to be beyond criticism. The Turk has not only perfect manners, but he also has this peculiarity among other Eastern nations: however lowly his birth, once he has "arrived," he is transformed into an aristocrat of deeply inrooted conservative tendencies, who yet presents, outwardly, a most engaging, sympathetic plasticity. Those whose lineage has ancestral distinction reveal a most engaging social equipment. "Whenever I want to talk to a man who understands *everything*, I turn to B—— Bey," said a beautiful woman recently to me in Rome. "He is as clever as a Frenchman, as versatile as our American men, and he has the sympathetic quality of a woman."

## A PREMIUM ON DOMESTIC LIFE

DOMESTIC life, our writers would have us believe, is beginning to be one of the lost joys among Western nations. The pace of our feverish, strenuous, excited existence is too rapid to give time for the quieter, duller tread about the family hearth. In Turkey the charms and pleasures of family life are not only enjoyed to the full: they are the more relished because of the comparative dullness of all outside pleasures. Outside of his home, unless he belongs to the court, to the army, to the navy, or to the civil service, a Turk in good standing has few occupations save that of a man of family. His religion forbids him to drink or to gamble; to dance is to lower one's self to the rank of slaves; theaters, operas, shows of any kind, are dissipations unknown to the Turkish world.

For the man who must live without clubs, golf, or the shooting of big game (the Turk of to-day is not universally a sportsman); who may travel only after having obtained royal permission; whose taste for art, as we understand the word, is as yet comparatively undeveloped; who, by virtue of the peculiarities of his climate and the laws of polite living among his people, can therefore neither drink himself to death nor go to the North or to the South Pole in search of adventure—what sort of life is there left for such a man to lead?

As it is in the nature of man to kill something, the Turk has made a fine art of killing time. Between his womenkind and his *kaif*, the Turkish equivalent for *dolce far niente*, he manages to extract a certain amount of delicate and exquisitely satisfactory enjoyment out of what we more actively veined races call the game of life. From the point of view of its being a game, life in Turkey, apart from court and governmental circles, is a failure. The struggle, the zest, the eager intensity with which life is lived in certain European countries and throughout America, stops short of Turkish frontiers.

## THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT IN TURKISH LIFE

TURKEY is as democratic as America. There is no hereditary nobility in Turkey; there is no ruling class; there is no aristocracy, in the true sense of the word. A man

of low origin, even a slave, by his abilities, good looks, or through the intrigues of some influential friend or relative at court, may become a high court official, a minister of the Sublime Porte, even Grand Vizir. The history of Turkey teems with sudden, amazing turns in the wheel of fortune. The careers of some of her greatest statesmen, generals, admirals, and vizirs have been as replete with adventure and as richly colored with wondrous episodes as any hero Dumas or Victor Hugo ever imagined.

So democratic a rule of social and political life has brought about the inevitable results. All Turkish society is more or less in a foment of anxiety, excitement, and intrigue. Since the lowest may aspire to the highest place, every Turkish youth dreams of being governor over some rich province, minister, or, at the very least, ambassador to some of the great capitals. The court is the center of this hotbed of intrigue. All the rays of hope converge toward the central source of patronage and preferment.

## THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT AMONG THE COMMON PEOPLE

FOR the common people throughout Turkey, life has changed but little. The Turkish laborer, artisan, mechanic, farmer, is very much the same Turk he was twelve and a half centuries ago. The greatest change that has come to the poorer classes is that in our day their children are compelled to learn to read and write. These workers, toilers, and mechanics are full of the same superstitions, they are controlled by the same traditions, and they are also as deeply religious, as were their ancestors who swept the Asian plains. Put a sword in their hands, and they would be miraculously changed into fighters and soldiers as fanatical and as iconoclastic as are all fighters possessed by a fierce and living faith.

The religious fervor is as strong as are the practices of religion; for the people continue with undiminished ardor the strict observances of their faith. The common people are among the last of the truly devout believers, and the religion of Mohammed exactly suits the character and taste of the pious, fervent Turk. No other faith can hope to reach every fold of a nature the

base of which is still preëminently at once warlike and sensuous, fierce yet tender, superstitious yet rational, proud and yet patiently humble.

The Koran is all the literature and Bible felt to be necessary to millions upon millions of minds and souls who are still in what may be called a state of high susceptibility to spiritual belief. The millions controlled by this monotheistic form of religion as revealed by Mohammed stretch from the interior of western and southern Africa to India, and from Arabia to the confines of Turkey in Europe. The recent amazing spread of Islamism throughout middle and southern Africa is one of the most interesting features of change and development in that agitated continent. Black races, as well as the Persian, Turkish, Arabian, and the millions among the Indian peoples, have fallen utterly captive to the genii, to the angels, to the peris, to the fates, to the glory, of the Mohammedan heaven, to the mitigated hell torments, to the awful doom of predestination, to the rapturous certainties of resurrection, and to the assured immortality which the Koran, to its believers, reveals with so clear and certain a voice.

As his Koran teaches him to be kind, patient, humane to animals and to his poor, to be hospitable, and to believe solely in one God, and Mohammed his Prophet, and to serve his Khalifa (Sultan) as he would Mohammed, we find throughout Turkey a whole people amazingly kind, courteous, hospitable; a people needing no society of prevention of cruelty to dumb beasts, no almshouses or poor rates; few perverts to other religions; and toward their great Khalifa and Ruler, be he good or bad, cruel or kind, behold a people submissive and humble, and yet full of the dignity that comes of a great patience and of a profoundly loyal nature.

#### THE TWO SYSTEMS OF MOHAMMED

THE Koran has accomplished this and similar results upon widely diverse peoples by means of two systems. Each of these was employed by Mohammed in the elaboration of his new religion. One of these systems was based upon his discovery of the fact that to govern many men of many minds a religion, while it may be a *résumé* of many other religions, as was his, yet

must be one the very simplicity of which comes as a novelty.

The second of that remarkable man's systems was the building up of his moral and civil laws on the theory that to guide certain races you must make due allowances for the influences of climate and customs. Mohammed, for example, did not invent polygamy. He merely legalized prostitution. He made the wild, the savage men of his time, as well as the more sensuously refined Arabians, with their loose notions about the sexual tie, conform to a rule of life which should make a man responsible for his acts. By having his wives and slaves under his own roof, the Mohammedan husband became the protector of the women who ministered unto him. As father, also, the duties and responsibilities of the husband and master were extended to the offspring of both sorts of unions. To such unions very strict limitations were made. No Mohammedan legally may have more than four women, whether as wives or as concubines.

#### WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN TURKEY

THE rights of women in Turkey were clearly defined some twelve centuries before Christian Europe or America had seen fit to grant either divorce or suitable alimony to women.

While a Mohammedan may have one or four wives, as with each or all of his wives, should they be free maidens, he receives a dowry, one half of such dowry is set aside. In case a husband repudiates his wife, this part of the dowry is returned with her to her father's house. This excellent law is perhaps accountable for the fact that, while a Mohammedan has the right to divorce his wife for causes which would seem flippant even in Dakota, a Turk thinks twice before he goes to the extreme of repudiation. "No, no; divorce in Turkey is not popular. In all my acquaintance I do not know one who has divorced!" was gravely stated by a Turkish friend when this most excellent Moslem prohibitive law against impulsive divorces was under discussion.

For a man to send away his wife that he may be freed from her, even take another in her place, is not an unknown masculine infirmity even in Christian Europe. To return her clinking to the tune of half

of her own dowry, this is an impending calamity to avert which many a Turk turns twice on the hard bed his rueful marriage has made for him.

There has been a vast amount of pity wasted upon the Moslem woman. It may surprise even the woman suffragist to learn that the laws of Mohammed confer upon women a greater degree of legal protection than any code of laws since the middle Roman law. Only the more recent liberties and protection granted to married women by the laws of divorce and the exclusive property rights now in force in the United States can be properly compared to those in force in Turkey.

Under the Moslem laws the provision for securing to the wife the free and uncontrolled possession of her property is minutely stipulated in the marriage contract. A suitable sum is also arranged for her maintenance in accordance with her husband's rank.

#### A REVOLUTION WROUGHT BY WOMEN'S FASHIONS

THE Turkish ladies who come to shop in La Grande Rue, to buy innumerable articles at the Pera Bon Marché, are working a silent, unconscious, but none the less amazing revolution in Turkish life. Fashion is the greatest of all subverters. Since Abdul Aziz brought from France French notions about women's dress, and introduced to the women of his harem the intricacies and refinements of Parisian costumes, the tastes and desires of Turkish women quite insensibly have begun, in their turn, their retroactive influence upon Turkish life and finance. The passion for splendid raiment is an instinct with the Oriental. With men as well as women the adornment of the person has been for long ages a cult, a social rite. Along with the influences wrought upon sensuous, semi-barbaric natures by an Eastern sun and the intense Eastern light, under which the strongest colors pale and fade, the Turks, in common with all Eastern peoples, have long associated magnificence in apparel with high rank. Gorgeous as were the jewel-studded, lavishly embroidered Turkish costumes worn by the richer classes in former days, they had this one inestimable advantage—they were always in the highest fashion. It took a new reign to bring in a new cut of a pasha's mantle or gem-

studded turban. As for the women, the harem of the Mohammedan had its own peculiar economies; for within its mysterious walls it was the women who were changed or put aside, and not their dress.

The busy brains of the men-milliners in the Rue de la Paix have effected a bloodless revolution. The Moslem rule of centuries, in matter of dress, is at an end. "*Nous avons changé tout cela,*" the Frenchmen must cry gaily, in a chorus, as they finger the checks signed by strange, undecipherable, but very negotiable Turkish signatures. Boxes upon boxes of gowns, ball-dresses, dinner-dresses, tea-gowns, shoes, slippers, the finest hosiery, the costliest lace-trimmed underwear—these are sent via the Orient express or steamers from Marseilles, to be deposited at the harem doors of wealthy Turkish signors. With the coming of these boxes, the signor has made a discovery. It is now the dresses which change every year, and not, alas! his odalisks. The bey or pasha who twenty years ago could have had two hundred women in his harem, and still know himself to be a rich man, now feels himself poor with but a single wife and her daughters to clothe, and a mere handful of Jarigas; but these, of course, don't count, for slaves still wear—Allah be thanked!—the comparatively cheap Turkish dress.

#### CHANGES IN THE VEIL AND DRESS

IN the streets, as you pass Turkish ladies, you would not, you could not, suspect the full nature of their complete transformation in the matter of costume. It is still good form even among the smartest Turkish ladies to wear, when abroad, their *feridjeh*. But the cloak which is gown and inverted cape in one, the upper part of the garment being drawn over head and ears, this primitive domino cloak, still universally worn by the less wealthy classes, whether walking or driving, has undergone a very sensible amelioration. Instead of the disfiguring drawing-string pattern, the smart *feridjeh* is now simply a very well cut long silk cloak, rather loose-fitting, but still all-enveloping. The ladies whom you pass in their well-turned-out coupés, with only the black man's face beside the liveried coachman on the box to remind you it is not a strictly European establishment—these ladies have commonly

chosen dark, somber colors for their silken cloaks. Their veils are no longer the older-fashioned *yaskmak*, that famous veil that hid all the features save that which is at once most betraying and most seductive in a woman's face, her eyes; this bewitching mask is now chiefly relegated to the poorer classes and to negro slaves. The fashionable Turkish veil of our own time is a true veil. A large square of lace, black or white, covers completely both head and face. The thickly woven mesh falls below the chin. In such a disguise as that provided by the silken cloak and the veil-wrapper, who could divine the dainty French bodice, with its web-like embroideries and lace incrustations, or the tight hip-skirt, with its flying base, or the ropes of pearls, or the costly uncut emerald or diamond necklace?

For a shopping tour, the wife of the wealthiest pasha dons the skirt and shirt (the blouse) that has become as generally the accepted utilitarian feminine costume as has the republican sack-coat and trousers for men, whether sovereign or clerk. This skirt and shirt are worn beneath the cloak.

In the European shops of Pera, if you use your eyes and ears, certain other changes and modifications at work upon the loom of Turkish life will confront you. The young daughters of matronly ladies whose half-open feridjehs betray them as wearing smart Parisian gowns and high-heeled shoes, dames who doubtless began their harem life in gauze chemisettes and sagging Turkish trousers—the daughters of these ladies you may hear stammering a few words of French or English. If none but women happen to be within the shop, the girls' fair, fresh faces will be, and will remain, unveiled. It is only after marriage that the face of a Mohammedan woman must be unseen save by one man, her husband, and by the eyes of her own household.

The education of its women is another among the many innovations that are being introduced among the more highly born or highly placed Turks. It is the mothers of a race who alone can educate, can transform its sons and daughters into the higher types of men and women.

#### MOHAMMED'S FAIRNESS TO WOMEN

SLAVES are no less provided for, under the laws of Mohammed, than are free women.

An odalisk, who is always a slave, if she bear a child to her master must be maintained for life, or she must be set free and married. Her children, whether she be bond or free, have equal rights with the children of the legal wife or wives of the household. A Moslem, in other words, virtually can have no sexual relations with any woman without assuming full responsibilities for such intimacy.

Other customs, traditions, and ceremonies give to a Moslem woman a fixed and independent position within the walls of her own house. The *hanoum*, or first head wife, is virtually the head of every Turkish household. She is also likely to remain such, as no Turkish parent will, as a rule, consent to see his daughter subject to a first wife. For a second wife, in the rare cases where such are chosen, the husband desirous of extending his sphere of bondage must, as a rule, either take an odalisk or go without. Such a wife, whether freed or not, remains in a state of semi-servitude and obedience to the hanoum.

Mohammed borrowed most of his laws from Moses. He added certain humane clauses that place him among the most just and sympathetic of all masculine reformers. For the slave and the free, for the divorced and the widowed, he provided laws securing to woman in every stage of life maintenance and support according to the state and means of her lover or husband.

He understood women well enough to know that for a wife to have a rival in the house is not so bitter or so dangerous to the well-being of that household as to have the husband unfaithful abroad. The rivalries between Moslem wives are trials that may the more easily be borne, since the rights of each wife, even to the point of her share in the society of the master, are fixed by law.

Mohammed thought so well of women that he could not have enough of them, even in heaven. So far from his denying them the possession of souls, the Koran distinctly asserts that women shall not only be rewarded for their good deeds, but that they shall also suffer punishment for their evil ones. The Mohammedan women, it is true, are relegated by the prophet to a separate heaven from that open to their fathers, brothers, and husbands. But as these latter are promised the perpetual enjoyment of

the paradisiacal women,—a particular species specially manufactured for the reward of the good and brave among men in the celestial regions,—Mohammed's knowledge of the sex may have suggested the inspiring thought that the promise of a continuation of the harem conditions—that of looking at happiness through another woman's eyes—might not be considered as conducive to a satisfactory state of beatitude.

#### SLAVES AND SLAVERY IN TURKEY

THE system of slavery exists in the imperial harem, as it also exists throughout the whole of the Turkish Empire. The public sale of slaves has been suppressed, in deference to European prejudices. Those rows of human merchandise, whose black and white skins, whose crinkled and blond tresses, were formerly as much a part of the color and shows of the Constantinople streets as the necklaced buffaloes or the stately camel trains, those groups of Abyssinians, Georgians, Circassians, and Greeks, have been removed from the public gaze, only to crowd the thicker more secret places.

The institution of slavery is as unjustifiable under Moslem law as was our own slave-trade, in our Southern States, contrary to the spirit and teaching of our Constitution. To quote a recent English writer, "Slavery as now practised in Turkey is in direct contravention of the law of Islam, which only recognizes as legitimate property non-Moslems who have fallen into the power of true believers during war." Circassians are not non-Moslems, nor are they spoils of war. They are Islâms, whose faith is as pure as that of the hardened parents who deliberately barter their children's beauty for money, and as that of the slave-dealers who crowd their fragile human merchandise into miserable little vessels in the depth of winter, that they may pass through the Black Sea at the season when Russian men-of-war are not scouring the horizon on the lookout for such as they. The Abyssinians are likewise the greater sufferers because of our humanitarian insistence on the suppression of a trade from whose scourge England, America, and Russia have freed themselves only during the past half-century. But the new broom

of virtuous reform seeks ever to sweep as clean its neighbor's precincts as it has its own.

So long as the harem exists in Turkey, just so long must slaves be procurable. The internal organization of the harem is as dependent upon the slave as was the Greek system of civilization upon its slave foundation. For implicit obedience and profitable service there must be a class of beings who will fulfil blindly the commands of the superior. Slaves alone can be forced to carry out, to the utmost letter of the order, the word of command from their master or mistress.

The institution of polygamy necessitates a certain amount of authority. The supporting base of the polygamous structure is slavery.

With that note of humanity which characterizes most of the laws governing the weak and the unprotected throughout Turkey, domestic slavery in Turkey is minimized in its tyranny. Slavery throughout the Turkish world is tantamount to an enforced domestic service.

Slaves are protected by laws as binding as those that give to Turkish women a legal freedom almost unknown elsewhere. After seven years' servitude the female slave may claim her freedom. This she rarely does, save, of course, in the very exceptional cases where she has been treated with cruelty. The peculiar privileges in matters of education, as well as certain coveted social pleasures, and above all else the gift of a dot and trousseau at her marriage—these advantages make the position of a girl slave in a good Turkish household superior to the conditions of life possible in the low-caste rank of her parents.

To be chosen by a dealer for exportation, to be bought by a hanoum for her beauty, is as great a boon to a poor Circassian as is the possible grandeur of her future elevation to the position of wife or *seraili*.

The training of slaves with a view to making a profit out of their attractions is not an unknown industry even among Turkish ladies of rank. Beauty and accomplishments are always twin stars in the matrimonial firmament. A clever and beautiful girl slave, well dressed, well mannered, and ambitious, may bring, not only to herself, but to her mistress, a flat-

tering degree of success by marrying well. Ladies highly placed take great pride in their slaves; they go about with the more attractive of their household, much as a monarch likes to see himself surrounded by officials of handsome and imposing appearance. Slaves richly, sometimes fantastically dressed, the better to show off their points, are a part of every large entertainment, fête, and festivity. The color and beauty of their garments, their grace, youthful vivacity, and gaiety, add not a little to the splendor of the feasts given by women to women in the Constantinople great world.

A certain amount of freedom is admitted between mistress and slave, and the mutual devotion between the girl who owes everything she is to the owner who has given her the opportunity to show her talents and character, and the mistress who in her slave finds confidante, friend, and ally, this love and attachment is sometimes as touching as it is sublime. For women must everywhere cling to women at certain moments, whether they be within or without harem walls. In the long life struggle there are times and crises when only a woman can be turned to for full and complete sympathy.



## ANECDOTES OF LESCHETIZKY

BY COMTESSE ANGÈLE POTOCKA

### PLAYING A LOCKED PIANO

**I** WAS only three years old," said Leschetizky to me one day, "when my sensitiveness to musical impressions became evident. My favorite playgrounds were the grass or gravel walks immediately under the windows of the rooms where the music-lessons and practising went on. I soon learned to distinguish between the playing of the two young countesses. I preferred listening to the elder, Julie, who was more diligent than her sister. She played selections from the works then in vogue, especially transcriptions and fantasies by Thalberg from the then very popular Bellini operas. When I was taken into the house, my little brain swarming with these melodies, I experienced a wild, tormenting desire to reproduce them. This, however, was a difficult matter, as my father, fearing that I might be tempted to pound on it, regularly locked the piano when not in use, and carried away the key. The instrument was an old-fashioned upright clavecin, and I discovered that by drawing the green silk curtains that

protected the lower mechanism, I could work the hammers from below and make the strings respond. Seated on the floor under the keyboard, I thus made my début and earned my first applause; for my mother's heart was filled with joy at recognizing the airs that her little 'Dorcio' soon learned to pick out in this novel fashion. Seeing my eagerness, she finally persuaded my father to give me lessons. I was then about five years old, and my progress was so rapid that my father decided to bring me out, and I made my entrée in the drawing-rooms of the best families of the neighborhood."

### HIS PUBLIC DÉBUT AT NINE

LESCHETIZKY made his public début at the age of nine. The circumstances of this initial appearance have remained in his mind, and he relates them as follows: "My father took me to Leopole [Lemberg] to take part in a concert. I was to play Czerny's concertino with orchestra under the baton of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, —a son of the immortal Mozart,—then musical director in Lemberg. The theater

was a miserable barn-like structure. Moreover, it was infested with rats, and during the rehearsal I noticed a number of these abject quadrupeds running about in the body of the house. The concert was a grand affair. I was myself transported with delight by the admirable reading of the great Polish actor Bogumil Dawison, who declaimed a number of pieces with which I was familiar. He was at that time already quite celebrated, especially for his incomparable interpretation of brigand rôles. After the concert, the friend at whose house we were stopping presented me with a real little gun, and next morning I went back to the theater to hunt the rats."

#### A REPARTEE TO METTERNICH

LESCHETIZKY relates with keen enjoyment the circumstances of a certain evening when, as a child, he played at the apartments of Prince Metternich, then chancellor of the empire. As usual, his performance excited enthusiasm, and he was overwhelmed with caresses and kisses by the ladies, all of which the little fellow took quite naturally, ascribing it to his handsome velvet suit. Later on, when champagne was served at supper, he drank some and found it exceedingly to his taste. Metternich, who enjoyed drawing the boy out, said to him: "Well, Theodore, whom would you wish to marry?" The child, somewhat under the influence of the wine, fixing his bright eyes on one of the bottles, cried out enthusiastically: "Veuve Clicquot, your Highness," an answer eliciting much applause. The prince exclaimed: "That surely deserves a reward; choose whatever pleases you best in this drawing-room." Leschetizky says: "My father secretly hoped my choice would fall on some priceless vase or handsome clock. His disappointment was severe when he saw me select a common pasteboard jumping-jack hanging to one of the curtains, and left there probably by Metternich's sons, lads of my own age. I had never been allowed to have toys," concludes the master, sadly.

#### HIS IMPRESSIONS OF LISZT

"NOTWITHSTANDING the gigantic proportions of his intellect," says Leschetizky, "Liszt had a charm of manner, a certain gracious cordiality without a tinge of con-

descension; he seemed to see into every one's mind and feel with him. He was most affectionate with Czerny, who naturally took great pride in his illustrious pupil's tremendous success. To make my seat comfortably high, Liszt put some music on the chair. I was about to sit down when he stopped me, saying: 'Wait a moment, my boy; notice this name attentively.' I read the name Richard Wagner. The book was the score of 'Rienzi.' 'That man,' pursued Liszt, 'will some day make the world hear from him.'

"Liszt," says Theodore, "made a deep impression by his powerful individuality, his cheery manners, and that indescribable smile, contrasting with the piercing look in his eyes. His Vienna début opened the door to a series of unparalleled triumphs. He was remarkable in everything he did, and, though undoubtedly it is a trifling thing to note in so colossal a genius, it may not be uninteresting to remark that he was the first to play in public without music."

#### HE DANCES WITH FANNY ELLSLER

AT the age of twelve the young artist had already made many friends, in whose homes he was cordially welcomed. In later years he has spoken of the Joelsohns, through whom he had frequently enjoyed opportunities of meeting the world of fashion, as well as many celebrities attracted to that hospitable house by the delightful entertainments for which it was well known. In giving an account of a children's masked ball Theodore says: "The Joelsohns had a charming little black satin suit in Louis XV style made for me. My long hair was caught behind my head and fastened with the traditional bow. I believe this costume was thought to be very becoming. I was obliged to play several pieces, and bonbons, cakes, and fruits were showered upon me. Among the ladies, one attracted my attention. She was tall and slender, her expressive face shaded by beautiful light-brown hair. It was the celebrated dancer Fanny Ellsler. The gentlemen surrounded her and begged the favor of a dance. But she declined. Suddenly, fixing her radiant eyes on me, and bestowing one of her bewitching, never-to-be-forgotten smiles, she said: 'You, little one, will you dance with me?' At the bottom of my heart I was sorry to

leave the pretty little girl to whom I was engaged, but I could not well refuse the request of the renowned daughter of Terpsichore, so I thanked her for the honor and we took the floor together. Mlle. Ellsler's dancing did not come up to my expectations that evening. She danced slowly—like any one else in a ball-room. But she made up for it next day by sending my parents a box in the front row of the theater, where we could all sit commodiously and enjoy her really wonderful performance."

#### COUNT SANDOR'S HORSE-PLAY

At Ischl young Leschetizky met many persons of note—Meyerbeer and Nestroy, Dessauer, the poets Bauernfeld and Mosenthal, and the famous Professor Unger; while Bismarck and the celebrated Count Sandor represented the world of diplomacy.

Many of Count Sandor's eccentricities probably will not find place in his biography as a man of affairs, but those who knew him personally can scarcely mention his name without recalling some startling experience connected with him. Leschetizky was one day dining at his friend Dessauer's. The apartment was several floors up, and the guests were naturally not a little surprised to see the count riding into the dining-room on horseback. Indeed, his horses were quite as well accustomed to climbing stairs as are other animals to walking on level ground. On another occasion Leschetizky, Meyerbeer, and again Dessauer were lunching in a garden restaurant. They had remained rather late, and were sitting in a secluded spot. Suddenly the sprightly count appeared on his favorite pony, which immediately jumped up on a vacant table, stepping gingerly from one to another till it reached the astonished trio, who knew not what to expect next. Chancing to meet an aristocratic friend out driving one day, Sandor stepped up to her equipage to greet her. They remained some time in conversation, and when the lady finally signaled her coachman to proceed, the carriage moved not a foot, notwithstanding the efforts of the horses, urged by repeated lashes of the whip. The lady became alarmed, and when her coachman turned toward her to reassure her and excuse himself, he saw that Count Sandor's

hand, resting on one of the wheels, was the cause of the trouble. He had been unable to resist the temptation of displaying his herculean strength in this little prank at his friend's expense.

#### A LAPSE OF MEMORY

LESCHETIZKY became acquainted with Bülow probably during the time the latter was studying law in Leipsic. The circumstances of his first visit to the subsequently great interpreter of Beethoven are amusing. Bülow happened not to be at home, and the maid who answered Theodore's ring very naturally asked what name she was to give Herr von Bülow on his return. Like many others living chiefly in a world of abstract ideas, Leschetizky has always been absent-minded, and, strange as it may seem, at that moment he could not recall his own name. Thrusting his hand first in one pocket, then in another, in feverish search of a card, and unable to find one, he realized what a sorry figure he presented, and made a violent rush for the stairs. Reaching the foot, he suddenly remembered his name, and seeing the maid peering curiously after the strange visitor, shouted up, "Leschetizky!" Bülow afterward told him that the girl had related the incident with embellishing details descriptive of his wild appearance and disheveled hair, prefacing her account with, "An idiot named Leschetizky called to-day."

#### HE IS SOMEWHAT ABSENT-MINDED

At the house of Baron Stieglitz in St. Petersburg, Leschetizky was looked upon almost as a member of the family. He taught the baron's daughter, and the fifteen-year-old girl, according to a custom immemorially established among young women, became very fond of her teacher, offering him her tribute in the form of fruits and sweetmeats. One day, as Theodore was leaving the house, he found an enormous orange swelling his coat pocket. Probably he shared the prejudices of other young dandies with respect to such unsightly protuberances. At any rate, as he walked away he began peeling the fruit in order to get rid of it as soon as possible. As he was crossing a bridge opposite the baron's house, he turned to see the baroness and her daughter standing on the balcony. He immedi-

ately saluted the ladies, and thus found his hat in one hand, the orange-peel in the other. A moment later he was blushing deeply to find that in a fit of absent-mindedness he had thrown his hat into the Neva and carefully placed the orange-peel on his head.

#### A SERIOUS BIT OF PLEASANTRY

ANOTHER anecdote of the St. Petersburg period illustrates Leschetizky's overflowing animal spirits. He and his friend Michel Stohl had been spending the evening with Mme. Tschikovanov, whose daughter later became Anton Rubinstein's wife. On leaving the house they were assailed on all sides by a number of *izvostschiki*, soliciting the honor of driving the young men home. The *izvostschik* is well known to foreigners as a peculiarly Russian institution. The horse, small and emaciated, with ragged, untrimmed tail, lays no claim to beauty. In summer he works in the fields; in winter he earns his meager feed in the capital, where he is often the sole support of his peasant master. The light vehicle, the dimensions of which allow of two passengers, if not stout, runs smoothly and is comfortable; and the picturesque driver, in his long blue cloth, sheepskin-lined mantle, is a most interesting study. He is not exacting in the matter of fees, but takes whatever he can get for his services—fifteen, twenty, thirty copecks, and upward. Theodore and his friend were soon gliding rapidly over the new-fallen snow in one *izvostschik*, Leschetizky calling out to the disappointed drivers that he would give any one following him a *grivenik*. It was not necessary to repeat the offer: all followed; and as the procession sped along, each passing *izvostschik* was hailed by his fellows and invited to join in the race—"the kind lord would reward all." When Theodore reached his apartment he found that his suite comprised seventy *izvostchiki*, obliging him to disburse seven rubles. Nevertheless, he felt amply repaid in his boyish delight at noting the mystification of passers-by.

#### A CZAR IN EMBRYO

LESCHETIZKY relates an amusing experience connected with a rehearsal of Bromberg's "Kinder Symphonie," which, under

his direction, the young grand dukes were to perform with toy instruments. "Duke Vladimir, at that time about seventeen years of age, not wishing to take the trouble of counting the bars, amused himself instead by bringing in his instrument persistently, inappropriately, and without reference to the printed part on the rack before him. He was playing the 'quail,' and proved a serious and most annoying disturbance. Laying down my baton, I told him that if he did not desist it would be impossible for us to play at the grand duchess's concert. My remarks failed to impress him; the grand duke preferred his pranks to the proper rendering of the symphony, and the 'quail' continued obtrusive. Suddenly a tremendous rolling of the drum abruptly brought the orchestra to a standstill. It was Alexander, the heir apparent, who, with severe countenance and menacing tones, commanded his brother to observe discipline. 'Vladimir,' he thundered, 'you know who I am. I order you to behave.' The instinct of absolutism was already awake in the nineteen-year-old prince (later Alexander III), and I reflected on what the future might bring forth. As for Vladimir, he was completely quelled, and we were able to continue the rehearsal in good order."

#### THE CZAR CONFOUNDS A MARTINET

ANOTHER incident gives an idea of the absolutism prevailing in Russia in all ranks of authority. Leschetizky was an instructor in the imperial institute for young women at Smolna. Some of the pupils of the institute, school-girl-like, had complained of the quality of their food, and rumors of their complaint reached the ears of the Emperor, who ordered the Duke of Oldenburg, president of Smolna, to look into the matter. "I was not very fond of his Excellency," says Leschetizky. "He was a man of sour disposition—tall, thin, quick and angular in his movements, with little blinking, beady black eyes that took note of everything; and his nose in everybody's business. The Emperor's command was no sooner issued than Oldenburg started for Smolna, arriving just at dinner-time. Stationing himself not far from the kitchen, he awaited the passage of the soldiers on duty in the dining-room. Presently two went by, carrying a soup

tureen. 'Set that down on the floor and fetch me a spoon,' thundered the duke. The soldiers looked up in evident surprise, but, too well disciplined to speak except in answer to a question, obeyed; then stood submissively awaiting further orders. The duke, wearing a severely critical expression of face, dipped the spoon in the gray, murky liquid, but had no sooner touched it to his lips than he angrily rejected it, shrieking, 'Why, it's dish-water!' 'As your Highness says,' answered the terrified soldiers. And so it was—dish-water being carried away in a cast-off souptureen used for washing knives and forks." Theodore's malicious enjoyment of this story is not entirely without retributive justice. He says: "On one occasion, in my early Smolna days, I was to play in a concert. The pompous president met me, and inquired superciliously, 'Why are you not in uniform?' 'I have none,' was my prompt answer. 'The uniform is obligatory with us—you are required to have one,' objected the martinet. Now this idea of wearing uniform was extremely distasteful to me. The Emperor was present at the concert and very kindly complimented me on my playing. In thanking him for his graciousness, I remarked that I had come near not appearing at all. Consequent questioning revealed the story of the uniform, and his Majesty laughed heartily, exclaiming: 'An artist in uniform! How absurd!'

"And so I found myself in possession of the highest warrant for not wearing the state livery, and had, moreover, the satisfaction of beholding the discomfiture of the haughty Oldenburg, who stood by wrathfully biting his lip."

#### A TRICK OF EXECUTION

DREYSCHOCK and Leschetizky were one day discussing pianistic effects. The former enlarged on the difficulties to be overcome before attaining a smooth glissando in the Weber "Concertstück," and then immediately sat down and executed it flawlessly. Theodore, who stood behind, complimented him highly, and, in his turn, ripped off the glissando without trouble. He then requested Dreyshock to play the passage again, maliciously insisting that his friend must have some original method of accomplishing the feat.

Dreyshock consented; but as he sat down Leschetizky held his hand tightly. Then their eyes met, and each knew that the other was possessed of his little secret, the very innocent device of moistening the thumb, but at the proper moment, and so dexterously that the audience does not see the hand carried to the mouth.

#### TURNING THE MUSIC FOR GOUNOD

LESCHETIZKY's visit to London is memorable for his meeting with Charles Gounod, who received him with the large-hearted cordiality that, whatever may be said to the contrary, characterizes men of genius. The two musicians were much and often together, and it was there that Theodore met the beautiful Miss Weldon, who so cruelly returned Gounod's friendship by suppressing the score of "Polyeucte," which neither a lawsuit nor any inducement or threat was able to wrest from her, so that the composer was obliged to begin his work again from the beginning. Gounod was to accompany Patti in one of his songs, and invited Theodore to be present. "You must come," he said. "I want you as near me as possible." But this was a difficult matter to arrange, as all the seats were already disposed of; so at the last moment Leschetizky suggested sitting on the stage and turning the pages of the music. "But I will not use any," objected Gounod. "Never mind, maestro," answered Theodore; "we will put up something else and I will pretend to turn." And the genial composer finding the idea excellent, the knotty question was solved.

#### PADEREWSKI

THE musicians of Vienna had hailed with joy the founding of the Tonkünstlerverein, which gave an opportunity of hearing not only the best products of their fellow-townsmen, but also those of foreigners, who, when possible, were always invited to take part. I remember the night that Leschetizky brought out his brilliant pupil Ignace Paderewski. His performance of an original theme and variations was not greeted with special favor. Indeed, some local musicians were heard to remark that the "young man did not seem to promise much." But his keener master opposed envious criticism with the now unanswer-

able statement, "Ah, my dear —, you will have to get used to hearing that young man's name." Yet, as he stood nonchalantly in the passageway, his tawny head resting against the wall, those who foresaw his great future were probably few.

He came to Vienna to study with Leschetizky in 1885. Of all his pupils, the master claims that Paderewski was the most docile. There was no remark so insignificant, no detail so small, as to deserve less than his whole passionate attention. In his two modest rooms in No. 46 Anastasius Gringer Strasse (rooms which for motives of sentiment he retains on a life lease), with a slender wardrobe and scanty comforts, he patiently laid the foundation of his brilliant career.

On the evening of my first introduction to Paderewski, he told me something which I have found food for thought. "It is not the first time I have seen you, mademoiselle—I saw you once when you were only a child," he said; and went on to narrate that at a certain concert in Dwinsk he had seen me with my parents. We had come, naturally, in our own equipage with liveried servants. In our country these things always produce a certain effect that is perhaps to be deplored. It seems that Paderewski had been asked to play at this concert, but could not accept the engagement because he had no evening dress. And there he stood in the doorway, unnoticed, uncon sidered, possibly looking up with a certain deference to the representatives of an aristocracy who in so short a time afterward would come to look up to him as one of Poland's greatest glories.

In Vienna we became well acquainted, and Paderewski came often to our apartment, where he was always informally welcomed. My mother was very fond of him and loved to have him come in unannounced, which he often did, sitting down at the piano while the table was being laid for dinner, going over difficult passages in compositions he was studying, or improvising with such bravura that my mother would laughingly insist our pian-

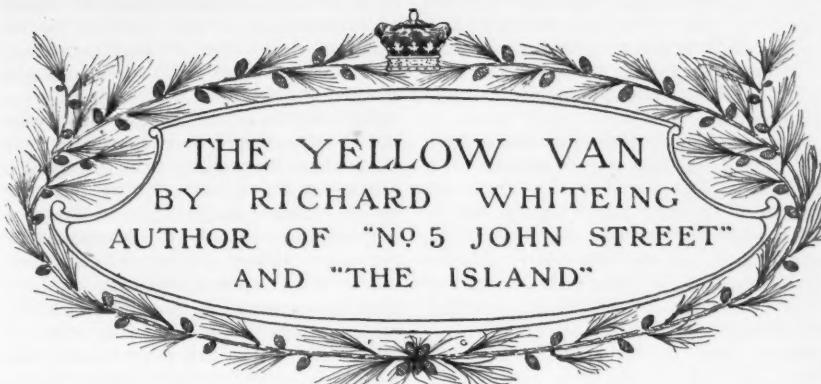
nino could not possibly resist the terrific onslaught.

Paderewski has a wonderful gift of mind-reading, and his accurate and immediate response to any possible suggestion has been a matter of surprise to many. He has what might almost be called a genius for devising impromptu amusements; and when a number of young people were assembled at the master's house, he and Annette Essipoff were always the life of the party, entering into the spirit of the games with childlike enjoyment. Paderewski would sometimes laugh so heartily that, through sheer exhaustion, he would sit down on the floor, and with no symptom of embarrassment at his undignified position.

Since he has made a fortune he has abundantly proved to the world that sympathy and great-heartedness known only to his friends in the days of his poverty. Walking along Währinger Strasse one evening, I noticed Paderewski standing before an open booth, and was surprised to see him purchase a Christmas tree gaily decorated with pink paper roses and shining green leaves, a box of sweetmeats, and a quantity of toys. Coming closer, the mystery was solved. Two small ragamuffins, standing with legs far apart, hands deep in pockets, silent but for an awkward, inarticulate gratitude expressed on their faces, were to be the recipients. Paderewski explained that the hungry-eyed urchins staring at a prosperous housewife making her Christmas purchases had been too much for his stoicism. And how many are the other instances of generosity in small things and in great!

Paderewski studied continuously in Vienna for two years. He received lessons from Mme. Essipoff and many from Leschetizky himself. These he took irregularly, sometimes one a week, sometimes two, and generally in the evening from seven to nine o'clock. After teaching for a year in Strasburg, he came back to Vienna for another season; but his lessons were interrupted by his concert engagements in Paris, Germany, and Switzerland.





THE YELLOW VAN  
BY RICHARD WHITEING  
AUTHOR OF "N<sup>o</sup> 5 JOHN STREET"  
AND "THE ISLAND"

XXXVII

ROSE was buried in the great church-yard of Slocum Magna. There was at first an intention of laying her in one of the London cemeteries, but Augusta would not hear of that. Her ideas of justice found a sort of grim satisfaction in bringing back the Herions to their own village, dead or alive.

Mr. Raif was only less disgusted with the change of plan than the London undertaker. For him this unedifying return of the prodigal with mortuary honors was a humiliation for the system which had driven her forth. It was a bad example for the village. Poor Rose's coffin might be a Pandora's box charged with all sorts of subversive ideas to taint the country-side. A pauper's grave for it in distant London might have furnished him with the matter for a homily. As it was, he declined to take any part in the ceremony, and willingly relinquished his share in it to his colleague.

Augusta attended the funeral, and not by deputy, but in her own person. The whole village was by her side. All sorrowed, even those who, like Grimber, saw in the occasion but the fulfilment of a prophecy of doom. All had loved Rose. At his evening sitting Job called for another "mug o' yel" to toast her memory. "She wui a good un, she wur—died at her post." There was a subflavor of bitterness in the tribute. He could not but reflect that his wife's devotion took the form rather of driving him to his work than of dying to do it for him. His select moral was not

wanting. "It's what I always say: speak yer mind, an' you get the sack. You don't get it for speakin': you get it, that's all." It was the peasant moral far and wide: "Lie low."

George was brought back to the village as soon as he could bear the journey, and properly provided for. The child of course came with him, and the two mothers were there to look after both. All this was Augusta's care. It was what the blacksmith called making a clean job of it. The village hardly knew how to look at the matter. A few thought that the injured man was lucky in the prospect of being "kep' for life," and that a paralyzed spinal system was no excessive price to pay for the luxury. These consequently were free to regard him as the victor in the long struggle with the castle. The agent naturally had other views. The crippled man, the orphaned child, were awful object-lessons of the folly of resistance to the system. Who could have a doubt as to the winning side, with this withered thing sunning itself in its bandages at the cottage door, by the duke's leave, this child learning to cry "mammy" to its grandams, and with the mother it was beginning to forget in the churchyard? The village, on the whole, was much of this way of thinking. The muttered moral of the fireside and the ale-bench might have been expressed in the terms of the catch, "Hold thy peace, thou knave!" All who have given up the struggle with circumstance come to that, from the Trappist to the Russian peasant, that lotus-eater of submission and despair.

"Leave it alone; don't trouble: it won't last long. And then, still keeping quiet, quiet, you 'll be carted—you know where; and dust will be the end of it. The busy arm, the busy tongue—all vanity; and nothing helps."

So the old stillness settles down upon Slocum, and the grass gets time to grow upon Rose's grave. The village resumes its eternal order of things, if that can be resumed which has never suffered check or pause. For the real order is that Slocum shall sometimes struggle, but always suffer defeat; that the Herions and Spurrs shall unfailingly return to heel after futile divagations, and the Grimbers, Gurts, and Sketts never leave the path. Generations reared in dependence and submission find it easiest to go on in that way.

So thinks Mr. Kisbye as he sits musing in his library to-day over a binding and a cigarette—so, and otherwise. The victory over George is as much his victory as the castle's. Brain has won in this skirmish, as it is going to win in the final battle. The money-lender is sure that he has made a wise choice in living from a single organ. He has found it pay to be without heart and, except on the rare occasions on which he has to call himself a fool, without conscience. Money has given him all he needs. His want of ruth is quite consistent with taste, both in life and art. He knows a painting as well as here and there a one, and will live to the end amid the harmonies of sense. He touches literature in rare covers, and sometimes, though not without a sort of derision, in the matter they contain. In all, he has realized to the full that prevalent conception of life as a conflict of forces for the wise satisfaction of a set of appetites. He is as unpitying at need as a spike-nosed fish ripping up another for a meal. He loves all good things in sheer technical perfection as manifestations of power—good music, good talk, good eating and drinking; and he loathes more heartily than ever all who try to give them an ethical import. Canvas and printed page alike, as things said, are nothing to him. They exist but for the way of saying it. He reads in many languages; and in ours, it may be suspected, not as a mother-tongue. He has just bought Milton's greatest poem in a two-hundred-and-fifty-guinea edition, and he is now dipping into it to find refreshment

in its principal character, and the luxury of contempt in its dialogues on the all-sufficiency of virtue. "Pa—ta—tra! and that 's dog-French for it!" he chuckles as he closes the book with a snap.

His disdain of the lowly is chiefly induced by their interested chatter, as born fools, about the right and the wrong. His wrath against George, dating from the fateful outburst on the night of the meeting, has never cooled. He despises Liddicot as a weakling. He hopes to win Mary yet by sheer force of will. He feels sure that the reversion of the honors and the pride and power of feudalism is to his order. To them the country-side must ultimately come, by right of that modern lordship of gold that has taken the place of the lordship of the sword.

His next victory promises to be at the expense of the Duke of Allonby. He has finally consented to sell, and on extremely reasonable terms, the piece of land which has so long spoiled the view from the Towers. The real price is an invitation to dinner. The solicitors have met once more, and Mr. Kisbye's have suggested that his client may be found tractable on these terms. The duke has undertaken to see what can be done, and has even sounded his wife. Augusta said never a word.

#### XXXVIII

IT is nearly a year since Mr. Gooding left. Now he is at Liddicot again, and crossing the moat on his way to luncheon with the squire. He found the invitation waiting for him on his arrival at Allonby last night.

The scene was pretty much the same as before—the visitor on the drawbridge, Mary in espial at the turret window. The squire did the honors of reception, with his son at hand. It would have been impossible to exceed their cordiality. Tom, now nearly well, has raised the young American to the highest grade in his esteem. He has announced his deliberate conviction that Mr. Gooding is "a sportsman." Beyond this, notoriously, it is impossible to go, as it includes the lower degree of one who "plays the game." He means the game of life, though his praise might be more precious if he meant the game of polo.

He is quite happy once more, and has returned to his old cheery conception of

the terrestrial sphere as a picnic for persons of position. Mary has been busy with him in loving care of his convalescence, and for him in promoting an inquisitorial examination of his affairs by the family solicitors. Messrs. Stallbrass, Stallbrass, Fruhling, Jenkins & Prothero have succeeded in bringing Kisbye to something that may be called terms. Tom is going to lead a new life. It is a pleasant illusion for him and for his relatives. These total changes of heart and conduct belong to the imaginative literature of resolve.

Delighted as she was, Mary met her old friend with something of embarrassment. She was no longer the rather critical young person trying to classify him for her pigeon-holes of character. He had established a kind of mastery over her spirit, just because he never made the vestige of a claim. There he was, always efficient in an emergency, and, to all appearance, as indeed very much in reality, never in the least degree aware of it. Mary began to wonder how she should carry it through, and to arrange her commonplaces in advance—a fatal portent of discomfiture in encounters of this description.

His tact, or perhaps only the mere human nature in him, saved them both. They had been separated long enough to have memories in common; and, when they found themselves alone in a walk after luncheon, he, without the slightest effort, became the boy again. It gave her immense relief by putting her, at least for the moment, on their old footing. He had struck the note of the "chatter of irresponsible frivolity" as between boy and girl.

"And the good old automatic supply?" he asked. "Still going strong?"

"Now please be intelligible."

"Raif's village—penny in the slot, and the figures work."

"Don't be irreverent."

"And the worst of it is, they work best when you put in pebbles. But there, I'm not bound to criminate myself."

"That's a confession. Now I know who brought Grimber and Job together on that awful day."

"I can prove an alibi. I was under Augusta's eye all the time."

"I hope you have n't come back to upset any more apple-carts, even Mr. Raif's."

"No; duty before pleasure when the bell rings."

A certain change in him had not escaped Mary's eye. He was very much the man now. She liked him the better for it, yet it made their present footing of mere banter hard to maintain.

"Poor little Slocum—you won't care for it any more."

"More than ever, perhaps, in a way."

"But you are going back soon to look after your own villagers."

"My villagers!" he laughed.

"What have I said wrong now?"

"Nothing at all. And all I mean to say is that they're not exactly taking any just now."

"Any what?"

"Looking after."

"How do they manage, I wonder?"

"They manage for themselves, I fancy," he said.

"What a funny country!"

"Oh, it's just their way. You see, they are all so many little Dukes of Allonby, ownership and all; and you can't imagine the extent of their investments in false pride."

"Five hundred villagers, five hundred masters. Does n't it seem simpler, now, to cut down the masters by four hundred and ninety-nine?"

"Simpler for the one?" he said. "But it would be sheer depopulation: the villagers would have to follow suit. Ah, you must travel if you want to see sights. I always call Slocum my new world."

"I know why you came," she said slyly. "Augusta told me. You're the American invasion."

He gave a little start, then laughed. "What's that?"

"Don't look so innocent. You want to buy up things here. You'll never do it; we won't sell."

"Not even your match factories and your steam lines?"

"Oh, things of that sort!"

"What other things, Miss Mary?"

"Well, the fine things—Westminster Abbey, for instance."

"We don't bid even for the pulpit, in spite of the Christian Science and wisdom of the East that now go with the lot."

"Allonby Castle, perhaps?"

The vein of irony was so unusual with her that she grew discursive with the nov-

elty of the sensation. "The land will soon be about the only thing we have left. Why not try that?"

He was silent. It was a good shot. His trust was actually meditating the greatest venture of all—the purchase of a huge tract of land in England for the experiment of farming under modern conditions and on the grand scale. Farming as an industry was their watchword, not as the mere labor test of a pauper caste. And, for their principle, they held that not the English land, but only the English land system, had broken down. Fields laid out, plowed, sown, and reaped by the square mile, with good wages for good workers, each man straining to do his best under the inducements of hope; the farm-house a laboratory; the farm-hands chemist's assistants; the barn an engineer's shop; the hall abolished as only a more glittering poorhouse; the best tools, the best brains, the best men everywhere; the market-place a real exchange, with the railways brought into line, by purchase, too, if need be, as parts of the wondrous plan. And, for the glorious outcome, England fed without protection from her own fields, and the surplus exported at a profit to the United States.

"Uncle Sam as the 'squire,' " she continued—"tail-coat, straps, and all. A second conquest of England."

"Why conquer when you can buy?"

"Dear old Allonby! Dear old Liddicot!"

"Dear old China!"

"Now I wonder what that means! I really don't see the point."

"I was thinking of the worship of ancestors," he said.

"Well, I don't mind telling you I was thinking of our poor aristocracy and gentry."

"Same thing."

"We don't worship them; we respect them for having made England what it is."

"Indeed they have."

"That's a sneer," said Mary.

"It is, and I ask your pardon. But please consider the provocation—not from you; oh, never from you!" And he went on with a vehemence, albeit deliberate and restrained, that she had never seen in him before: "Such a country going to such waste! Such a system for running England without the coöperation of the Eng-

lish people! Training them down to the level of their position, not up to the level of their powers and their rights. Their education, high and low, still a joke for the competing foreigner, and a clerical one at that! The infinite littleness of the whole thing, the poverty of the issues, the inaccessibility to ideas!"

"We are not going to have our country ruled on 'business principles,'" she faltered.

"Why not, Miss Mary? Business principles are honor, honesty, justice from man to man. What's the matter with them?"

"Wooden nutmegs—there!" cried Mary, seizing the first missile that came to hand.

"Remounts," he retorted, breaking into a hearty laugh. "The men who managed that business have not much to learn from anybody."

But Mary was not beaten yet. She remembered what she had heard from the squire as to the humbleness of Mr. Gooding's origin. Her pride of birth came to her aid. To think of it—this person with his masterful way with his betters, separated by only two generations from a peasant of one of her father's fields!

"You must not talk to me like that," she said in her grandest manner—the manner which she had caught less by precept than by the mere example of the picture-gallery at Liddicot.

The real sting of the rebuke was entirely lost on the young man. It had never occurred to him that he might not approach her on a footing of perfect social equality. The only degrees he knew of in his dealings with his fellow-creatures were those of sense, energy, and courage—faculty, in a word, with, of course, a due allowance for the voluntary service of homage where women were concerned. Her tone now made him keenly apprehensive that he might have been wanting in the last.

"I am afraid I have failed in respect," he said. "Please forgive me again."

"It is nothing for which you need care to have my forgiveness," said Mary, coldly, quite misunderstanding him still.

"I would not say anything displeasing to you for the world."

"I am afraid you would," said Mary, still with a good deal of heat beneath the surface of ice.

"Is not that rather ungenerous?"

"It is not meant so, I assure you. You

might sometimes fail to understand, that is all."

"That is it," he said, with the same innocent audacity as before. "One does not take the proper account of ways of thinking, ways of life."

It was an apology to the woman still, not to the squire's daughter.

"We are not exactly your inferiors—please remember that," she said, by way of putting him on the right track.

"I know little of the others, but I shall always consider myself yours."

She began to think that he had caught her meaning at last, but she was woefully mistaken.

"Do you suppose that I could so long have had the privilege of your companionship without feeling the superiority of your goodness, of your devotion to your father and your brother, the charm of—"

If he saved himself from a still more personal compliment, it was only by a hair's-breadth.

Mary began to understand at last, and she left the society of her ancestors and came back to her own time. The mention of her brother turned the whole current of her thoughts as with a pang of the sense of ingratitude.

"My devotion! Can I ever forget yours—the long journey—"

"An outing."

And in that train of thought came the memory of his supreme service to herself in the affair of the card-table, the one crisis of her simple life. It came with just such a rush of feeling as had kept her silent and abashed in his presence when first she realized the immensity of the obligation. Was it for her to give him lessons, when in all their relations his had ever been the guiding hand and brain, the surer for his lightness of touch and his unconscious avoidance of all vestige of a claim? Beside such appeals, what grossness in any other, and especially in her own of mere social position! She rejoiced that this blunder had escaped him by the accidents of nature and training, and she felt the full force of his homage to her womanhood, and to that alone. She was conquered by his sheer faculty—the only thing, happily, thank God, that wins at last, or where would be the hopes of the race? Here was the strength, in all its finest attributes, for which she had learned

to long, and especially in gentleness and never-failing courtesy. Here, once more, was a man!

"It is for you to forgive me now," she said. "I am but a girl yet, and you are a school-boy no more."

"No, no," he laughed. "I am not to be dubbed into that dignity at a moment's notice. Let me still fancy we are only boy and girl together, for it has been the greatest happiness of my life. But since you embolden me to plead for favors, little playmate,"—and he took her hand,— "promise me that if I come to you when I am really dubbed, and ask you a question, you will try to give me a kind answer."

She said nothing, but the blood rushed to her face as she met his look with eyes as of molten fire from rising tears.

It was a reply of a sort, and it was so encouraging that, greatly daring, he drew her gently toward him.

And so it came about.

#### XXXIX

THE Saturday before the coronation, and glorious August weather. London was never brighter—or less severe—flags out, crowds from all parts of the country and, in spite of previous disappointment, from most parts of the earth. Every other conscript in this huge army of pleasure looked as though he carried the marshal's baton in his knapsack—that is to say, as one still hoping for a ticket for Westminster Abbey.

The central point, as the great meeting-place for plebs and aristocracy, was the Marble Arch. All else in London is for one or the other. This is for both. Here rank and wealth and fashion taking the air, yonder their deadly opposites commanding them most heartily to the devil, in perpetual public meeting, under the friendly guardianship of the police. No other scene in the world to match this for the hate of hate, the toleration of policy and contempt. The police know what they are about. This assumption that the devil is ever ready to anticipate is one of the most persistent errors of the vulgar. He is a great student of history, and he bides his time. For those who refuse to bide theirs, the site of the busy old gallows of Hogarth's day is close at hand, with its memo-

rial stone: "Here stood Tyburn Gate." It is a gentle hint to the disaffected that valor must still be tempered by discretion.

A street preacher, who naturally enjoyed the same liberty as the others, held forth on the late postponement of the ceremony as a judgment on the nation for its slack attendance at church. The ballad-mongers were in full cry, one of them on the subject of imperial emigration. With its burden of "I mye be a millionhair," his song was quite a battle-hymn of the democracy, at need. The cheap jacks bawled their wares—coronation medals, and biographies of the royal pair. The grass was black with recumbent loafers sunning themselves through the long hours between the closing of the casual wards in the morning and their opening at night.

Lord OGREBY and his family occupied a carriage in the drive. That nobleman was at once cheerful and depressed. His house had for generations claimed the right of offering a toothpick to the monarch, after dinner, on coronation day. It was done on bended knee. The right had not been denied on the present occasion by the Lord Chancellor, the Earl Marshal, the Lord Chief Justice, and other members of the Court of Claims; but, as the Lord Chancellor had observed in giving judgment, after counsel had raised many points of antiquarian and feudal lore, the question was, in this instance, beyond the purview of the court. Since there would be no state dinner, there could be no toothpick in active demand as part of the pageant. The right was therefore in abeyance on the present occasion. The applicant submitted, with the sense of duty done: at any rate, he had fought the good fight. "I have my children to think of," he said with spirit, "and one day the banquet may be revived." He was now bearing home a brand-new instrument of this description, ordered perhaps precipitately; and, with its inner and outer casings, it occupied no small part of the roof of his coach.

He had just exchanged bows with a lady driving in the opposite direction and toward the arch. Her fine face wore an air of weariness that heightened the refinement of its beauty. After passing the gate, her carriage turned down the Bayswater Road, and drew up before a small turfed inclosure a few hundred yards on the

right-hand side. It was dismissed there, with orders to call again in an hour.

The person who alighted was Augusta, Duchess of Allonby, in town with the rest for the coming ceremony. The place was her favorite retreat for meditation, and it had been provided by the munificence of an estimable woman, now dead. It was a small chapel, or a large monastic cell, just as you chose to take it, but a chapel without a service or other hindrance to pure spiritual contemplation. Outside, the great roaring thoroughfare; within, the peace of the desert, a house of reverie.

Thus spoke an inscription on its gate:

Passengers through the busy streets of London, enter this sanctuary for rest and silence and prayer.

And again:

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?  
Come and rest awhile. Commune with your own hearts, and be still.

The duchess did not immediately enter the chapel. Nodding to the solitary attendant at the door, she passed through a passage to a large garden at the back, well hidden from the road. It was quite in the note, being a garden of the cozy dead. For years they had been disturbed by no newcomer of their own recumbent order. They must have relished their exclusiveness: they were the dead of St. George's, Hanover Square. Posterity had not been unmindful of their comfort. Their gravestones had been removed from the original sites, as though to lighten the indispensable labors of the last day; and all was now in readiness for either the trump of the archangel or the pick of the speculative builder. One monument showed that poor Laurence Sterne had here found a bed, after the weariness of his closing pilgrimage. It was but a bed for the night. The flowery inscription, however, said nothing about the body-snatchers who, in due course of business, had stolen him away. Not for that mercurial spirit even the rest of the grave!

Augusta took a turn round the cemetery, and then entered the chapel. At first she had it all to herself, for London sets small store by this particular bounty of the pious founder. At a later stage she was joined, on tiptoe, by a gray-headed

senior, with one hand in a sling and the other at his brow—like herself, apparently, a refugee from the too insistent event of the day. He had evidently come to think things out on his own account, and he was quite unmindful of her presence.

She would have preferred to be alone. It is amazing how few opportunities of this sort any of us enjoy. There is ever some one by, within intrusive hearing or scarcely less intrusive sight. The partnership of bed and board with humanity is sometimes too rigorous. We have to be gathered together even for prayer. We live in crowds, think in crowds, and rarely have the happiness to stand with no fellow-creature beyond the range of suggestion. Even in this instance, it was still possible to spy other strangers of a kind on the pictured wall. Its fine sacred art told of things done long ago; yet these might still have been kept more in the key of repose. The too thunderous and tumultuous fellowship of the prophets, with their deeds of judgment, the excessively strenuous, though glorious, company of the apostles, with their energy of ministration, seemed superfluous in such a connection. The Founder in the wilderness, another founder under the tree, an apostle of quietism in his cell, would have been enough for that contemplation, "without form, likeness, manner, or figure," which is the all in all.

So Augusta just shut her eyes and began a meditation. She was sick at heart. Her grief for the death of Rose, long and deep, had gradually been merged in a sort of personal disappointment. She had come out to her new life with such high hopes, and it had all ended in this! At first she meant to accept the system and work it out on its own lines. This failed when she found that it ground out poverty, dependence, and depopulation as by a mechanical law. Then, fatuously, she aspired to reform it, and that hope was now buried in a grave. The system had triumphed over her more than over all the rest of them put together. The only part before her now was the insignificant one of leader of fashion and ornament of the country-side. What a business, to be forever setting an example in trivial things, as one of the great exemplars of a nation perishing of the imitation of its betters!

"The old order, the old manners, the old faith—piteous to have to smirk one's

way through all their proprieties, feeling all the while how they have lost their shaping virtue for the men and women of the time. A day in Mr. Raif's school as a preparation for the shock of our modern battle of life! A day in Mr. Raif's church! Really, some religions are not much better than some stimulants. The Dutch courage of these rites for the ordeals of poverty, pain, and death! And most of them so dreadfully old-fashioned, as if the chief business of the science of all the sciences was not to be perpetually renewing itself with the larger outlook on nature, and the expansion of the mind and soul. Never has any church been the same thing, thank God, in any two ages, or even in any two generations. Man's religions are as the hairs of his head for number, and inevitably so. And Mr. Raif trying so hard to make us all letter-perfect in the prayer-book of the day before yesterday!"

The ray from the skylight, after illuminating the face of a pictured apostle, was now rendering the same service to a martyr. Nothing else had happened. The stranger kept himself to himself with a discretion beyond praise. He stroked his wounded hand from time to time, but he never once looked Augusta's way.

"And sometimes, to be fair," she mused, being still fancy-free, "the poverty of the discoveries, the mere islands under the lee that are mistaken for a continent! Our smart set touchingly busy under American leadership in applying the principles of the game of bluff to man's relations with his Maker—trying to will themselves into a good time, and the prolongation of it in earthly immortality. Religions that satisfy the sense of wonder, the sense of credulity, without making any troublesome demands on the sense of duty. Mere fancy patterns in believing, without even the tables from the Mount. Made-up mysteries of the great panjandrum, coupled with the right to do as you darned please. Life all apparatus. Automatic cures for drunkenness, and medicated baths for weakness of the will. Interesting quests for missing faculties stolen or strayed through the ages. Whole drawing-rooms full of Pointed Toes trying to think anemic glands into energy, in the hope of coming on the track of their lost tribes of sense. Why not make the best of those you have? Marcus took overmuch pains in the enumeration of his

debts to the wise. He forgot his debt to the fools in teaching him what to laugh at and to loathe.

"Poor Points! on the issue of this warfare between them and the Squares turns the welfare of England, and of all human society. History is but a record of its varied fortunes. The Points had a merry time of it in the Italy of the Renascence, and, as we know, their symbol actually curled upward with the sense of successful aspiration to the mastery of life. But a time came!

"The time is coming here; and England's going to win, and beat down its baser part under its feet. Let us have that faith in our race."

A fly buzzed, not without shock to the spirit of the scene. It was tumult of a kind. Augusta thought "shoo!" to it with the happiest results; and, after this triumphant exercise of will power, resumed.

Meanwhile the stranger had not been idle on his own account. He uttered no word, gave no outward and visible sign beyond the occasional stroking of the bandaged hand. He merely thought his thoughts, like his neighbor, but, by a law of sympathy which others may know how to trace, they flowed more or less in the same current as hers. For this is what he was saying to himself:

"Real superiorities anywhere the rarest thing. Whole sectiogs in church and state perishing for the want of them, and the mere caretakers not likely to be of much avail on England's coming judgment-day. I mind me of a certain sheep's carcass seen outside a butcher's shop at Christmas-tide, with its card to indicate high honors at Islington. Yet the throat bore witness to just the same treatment as that of the common fellows alongside which had gained no decoration. And the pompous victim had no doubt been hustled to his doom and stretched on the rack as rudely by the fierce tireman with the knife. Fancy its ineffectual bleat: 'Mind what you are doing! I'm a first prize at the cattle show!' At this stage, alas! it was but one sheep more."

In his next flight he almost touched Augusta mind to mind.

"America, best of actual nations, no doubt, as once was England before it. But ware breakers! What are you going to

Americanize? Match factories and steam lines are nearly done; but social justice—how do you stand for that? America eaten up with the pride of life, with Europe waiting for a lead. Are you going to carry it and yourself farther, or only to sink back into mother's arms? Once the hope of the nations, now only their competitor and conqueror—a very different thing! Money the too universal test: preachers and poets filing their return of income for the newspapers, to show how well it pays. Not less riches or less comfort for all, but a better share for some. What are you going to do about the back premises?

"Come over and help as soon as you can, if only for the sake of helping yourself. Society everywhere apparently under sentence of death for ill-distributed wealth—pomp and privation both exceeding all healthful bounds, with resultant deadness of soul and stint of body. For the last see factories and 'far-flung battle-line.'

"Touching, yet foolish too, the idle rich everywhere, now so extensively resorting to cremation in the vain hope of giving the recording angel the slip. He'll find the body, you bet. Discourage, if possible, by suitable remonstrances. Cremation a good thing, but must be loved for itself.

"Will anybody give England a new type of young man, the nation's pride? The government might offer a prize. High marks for modesty, simplicity, earnestness, book-work in the things that count, and the power of 'swotting' at the art of life. General aim—highest possible differentiation from the snipe. Class 1, Young Men of Family; Class 2, Officers and Gentlemen; Class 3, Officers; Class 4, Sons of Toil. Extra prizes for young women to match.

"A new sort of person wanted very much everywhere. Meantime, the counter-jumper may be of help. Strike, but hear. He is frugal, hard-working, obliging, and of a more than courtly civility. His whole life a training in these qualities, with their underlying self-denial and self-control. Has been under the harrow, no small part of it. A wise legislature should see that every child had a touch of this instrument at the start. It is far more important than the lancet; and, in this case, we might fairly abolish the conscientious objector. Similarly, little shop-girls (maids of all

work, with ten in family preferred) quite the hope of the nation. No damn nonsense in them, and the country is perishing of that. They see life in its realities of labor, temperance, simplicity, low-pitched claim. Young ladyhood is killing the one half of us, and young sparkishness the other. Post-office and other clerical varieties of our modern miss, of great promise, but should be warned against being too sweet on themselves, and prayed with, morning and evening, against airs. Compulsory marriage between these and young navvies of good conduct worth considering as an extreme measure. Marriage with the merely muscular heathen in the boating and football line placed in the table of prohibited degrees.

"The absolute necessity of reorganizing our duffers in the interest of the social order. A possible revolt of them how awful! Think of their finding a second Spartacus, these failures in all departments, and rising on their lords and masters, the clever fellows! The feudal system no other than the clever fellows in their setting of age and circumstance. Muttered wrath of the duffers against these for their usurpation of all the best things of life as their fee for leadership. 'After all, we have our stomachs as well as you; and why make us suffer so fearfully for want of brains?' If they found no Spartacus, the defect might still be made good by mere weight of numbers—as though the sheep turned on the dog, on a deliberate reckoning of the cost in torn fleeces. Defeat in the end, no doubt, but what havoc in the course of it! Perhaps more economic in the long run, in every sense, to admit them to a larger share of the pudding. 'Let us in, or we will spoil your universe'—what a rallying-cry!"

Then Augusta struck in with a stray thought: "Beautiful on the mountains, Scottish or American, the feet of those poor students working as plowmen, stokers, packers, and cabmen in the intervals of their college terms. Surely Oxford might be restored to persons of this stamp without troubling Mr. Rhodes."

And thus the stranger again, still harping on England's daughter across the seas:

"New and serious attempt on the part of our writing clan to rediscover America, following in the wake of our modern Columbus of philosophical literature, E. J.

Payne. More and Montaigne and Shakespeare saw that the machinery of feudalism was outworn, and that we must cross the Atlantic for a new start in truth and nature, if not, as now, to re-teach its second crop of aborigines the lesson they are themselves making haste to forget. With all its faults, America still looming large as the land of ideas. We must pass through and beyond it to get to higher things. They beat us by their impudent curiosity about everything under the sun, including their own souls. They are actually trying to make a new religion, and, though the attempt may not succeed, it must have precious results of the experimental order.

"That Easter-day metaphysic of a worthy bishop—sin and death abashed before a miracle, and utterly overthrown. He owns, to his sorrow, that 'the church is not in possession.' How can it be, good man? It does not meet the facts of modern suffering, modern discontent; and we want a new adjustment. Be not alarmed; there have been hundreds before, each more or less adequate, and therefore true for its hour. There will be thousands again.

"Try brotherhoods of social justice, but brotherhoods of the world instead of the cloister; sisterhoods—and more especially—as well. Anchorites of the warehouse and of the drawing-room, desperately concerned in finding out how a fine life should be led, and in bringing liberty, equality, and fraternity into every-day concerns. Beings pledged one to another by their vows—coöoperators of the affections; trusts of the heart; contrivers of corners in magnanimity, self-sacrifice, self-control, leading the world's life, but even that to finer issues, and the soul's life in the temples that are also their homes.

"But not overmuch organization. The 'plan of salvation'—ill-omened phrase! It is all so pigeonholed and docketed nowadays in affairs of the spirit—so far in the fetching, so remote. Rome and Lambeth these bureaus of paradise! Less crimson tape.

"And give the men thus bred their chance of the land, and of every other good thing going. The land for the people, without a revolution of blood—unless you insist on it. Break the territorial aristocracy, old and new, and buy them out. Liddicot and his Grace of Allonby quite ready for heaven; Kisbye also ripe for a bit of a

change in another sphere. The state as owner; and, as holder at a fair rent, anybody that can put the brown earth to good use in any quantity. Other ownership, other rent, of it, a crime, as between man and man."

Augusta was just getting ready for the antistrophe; and how much longer the silent choral might have gone on between them no man can say. But at this moment the attendant came in, and making a sign to her, held out his hand for the expected shilling, not in vain. It was time to go; the carriage of the Duchess of Altonby stopped the way.

The duke was waiting for her.

"I am in luck," he said. "I was looking for you in the drive, and I met the carriage." He seemed uneasy for all that.

"I have asked him for to-day, Augusta, just to get it over. Would you mind? There 'll be nobody else."

"And who is the somebody?"

"Well—Kisbye, you know!"

It was the sign of capitulation.

"As you please, Henry, of course," and she turned her head to save him the sight of a wry face.

There was a sense of something impending in the banners, the roll of traffic, the hum of the street. Was it the end of an epoch—the old order that had passed away, the new that had come to take its place? The omens were not all favorable.

The sky became suddenly overcast; there was a threat of storm.

Another vehicle was at the gate, rather to the ducal coachman's disgust. It was a curious structure, mounted on a lorry, as though for repairs, and evidently much the worse for a late mishap.

Augusta at once recognized the yellow van. And, as she did so, the stranger, stalking forth erect, like a soldier taking his place for battle, nodded a marching order to the man at the horse's head.

Old Redmond stood confessed; and the van served as an introduction.

"You have met with an accident?"

"Hardly that, duchess." And he touched his cap.

She started.

"A broken head and what not; a house broken over it in a riot raised by the land-grabbers. We shall get both mended, and go on as before. Such things are among our rules of the road."

"Poor man!"

"I need no pity: we 'll have England for the English people yet."

All moved away—the battered veteran to his line of march, the Duchess of Altonby only to dinner with Mr. Kisbye! She sighed; it was impossible not to feel the difference in the dignity of their fates.

When last seen, the van was in a ray from a sunburst that parted the clouds.

THE END

## TOPICS OF THE TIME

### WORDS FITLY SPOKEN

IT cannot be denied that of late the soberest-minded men among us have been filled with a solicitude amounting to anxiety in noting the momentum of certain dangerous tendencies in American life. The trend toward mob law in various sections of the country; the increased violence of the aggressions upon the right of workingmen to labor unmolested; the revelations of public and private corruption, and especially of the buying and selling of legislation and franchises; the growth of the gambling mania among women as well as men; the vulgar rush for social promi-

nence; the wide-spread system of "graft" and blackmail which has grown up in all classes in the haste to be rich—these familiar phenomena are crowding upon our attention, straining our optimism and shaming our national pride at the very time when we are called upon to exult in the commercial greatness of the country and its peculiar qualifications for redeeming the benighted regions of the world. It is indeed a day of humiliation, but it will not be without its uses if it shall become also a day of humility, and if we shall be brought back to the standard of an elder time when justice and private probity were more prized and praised than the agglomer-

ation of national or personal wealth. The very excess of the wide-spread debauch of crime and of the vices which follow "the lurch to luxury" is likely to have a reaction which, at least, will be a warning to the coming generation.

In the midst of all this moral confusion there are not wanting sane and courageous utterances to recall men to their better selves, and to keep true and clear the standards of justice and right—a much more important result, by the way, than one's impeccable conformity to these standards. The fanaticism of lynch law alone has revealed a new group of heroes. Among these we count the father of the victim of the Wilmington murder, who, in the spirit of Whittier's "all revenge is crime," rose above the natural personal impulse to the higher plane of the good of all; the brave members of the Evansville militia, who fought the fight of civilization as truly as the men of Lexington and Concord; and the plucky sheriffs—Whitlock of Danville, Illinois, and Summers of Iredell, North Carolina—who have given examples of duty that exalt their office to its best estate.

Passing from the sphere of action to that of words, what a wholesome tonic to public opinion is found in Justice Brewer's denunciation of lynching as "pure murder," in Governor Yates's characterization of lynchers as "anarchists," and in Governor Durbin's use of the word "treason" in speaking of the action of labor unions in forcing their members to resign from the militia because they may be called upon to fire upon a mob. These epithets are a seasonable recognition of the fact that all government is based upon physical force regulated by law as opposed to physical force regardless of law.

The peonage cases have also given occasion to a Southerner, Judge Jones of Alabama, to make the most downright denunciation of the iniquity of the system, against which the best sentiment of the South is actively arrayed. What has been done in remote districts by a low class of men will now be suppressed by the leading citizens, from the combined motives of humanity and policy, for the South cannot afford to have the race question thus precipitated into public affairs. In this healthy state of opinion Judge Jones's timely words have been a rallying-cry.

Again, the demoralizing scandal of giving railway passes to members of Congress is brought to light by the refusal of a representative to accept one offered by a prominent company. In a well-reasoned letter a Brooklyn congressman speaks of this company as "an instigator of official misconduct." The phrase is an apt one, which ought to shame railway officials to reform altogether this custom of coqueting with legislators.

But in considering these timely words it must not be forgotten that it is both the privilege and the duty of every citizen to contribute in his own community to an honest and healthy sentiment on such questions. Public opinion is but an aggregation of individual ideas, and every citizen has as much responsibility for his influence as the judge on the bench or the governor in the State-house. The ignorant and selfish can only be overcome by the intelligent and patriotic through the active principle of free speech. But it is also well to make sure that one in no way—directly or indirectly—contributes to the malign forces which from many sides threaten the republic as, with one exception, it has never been threatened before.

#### THE CANT ABOUT "HARD WORK"

IF there is one phase of the reigning question of "commerce" that has had more attention than another, it is perhaps the condition of the laboring classes, men, women, and children, and particularly of those engaged in extra-hazardous employments. In the multitude of investigations of which they have been the subject, nothing was covered that has not been revealed. In consequence many wrongs have been righted and many more are in the way of being righted. The evils of child labor in the cotton-mill, the horrors of the city sweat-shop, and the exactions of the midnight mine have been duly exposed, and the results cannot fail to tell for a more wholesome and humane condition of things.

No one who comes in contact with affairs can fail to notice, however, as a sort of corollary to the enervation which comes to men of wealth through luxury, an increasing laxity of view among workingmen concerning labor, a tendency to regard the daily task as something greatly to be regretted and hastily to be escaped from. In

some minds an air of sentimentalism pervades the whole labor problem, as though the millennium only waited upon large wages and short hours. The old-time love for one's work and the old-time pride in it as one's best reason for existence have yet to find any wide-spread and active propaganda in the conventions of labor. So far as we have observed, no labor leader has taken upon himself the conservative office of preaching to his followers the virtue of good work well done, not only as a duty to the employer, but as a service and inspiration to the workingman himself. The theories even of those who lead most wisely aim at the elevation of the individual through the class rather than the reverse. The general trend of the workingman seems to be away from hard work and good work. It is time that there was less preaching of rights and more of duties. Perhaps it would be easier to get the rights by a little more conscientious devotion to the duties.

As a matter of fact, and not of theory, no man can do a worse service to another, whether rich or poor, than to deprive him of the absolutely healthful joy which there is in hard work. Woe to him who does not like his daily work; for if one cannot have the work he likes, he would better learn to like the work he has. Polonius was right:

"No profit comes where is no pleasure ta'en."

That there is much discontent with work among the so-called middle classes in America is due in large part to the pampering of children, to the supplying of their natural and artificial wants, and to the sentimental idea that "their day of toil will come soon enough." In general, work is not a curse, but a blessing—a positive means of grace. One can hardly begin too early to impress upon children lessons of self-help by tasks appropriate to their age and forces, and to beget in them scorn of idleness and of dependence on others. To do this is to make them happy through the self-respect that comes with the realization of power, and thus to approximate Tennyson's goal of man: "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control."

One consideration that is making our people impatient of hard work is the example of quickly made riches through the semi-gambling activities. Men whose fathers would have died rather than live on bread they had not earned find themselves willing to be taken care of, by the government perhaps, or by "the party," or by their more fortunate or industrious relatives. Such drones know nothing of the satisfaction of him who "scorns delights and lives laborious days," who can hold his head high and say he has earned his right to live, and whose death is thus not a debt paid to nature, for he owes her nothing.

## OPEN LETTERS

### Verses of Amos R. Wells<sup>1</sup>

IT is not every day that God is drawn into jesting verses, but criticism of Christian Science is pushed to strange shifts and does not hesitate to commit even so great a breach. These verses that try to jest about God pervert the teachings of Christian Science and are capable of deceiving the ignorant who may desire to know. It is not the teaching of Christian Science that "God is I, and I am God"; on the contrary, the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker G. Eddy, states categorically: "Man is not God, and God is

not man." It is not the teaching of Christian Science that "there is no matter," "there is no sin," and "there is no pain," unless these statements are qualified by the understanding that such statements refer to the real universe and the real man, created and controlled by God, whom the Founder of Christianity declared to be "Spirit" (St. John iv. 24).

The nature of God and man and the universe is not a joke. Sin and pain are not amusing, but if a method of destroying both has been discovered which explains their nature as metaphysically unreal, that is, indeed, a cause for great joy, praise, and thanksgiving, and evokes love and gratitude from the thousands

<sup>1</sup> "The Wanderings of a Bewildered Soul in the Mazes of Christian Science," in the July CENTURY.

who have been healed, reformed, and blessed by it.

Christian Scientists shrink from criticizing persons, and will be glad to hear from Mr. Wells that his attempted jest was not about God; but as the verses appeared in the department of THE CENTURY entitled "In Lighter Vein," as the verses themselves certainly had a humorous turn, and as the name of God appeared in almost every one of his eleven verses, it must be conceded that the charge was not unfounded.

*W. D. McCrackan.*

REJOINDER BY MR. WELLS

MY verses are not a "jest about God," they are a jest about Christian Science; and the terms are not synonymous, at least in my mind.

To be sure, Mrs. Eddy does say ("Science and Health," page 480, line 19), "Man is not God, and God is not man." One can find in

the book *any* arrangement of words on those subjects. But this statement is contradicted a thousand times, as I might show by many quotations.

If it is not the absolute and unqualified teaching of Christian Science that there *is* no matter, no sin, and no pain, but only an empty mirage of these things, Christian Science has no teaching at all. Probably there are not twenty pages out of the "text-book's" seven hundred that do not explicitly deny the real existence of matter, sin, and pain.

It would indeed, as your correspondent says, be a matter for joy, not for jesting, if a sovereign remedy for sin and sickness had been discovered; but when a set of solemn teachers shut their eyes and bid us be at ease regarding these evils because they do not see them, sober and sensible folk are inclined to think that a jest has been perpetrated, and not by themselves.

*Amos R. Wells.*



The Hospital Fair

HE had nearly made the round of the tables, and was fifteen or twenty dollars poorer than when he came in, though of course that was a detail. He owned a large pincushion, a nut-cake, a packet of colored tissue shaving-paper, a three-pound box of fudge at a dollar a pound, a hand-painted wall-calendar, a cardboard scrap-basket tied with ribbons, an embroidered tobacco-pouch, and a huge bunch of roses. And he was trying to carry all these things, for they don't "send" at a hospital fair. *Her* table was nearly the last in the line, and she laughed outright when she saw him.

"Hallo!" he said, his eyes brightening as he came up to her. "Where's your megaphone?"

"Oh, I don't spel," she laughed. "I leave that for the girls at the other tables."

"They know the art," he said ruefully. "It's done in better form than it is on the Midways, but just as effectively."

"I should judge so," she returned, with a survey of his laden arms.

"May n't I drop this armful behind your table and leave it there?" he pleaded. "You won't have to tell."

She shook her head. "Everything bought has to be carried away. It's the penalty for buying."

"Then there are two penalties!"

"What's the other?"

"The price. And two against one is no fair."

She laughed again.

"It's hospital fair," she retorted.

"Hospital fare is n't good."

"It is at our hospital.—A housewife, did you say?" She turned swiftly to a new customer, a portly lady in purple. "Yes, we have them. Here's a pretty one at two dollars and a quarter. Oh, yes, I can make change. Thank you."

"They did n't make change at the other tables," he said, as she returned.

"You mean they would n't."

"They said they could n't."

"They meant they should n't."

"Let me put these things down," he begged.

"Will you take them up again by and by?"

"All but the roses. They're for you."

"Oh, thank you. But you'll take the other things?"

"If I don't forget."

"I'll remind you."

"Thanks." He deposited his burden behind the table. "What do you sell?"

"Sewing-things. Housewives, for instance."

"I thought housewives were out of date."

"They're coming in again."

"Are all these at two dollars and a quarter?"

"Oh; no. There are several over two dollars and a quarter."

"I need one at some price," he said. "Laundries are poor hands at mending."

She picked up one in colored floss.

"This is three dollars and a half."

"I want something dearer than that."

She glanced at him.

"Well, here 's one at five dollars."

"Dearer still." His eyes were fixed on her face. She felt it flush brilliantly.

"This at six dollars is the most expensive I 've got."

"I want to pay more."

"How much?" It was an incautious question, and she knew it instantly.

"All my worldly goods," he quoted solemnly.

"I must leave you," she suddenly said.

"Those people want to buy something."

"I 'll wait," he said.

She was a long time with the new customers. Then she did not come back to his end of the table. He went over to hers.

"Are n't the rooms lovely?" she said.

"I want one from this table," he persisted.

"One what?"

"One housewife."

"At the price you named?"

"Yes."

Her glance meant mischief. "Does the price go to the hospital?" she asked.

He was taken aback. "Well, no," he said. "Not in this case."

"Where does it go, then?"

"To the housewife."

"That 's against the rules."

"Against what rules?"

"Against the rules of the fair."

"It 's not against the rights of the fair."

"Now you 're punning," she said.

"May I have it?" he pleaded. There was a light in his eyes.

"Have what?"

"I 've told you already."

She did not deny this. There was a light in her eyes too.

"There 's another customer," she said.

"Never mind the customer. Tell me."

"But I can't neglect customers. How would the hospital fare?"

"I 'm more interested in how *I* fare at the hospital fair."

"Well," she whispered, as she flashed away, "possibly I might sometime let you have one a little—dearer—even than the ones they sell at a hospital fair."

*Edwin Asa Dix.*



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

TROUBLE AT THE SLOTHS'

TOUCAN: What 's the matter, Sam? You look nettled.

SLOTH: I am. This is my wife's cleaning day, and she 's got the whole household turned upside down.

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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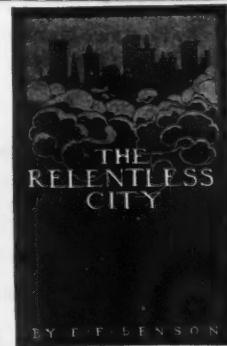
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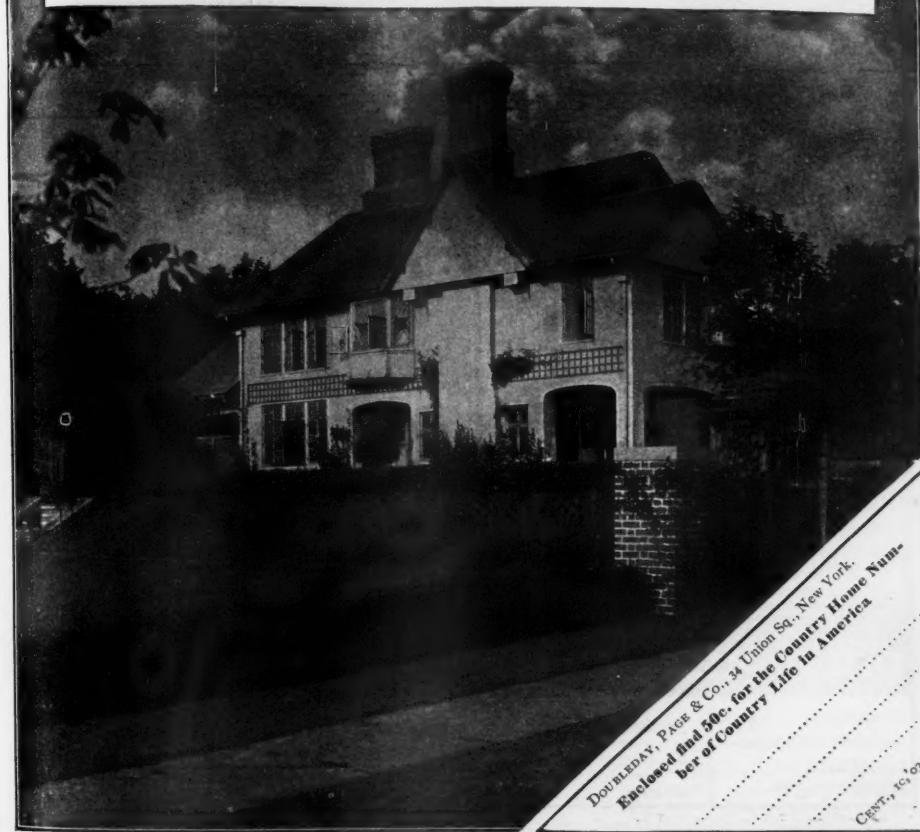
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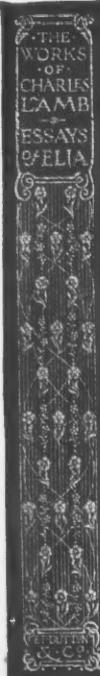
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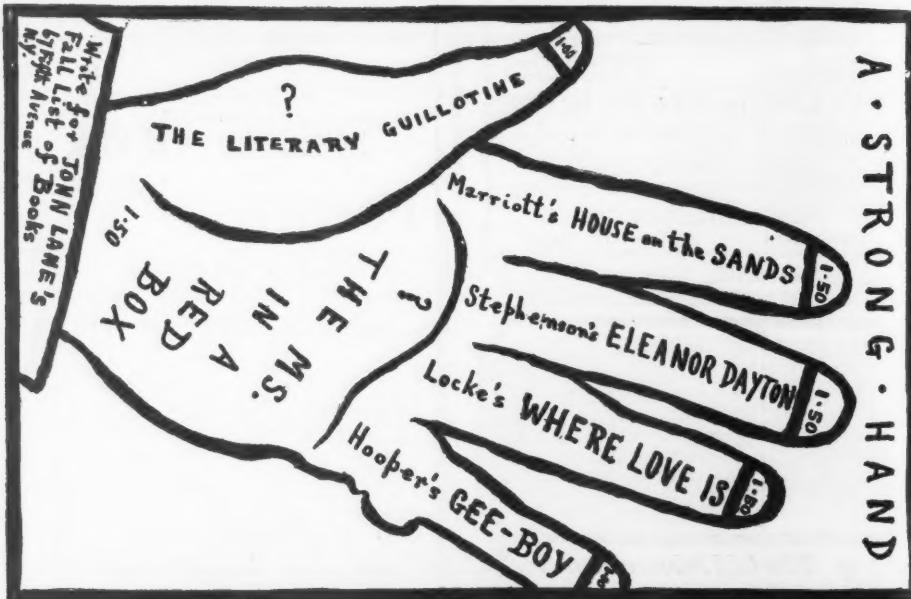
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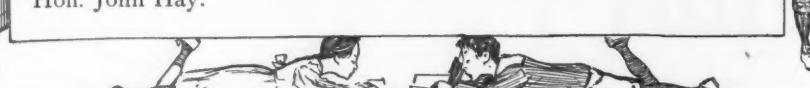
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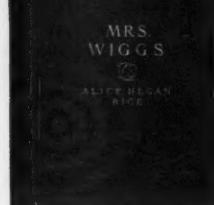


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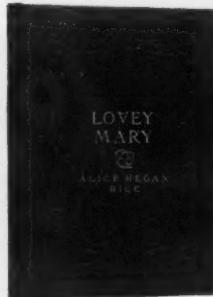
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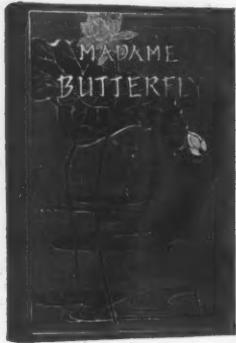


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36

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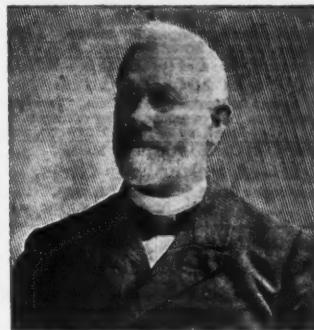
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# SCHOOLS

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# SCHOOLS

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS



It will be good news to thousands of people that The Century Co. has in preparation beautiful holiday editions of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and of "Lovey Mary," Alice Hegan Rice's two great successes. "Mrs. Wiggs" was published originally without any illustrations, but for "Lovey Mary" Florence Scovel Shinn drew twelve pictures. For each book of this new edition Mrs. Shinn has made twelve water-color drawings and twelve in black and white. The former will be reproduced in their original colors, and these illustrations, with the text set in Renner type and the pages printed on Cheltenham paper, will make two volumes, which will be greatly in demand at Christmas-time. They will be put up in a handsome box of novel design, and sold at \$4.00, or singly at \$2.00 each.

\* \* \*

THE popular Thumb-Nail Series, exquisite little books in embossed-leather bindings, will be enriched this season by three new volumes: "Socrates," translated from the Greek by Benjamin Jowett, containing Plato's "Apology of Socrates," and the "Crito," with a part of his "Phædo"; an edition of the ever-popular "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám," containing the first, second, and fourth of FitzGerald's translations, with an introduction by FitzGerald and John Hay's address delivered at the dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club in London, December, 1897; and a charming edition of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." All of these little books have frontispieces, and the covers have been designed by Mrs. Blanche McManus Mansfield, who has made so many successful covers in this Thumb-Nail Series.



"Each little Wiggs laid her head on the ironing-board, a willing sacrifice on the altar of vanity."

(Reduced from the water-color illustration in the new edition of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.")

America, and they reflect his opinions upon all sorts and kinds of American topics, with all the author's frankness, vivacity, and charm.

TRAVELERS to Egypt this winter will surely take with them the new edition of Frederic Courtland Penfield's "Present-Day Egypt." A returning traveler speaks of having purchased a second-hand copy of this book from a dragoman on the Nile, and there is a recent story to the effect that some one tried to find it in a book-store by asking for "Cairo Up-to-Date." Miss Scidmore's "Winter India" will be a popular book for travelers who are able to extend their journey beyond Egypt—in fact, it is a volume which will be a necessity to English-speaking people who visit India during the next decade.

\* \* \*

CLEVELAND MOFFETT's popular book, "Careers of Danger and Daring," is to appear this autumn in a new and cheaper edition, printed from the same plates, and with all of the original pictures by Jay Hambidge and George Varian. It is a book which, as many critics have said, parents enjoy as much as

their children—full of stories of the risks bravely run every day by the "heroes of peace," deep-sea divers, steeple-climbers, pilots, bridge-builders, locomotive engineers, firemen, wild-beast takers, and men in similarly hazardous pursuits.

\* \* \*

W. M. THACKERAY's friendship with the Baxter family of New York was one of the most interesting of the great novelist's friendships. His letters to the Baxters are to see the light in the pages of *The Century* during the coming year. They cover both visits of Thackeray to

America, and they reflect his opinions upon all sorts and kinds of American topics, with all the author's frankness, vivacity, and charm.

\* \* \*

JOHN LUTHER LONG's new volume of short stories, "Sixty Jane," will be ready in October. There are nine stories in all—some humorous, several pathetic, some thrilling, all tenderly human. Another book of short stories which The Century Co. is about to issue is Chester Bailey Fernald's "Under the Jack-staff," the first volume which Mr. Fernald has published since "The Cat and the Cherub," some years ago.

MRS. MANSFIELD'S early home was the little town of Woodville, Mississippi, but almost continuously since her marriage to Mowbray Francis Mansfield, a New York publisher and importer of foreign publications, the gifted American artist has resided in London and on the Continent. Her work abroad has included the decoration and illumination of prayer-books for cathedral use, and illumination of heraldic designs.



LESCHETIZKY AT 26

the life of the great piano-teacher Leschetizky, which is about to be published by The Century Co. The countess's sister is Leschetizky's wife. The pronunciation of Potocka is *Pototska*, and a Countess Potocka is the wife of a Count Potocki (*Pototski*).

The story of Theodore Leschetizky's life reads like a romance. Born in the palace of the Potocki, where his father was the music-teacher of the young countesses, the lad was familiar with luxurious surroundings from babyhood. At five he played well enough to please his parents' friends. At nine he made his public débüt successfully. Before eleven the boy was entertaining princes and their guests by his precocious playing and bright repartee. At fourteen he set up his own establishment, and eighteen brought the young genius his first trip to Italy and an idyllic love-affair. At twenty-two he went to Russia, where he speedily became the musical and social favorite of St. Petersburg. So cordially did the Russians welcome the young musician, and so substantially did St. Petersburg reward his work, that it was not until late in the seventies that Leschetizky went to Vienna, his home since then.

He has had as pupils the most distinguished talent from all parts of the world. Among his pupils are Paderewski, Slivinski, Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler, Hopekirke, Gabrilowitsch, Schnabl, and many others. The book is rich in charmingly intimate glimpses of all the notable musicians of the last half-century.

\* \* \*

"PA GLADDEN: The Story of a Common Man," will be the title of the book of "Pa Gladden" stories by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, which is soon to be published. "Pa Gladden" is considered to be one of the most original and entertaining characters that have sprung to light in recent fiction. In him is a unique mingling of religious sentiment and racy humor. The story of his singular experiences in a remote community—his relation to the people and the animals among whom his kindly life is led—has a strange fascination for the reader.

\* \* \*

JEAN WEBSTER's delightful little story, "When Patty Went to College," has just reached its fifth edition.



"PA GLADDEN"

\* \* \*

"THE YELLOW VAN," the novel by Richard Whiteing which has been appearing serially in *The Century*, will be published in book form in October. Mr. Whiteing's novel, "No. 5 John Street," passed through five editions before it had been out four days in England. Its remarkable sale indicated the great interest taken in the question of what the classes owe to the masses, and, curiously enough, the sale in America was even greater than it was in England. "The Yellow Van" does for English country life what "No. 5 John Street" did for the city. It sketches boldly and clearly the ease, luxury, and beauty of the life of England's great estate-holders, and the toil, hopelessness, and tragedy of their tenants' existence. The contrast between the lives of the two classes, near neighbors, yet divided by an impassable gulf, is the motive of this new novel, which promises to arouse even more attention than did "No. 5 John Street." The careless reader of the hour will find it a novel compelling interest. The thoughtful man or woman will be stirred to deeper thought—perhaps to fruitful discussion.



CONVICTS IN A RUSSIAN PRISON ON BAGHALIEN ISLAND  
(From "In Search of a Siberian Klondike.")

HOMER B. HULBERT will be remembered as the writer of that striking story, "The Sign of the Jumna," which appeared in the July *Century*. He is the author of the book, "In Search of a Siberian Klondike," which The Century Co. is about to issue. Mr. Hulbert wrote down the story, which was told to him by Washington Vanderlip, whose experiences are narrated in the book. Mr. Vanderlip was sent to Kamchatka by a Russian company in search of gold, and his travels took him over much of the same ground covered by George Kennan in his first book, "Tent Life in Siberia." The search for gold was fruitless, but the adventures were unusual and varied.

\* \* \*

THE combination of author and artist for the series of papers on Italian Gardens which *The Century* will print, beginning in November, is an ideal one. Of all people in the world, Mrs. Edith Wharton, author of that exquisite novel of Italian life, "The Valley of Decision," could best describe the beautiful old gardens of the famous villas of Italy; and of all the artists in the world Mr. Maxfield Parrish could most fittingly illustrate them. Many of Mr. Parrish's pictures will be reproduced in color, and the articles will be among the most notable in the history of *The Century*. They form one of several important series which are coming out in *The Century*, including Ernest Thompson Seton's "Fables and Woodmyths."

MRS. MAUD WILDER GOODWIN'S novel which will begin in the November *Century* takes its name, "Four Roads to Paradise," from a passage in the Talmud: "Four men entered paradise: one beheld and died; one lost his senses; one destroyed the young plants; one only entered in peace."

The plot turns in part on the hesitation in the mind of a young clergyman between devotion to a missionary life among the lepers and the attractiveness of the social world into which he is plunged upon coming from his Western home to New York.

THREE new books for little folks are on The Century Co.'s list for autumn publication: "Baby Days," a new edition of an old-time favorite, containing some illustrations from the early editions and much new material, all garnered by Mary Mapes Dodge from the Little Folks' Department of *St. Nicholas*; "Thistledown," a new book by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, the author of "Lady Jane"—like that popular girls' book, the scene laid in New Orleans; and a new edition of J. G. Francis's "Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals"—one of the funniest little books that have ever appeared.

SOME of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder's most popular poems relating to the Christmas season have been gathered into a beautiful volume, set in a new style, with border decorations, title-page, and frontispiece by Henry McCarter. The collection is called "A Christmas Wreath," and it will be ready in time for the holidays.

THE new edition of John Luther Long's "Madame Butterfly" is to be illustrated with sixteen reproductions of photographs from models, taken by Mr. C. Varnall Abbott. They are perhaps as artistic and charming photographs as have ever been put into a book. The cover is by the Japanese artist Genjiro Yeto.

DAVID GRAY'S new book of horse stories is to be called "Gallops 2," and his previous book, issued under the title of "Gallops," will henceforth be known as "Gallops 1." Mr. Gray writes most entertainingly about the interesting people who have time to hunt and drive coaches,—all of them exceedingly well groomed and well mannered,—and he manages to inject a great deal of fun into the telling.

LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH'S papers on "My Old Maid's Corner," which have appeared in *The Century*, are to be printed in book form in an attractive little volume, with headbands by Granville Smith, printed in color, and with a pretty cover. Some one has called this the feminine "Reveries of a Bachelor." According to the writer's creed or convictions [says the critic of the Boston *Transcript*], the love that makes the world go 'round is never more effectually applied than when one has left one's youth behind." "Solid bits of wisdom," says *Education*.



LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

A VALUABLE contribution to archaeological literature is announced for fall publication, "Northern Central Syria and the Hauran. Part II: Architecture," by Howard Crosby Butler, whose delightful "The Story of Athens" was published a year ago. The work, one of five volumes covering the subject, is a result of the expedition sent out in 1899-1900 under charge of Professor Butler.

"THE BOOK OF CHILDREN'S PARTIES," by Mary and Sara White, which is just coming out, is another one of those "long-felt wants" which every mother who has ever given a party for her children has experienced. It gives in convenient form descriptions of parties for the different months of the year, with a great number of games, and many illustrations from photographs and drawings. It will be a useful book in any home where there are children, and it will be equally useful in the kindergarten.

MR. HERMANN KLEIN'S new book, "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London," is a volume which music-lovers can hardly afford to do without. Mr. Klein sets before his readers hitherto unrecorded scenes and events in the lives of the most famous and interesting people who have lived in the musical world within the last three decades. A part of Mr. Klein's material was published in *The Century*, but the book will contain much more matter and more than one hundred illustrations from interesting photographs.



JEAN DE RESZKE      LÉONIDE LABALLE      ÉDOUARD DE RESZKE  
 "BIRDS OF A FEATHER"  
 (From "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London.")

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Partial  
Announcement  
of  
The Century Magazine  
for 1904



The New Volume  
(the Sixty-seventh)  
begins in November



### Renewals

Should be sent as early as possible,  
so that there may be no delay in the  
receipt of numbers. \$4.00 a year.

### The Index

For the volume ending with the  
present number, October, has been  
printed, and copies will be sent with-  
out charge on request.

The Century Co.,  
Union Square, New York.

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

# The Century

in 1904

A New  
Serial  
Novel by  
Mr. Jack  
London,  
Author  
of "The  
Call of  
the Wild,"  
Etc.

"Four Roads to Paradise" is the title of a novel by Mrs. Maud Wilder Goodwin (author of "Sir Christopher," "White Aprons," "Flint," "The Head of a Hundred," etc.), which will begin in the November CENTURY, with illustrations by Keller, and will be concluded in seven instalments.

It is a love-story of New York people, with the principal scenes in New York and Florence. The heroine, a widow, has several suitors with varying ideals of life, as suggested by the title and set forth in the first instalment, in a scene at a New York club. The title was suggested by the following passage from the Talmud: "Four men entered Paradise; one beheld, and died; one lost his senses; one destroyed the young plants; one only entered in peace." In character-drawing, observation of life, wit and literary finish, it is confidently believed that this story will place Mrs. Goodwin among the foremost story-writers of America.

Mr. Jack London, whose story, "The Call of the Wild," is one of the most deserved popular successes of the year, will publish his new novel in THE CENTURY Magazine. It is a story of the sea, original in character and profound in motive. It has all the primitive strength of "The Call of the Wild," but, as a narrative, is even more thrilling. The story is told by a young man who is picked up after the wreck of a ferry-boat in San Francisco Bay, and is taken forcibly on a sealing voyage under a captain who is a strange mixture of brutality and self-culture, and who is thought to be one of the most striking and original characters in modern fiction. A strong love interest develops in the latter part of the story, and the plot brings out most picturesquely the triumph of the ideal over the actual phases of force and matter. In fact, the triumph of materialism is the dominant note of the first half of the book, while that of the second half is love and the triumph of idealism.

A New  
Serial  
Novel by  
Mrs. Maud  
Wilder  
Goodwin,  
Author of  
"The Head  
of a Hun-  
dred," Etc.

## A Brilliant Year of Short Stories

# The Century in 1904

A great wealth of short stories, notable for variety, interest and literary charm, will mark the coming year. Among these will be brief works of fiction by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "The Rescue"; J. J. Bell, author of "Wee Macgregor"; also more of Maurice F. Egan's delightful "Sexton Maginnis" stories; and tales by Roy Rolfe Gilson, in his old, and in a charming new, vein. E. L. Sabin, author of "Chums," will continue his admirable boy sketches; and there will be short stories by Dr. Weir Mitchell, David Gray, Gouverneur Morris, Mrs. Waltz (author of "Pa Gladden"), Helen R. Martin (author of "A Mennonite Maid"), Albert Bigelow Paine, Elliott Flower, George Hibbard, Herbert D. Ward, Cloutesley Johns, Henry Wallace Phillips, Anne Warner, and others. Some of the best stories, soon to appear, are by writers whose names are not widely known.

A Sumptuous and Timely Feature: "Italian Gardens." Articles by Mrs. Edith Wharton. Illustrations by Maxfield Parrish

A charming feature of great practical and suggestive value will be a series on "Italian Villas and their Gardens," written by Edith Wharton, author of "The Valley of Decision," etc., and illustrated, largely in color, by Mr. Maxfield Parrish. This combination of author and artist has been called an "ideal" one. Both have long been sympathetically familiar with Italian outdoor life, and both have recently spent months in Italy in preparing this series, studying not only the well-known gardens, but procuring admission to many from which the public is excluded. These papers will constitute a sumptuous and timely feature. The interest in formal gardening among owners of country places is so largely on the increase that it may be said to be the fashion. How attractive its use can be made will be shown by both text and pictures.

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

# The Century in 1904

“Fable  
and  
Wood-  
Myth.”  
Articles  
and illus-  
trations by  
Ernest  
Thompson  
Seton

The author of “Wild Animals I have Known,” “The Biography of a Grizzly,” etc., will publish in THE CENTURY a series of brief papers, with his own illustrations, under the title of “Fable and Wood-Myth,” and in an unfamiliar vein. Some of the titles of these quaint, original, and suggestive sketches are “The Three Phoebes of Windygoul,” “The Grasshopper that made the Missimo Valley,” “The Fable of the Yankee Crab,” “The Blue Jay and the Robin,” “The Fairy Lamps,” and “The Collector of Lies.” The drawings that accompany these fables and wood-myths are, many of them, in the author’s most fantastic and amusing manner.

The veteran naturalist and charming writer, John Burroughs, will print in early numbers articles of the greatest interest, giving his views as to what he conceives to be errors of observation, record, or deduction on the part of contemporary writers on nature. He holds that “the Yellow Reporter has invaded the fields and woods,” and he feels it a duty to endeavor to correct tendencies toward sentimentality, exaggeration, over-picturesqueness, or falsification. Here will be published his matured opinions as to instinct, the alleged teaching of young animals by their parents, the play of animals, and kindred themes. In the course of the articles will be published a highly interesting letter by President Theodore Roosevelt to the author, which appears by special permission of the President.

John  
Burroughs  
on “Cur-  
rent Mis-  
conceptions  
in Nat-  
ural  
History”

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

# The Century

## in 1904

New  
Thackeray  
Material.  
Thackeray's  
Friendship  
with an  
American  
Family as  
Told in  
His Own  
Letters.  
With Facsimiles  
of Manuscripts  
and Drawings  
by the Author

Thackeray's most important American letters are to see the light in November and subsequent numbers of THE CENTURY. These are written to different members of the Baxter family, then of New York. They cover both the first and second visit of the novelist to America, and record one of the most interesting friendships of his life. The letters reflect Thackeray's various shades of opinion concerning America and its people, with all the author's frankness, vivacity, and charm. They have a continuity which gives almost the interest of a new story by Thackeray. Several unpublished sketches accompany the letters, including good-humored caricatures of Longfellow and Curtis. Miss Lucy Baxter contributes an interesting introduction, and furnishes explanatory notes.

Ambassador  
White's  
Reminis-  
cences of  
Bismarck  
and  
Others

Among the most important of Ambassador Andrew White's reminiscences of his residences near the Berlin Court will appear in the new volumes of THE CENTURY, including an account of his relations with Prince Bismarck. Mr. White's papers have attracted attention in both Europe and America, and THE CENTURY's readers have a rich treat in store in subsequent instalments.

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

# The Century in 1904

## “Perils of the Republic.” Important, Timely Articles

In keeping with the serious, even anxious interest with which certain great public dangers are now being everywhere viewed, THE CENTURY will print during the coming year a group of papers under the general title “Perils of the Republic.” The object of these papers will be to call marked attention to a few of the more important unfortunate tendencies in American life. Early numbers will contain “The Daily Walk of a Walking Delegate,” by Franklin Clarkin, and “The Present Epidemic of Crime,” by Dr. James M. Buckley. There will also be constructive papers recording and suggesting ways of betterment for laboring men and women.

By  
Ray  
Stannard  
Baker  
and  
Jacob  
A. Riis

Mr. Baker, whose articles on the Great Southwest and the Great Northwest have been leading and widely acceptable features of recent volumes, will continue his notes on those regions, giving in brief papers the result of his observations. He will discuss “The Railroad” as a feature of Western life, also “The Western Spirit of Restlessness” and other “characteristics.”

Mr. Jacob A. Riis, the author of “The Making of an American,” will contribute to THE CENTURY during the coming year some of his characteristic and entertaining observations of men, children, and dogs.

THE CENTURY CO-UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

# The Century

## in 1904

### Artists Whose Work Will Appear in The Cen- tury in the Coming Volume

MAXFIELD PARRISH	URQUHART WILCOX
ERNEST THOMPSON SETON	MARTIN JUSTICE
A. B. FROST	FRANK W. STOKES
ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE	CHARLES H. KNIGHT
CHARLOTTE HARDING	OTTO BACHER
W. L. METCALF	SARAH STILWELL
FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN	F. C. YOHN
JULES GUERIN	VIOLET OAKLEY
ALBERT STERNER	ELLEN B. THOMPSON
FREDERIC DORR STEELE	ALFRED BRENNAN
A. I. KELLER	B. R. CAMPBELL
FANNY V. CORY	SIGISMUND IVANOWSKI
W. L. JACOBS	CHRISTINE S. BREDIN
JOSEPH PENNELL	C. D. WILLIAMS
SYDNEY ADAMSON	MAURICE GRIFFENHAGEN

The art features during the coming year are so numerous that it is impossible to name them all. In color, *THE CENTURY* makes a specialty of pictures of *real things* where color is essential to this presentation — such as Mr. Stokes's *Auroras*, etc. Some interesting and valuable novelties in this line, by various artists, are in preparation. Timothy Cole, the greatest of America's wood-engravers, will continue his brilliant renderings of Spanish masterpieces. Some of Sargent's recent portraits will be reproduced, and the first full account will soon appear of the marvelous Fenway "Palace of Art" in Boston.

Articles will be continued on the latest wonders of science; on travel in various parts of the world; on the great exchanges; on the English Parliament and French Corps Legislatif; on Architecture, and Civic Improvement; and on a variety of topics, which there is not room even to enumerate. American humor, and contemporary poetry in America, will be well represented throughout the year.

Art,  
Science,  
Travel,  
Poetry,  
Etc.

Subscription price \$4.00 a year. The year begins with the November number. Subscriptions taken by booksellers and newsdealers, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers, by check, draft, money-order or postal-order. Cash at sender's risk.

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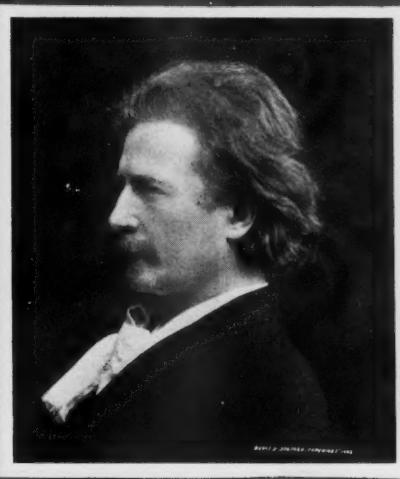
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Cincinnati, Ohio.







# THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



*The line on this roll indicates  
the tempo according to my in-  
terpretation*

Paderewski's authorization of rolls marked by him

## THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA

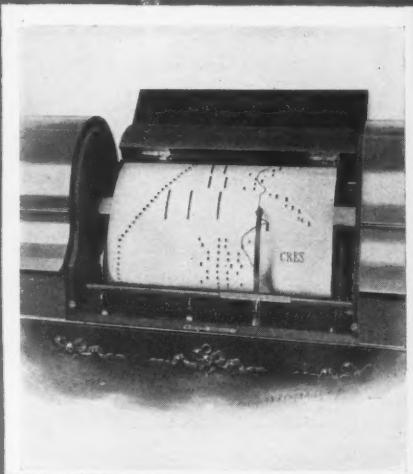
*Preserving and giving access to the interpretation of music as well as to the  
technique of piano-playing*

IT IS very possible that the many thousands who know from personal experience what the Pianola has been heretofore, and something of the complete revolution in piano-playing of which it is the origin and chief promoter, will hardly believe at first the statement that an improvement has been made thereto which in Musical Importance, Artistic Advancement, and Far-reaching Consequences is second only to the Pianola itself—if, indeed, it does not transcend it.

But as the nature of this improvement is explained, its possibilities are understood, and its inevitable effects upon musical development in a measure realized, all doubt gives way to conviction that stops nothing short of positive enthusiasm.

This has been the case with the many eminent composers, pianists, and critics to whom the invention was submitted prior to bringing it before the public.

# THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



**T**HIS NEW attachment is called "The Metrostyle." Broadly speaking, it accomplishes two former impossibilities:

(1)—It records an interpretation of a performance on the piano. That is, it indicates the exact tempo, note by note, phrase after phrase, in which every bar is played, together with the accentuation.

(2)—It enables another person—not necessarily a musician—to render the interpretation so recorded.

The achievement implied in these few words is so startling in its newness—so far beyond what has ever before been attempted or even imagined that some consideration will be necessary rightly to comprehend it. Heretofore a performance on the piano has been as evanescent as a performance on the stage. It is as impossible to know to-day how Liszt played his Rhapsodies as it is to know how Edmund Kean performed Richard III. We have the score—we have the words. Various artists have varying ideas of how the one should be rendered, and the other acted; but the masters themselves are forever silent.

So far as the piano is concerned this need no longer be the case.

A hundred years from now any pianist may know how Paderewski played Mozart's Rondo in A Minor or his own Theme and Variations—that is, the tempo in which Paderewski plays every phrase of these compositions has been so clearly and accurately indicated by the Metrostyle that over his own signature the great artist has acknowledged the interpretation to be his own.

What is more, the person then living who has a Pianola with Metrostyle attachment and the Pianola music with the Metrostyle-markings can play these pieces in exactly the same tempo, phrase by phrase, and with precisely the same accent that Paderewski played them.

And what can be done then can be done now, by whomsoever has a Pianola with Metrostyle attachment, and the music-rolls with their simple markings.

The Pianola furnishes Technique;  
The Metrostyle—Interpretation.

# THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



WITH THE Pianola, so far as touching the right notes is concerned, any one can play the piano. It furnishes a technique, even for the most difficult compositions, which is perfect and which does not change. At the same time, it leaves expression, which is the soul of music, to the varying mood, taste, and ability of the individual performer.

This very excellence, however, placing as it does the Pianola immeasurably above the plane of all merely mechanical devices, involves the necessity on the part of the performer of *knowing what expression to give*, often for the skilled pianist a difficult proposition, and for the novice, especially in unfamiliar and intricate pieces, quite impossible. Hence, the long-felt want of some kind of an interpretory guide which, while it should not in the slightest degree interfere with the freedom of the performer to interpret according to his own ideas, should serve as a standard for those who have no ideas to interpret.

But that such a thing could ever be made available in the all-important matter of detailed application to the playing of every note was probably never dreamed of till the invention of the Metrostyle. And yet, it is very simple.

As all musicians know, the great factor in expression is the phrasing or punctuation of the music, which in the case of the Pianola is indicated by the Metrostyle markings.

With the Pianola the tempo is regulated by a lever which is moved on a slide to the right or left, to quicken or retard the movement. To this lever is now attached the Metrostyle which by means of a pen or pencil can be made to trace on the roll of perforated paper as it runs through the instrument, a line indicating by innumerable curves and angles every degree of dynamic contrast—every shade of musical feeling. It will be seen at once that this simple line assumes importance corresponding to the standing of the musical authority by whom it is thus traced. When operated or directed by Paderewski, by Harold Bauer, by Moszkowski, by Emil Paur—all of whom, and many other conductors and composers, have cheerfully rendered their invaluable assistance—this line is of the greatest interest simply as a record.

# THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA



## A FEW EXCERPTS FROM ENDORSEMENTS

While I consider the Pianola superior in every way to all other pianoforte-players, I am convinced that no instrument can be considered complete unless equipped with the Metrostyle. **HAROLD BAUER.**

The Metrostyle Pianola will enable any one to play the rolls that I mark in the tempo of each composition as I interpret them. **JOSEF HOFMANN.**

The Metrostyle makes the Pianola of the greatest artistic value, and this places it in a musical position far ahead of any other instrument of this nature. **MARK HAMBOURG.**

The most striking feature of the Pianola is the Metrostyle. Without this the Pianola would lack the one feature which makes it possible for those who have not studied music to learn to interpret artistically the great masterpieces. **JOSEPH SLIVINSKI.**

The Metrostyle allows the lay music-lover to give the interpretation of a virtuoso. **JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.**

The Metrostyle Pianola has inestimable value for every student of music. **ALFRED HERTZ.**



**B**UT ITS immense practical value, as well as its untold artistic and educational significance, lies in the fact that when copied on rolls of the same music and followed on the Pianola with the Metrostyle, the result is the most wonderful reproduction of these great interpretations—even at the hands of those who have no knowledge of music whatever.

Those who prefer a different rendering are not obliged to follow the marking. They can do so wholly or in part—vary, improve, or ignore it altogether. But here at least is a Standard Interpretation—according, where he is available, to the composer himself—and in every instance by an authority entitled to the highest consideration. In some cases several different renderings of the same composition have been recorded by different eminent pianists, and both in Europe and America the work of collecting these interpretations is going on continuously.

It is difficult to say to whom the Metrostyle means the more:

The Musician, who finds in these simple but definite records the foundation for unlimited study, comparison, and criticism to which no conservatory in the world presents a parallel;

Or the Novice who for the first time finds himself playing a great composition with intelligence and meaning. Of absorbing interest to the one, it would seem to be indispensable to the other.

To every one to whom piano-playing means anything at all, the Metrostyle Pianola adding to the perfection of technique, an easily and universally available means of the highest, and at the same time a flexible interpretation, is to-day the most important development in the entire World of Music.

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Same, chiming quarter-hours on Westminster chimes, striking hours on gong  
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So people should let the youngsters have Grape-nuts and cream every day. They like it and you can be absolutely certain you are feeding them wisely and scientifically.

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*There's a reason.*

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*Like leaves of trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth now withering on the ground.*

—Pope

## FALLING LEAVES

warn us that winter-time is fast approaching. And we prepare for it.

But how about the winter-time of life? When the winter of your life approaches, will it be bare and cheerless as that of the tree stripped of its leaves?

An adequate Endowment policy in the Equitable makes a sure provision for your maturer years,— and meanwhile will protect your family.

*Vacancies for men of character to act as representatives.*

Apply to GAGE E. TARBELL, 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President

For full information fill out this Coupon, or write

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States

120 Broadway, New York. Dept. No. 1.

Please send me information regarding an Endowment for

\$..... if issued at ..... years of age.

Name.....

Address.....

# TIME PIECES

62

Inside  
a Watch

The unseen parts of a watch are the important parts. In the case, for instance, many unscrupulous dealers put lead and cover it with a veneer of gold. They call them solid gold watches. In the

ACCURATE TO THE SECOND

**Dueber-Hampden Watches**

the gold is all gold. They are honest all through. The longer you wear a Dueber-Hampden Watch the more you appreciate its merits. And the works are as good as gold. Both cases and movements are made under the same management in the largest watch works in the world and covered by the same guarantee.

Ask dealer or write to us for "GUIDE TO WATCH BUYERS" — Free.

**Dueber-Hampden Watch Works**  
Dept. D, Canton, Ohio

# TRADING STAMPS

63

## WHY

**Every One Should Collect**

### **"Sperry & Hutchinson" Green Trading Stamps**

TO induce cash trade, leading merchants, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, give "S. & H." Green Trading Stamps. One stamp for each ten cents in the amount of a purchase.

### **THEY COST YOU ABSOLUTELY NOTHING**

but are redeemable at our stores, in all principal cities, for thousands of articles embracing everything in Furniture, Cut Glass, Bric-à-brac, Portières, Musical Instruments, Etc., Etc.

"Sperry & Hutchinson" premiums are of unsurpassed excellence. They are useful and ornamental acquisitions to the most modest, as well as the most luxurious homes.

WE ARE THE ORIGINATORS OF TRADING STAMPS. OUR STAMPS HAVE THE APPROBATION OF MILLIONS WHO COLLECT THEM.



OUR PAID-UP CAPITAL AND SURPLUS IS LARGER THAN THE COMBINED CAPITAL OF ALL OTHER TRADING-STAMP COMPANIES.

City by city, state by state, the inhabitants of this country have become familiar with "Sperry & Hutchinson" Green Trading Stamps. The unparalleled popularity which these stamps have attained reflects the extraordinary advantages secured through collecting them.

MERCHANTS DESIRING INFORMATION RELATIVE TO OUR STAMP SYSTEM CAN OBTAIN SAME BY ADDRESSING HOME OFFICE.

---

## **The Sperry & Hutchinson Co.**

**THOMAS A. SPERRY, President**

**Home Office, 320 Broadway, New York City**

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**Paid-up Capital \$1,000,000**

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**Surplus \$250,000**

We own and operate more stores than any other concern in the world.

# Universities

Are Now Teaching the  
Value of Life Insurance.

In Selecting a Policy the  
School of Experience

Points to

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Send Coupon For Information of  
Dividend Bearing Policies.

*Without committing myself to any action, I shall  
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of Participating Policies.*

For \$----- Age-----

Name-----

Address-----

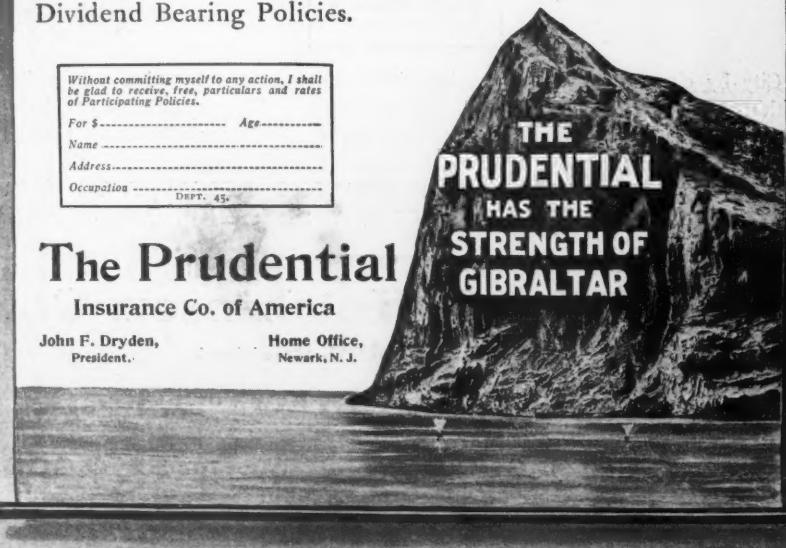
Occupation----- DEPT. 45

**The Prudential**  
Insurance Co. of America

John F. Dryden,  
President.

Home Office,  
Newark, N. J.

THE  
**PRUDENTIAL**  
HAS THE  
STRENGTH OF  
GIBRALTAR



MUSIC

65

# 6 Points of Superiority

INDEPENDENT  
CONTROL OF  
BASS AND  
TREBLE

NON-MECHANICAL  
TOUCH

EASIEST  
TO PUMP

INSTANT CHANGE FROM  
PIANISSIMO TO  
FORTISSIMO OR  
VICE-VERSA

ABILITY TO  
EMPHASIZE  
ANY NOTE

ABSOLUTE  
WARRANTY  
FOR FIVE  
YEARS

6



**THE**  
**CECILIAN**  
**THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER**

PRICE  
\$250<sup>00</sup>  
MONTHLY  
PAYMENTS  
IF DESIRED

We prove all we claim

FARRAND ORGAN COMPANY DEPT. K  
DETROIT, MICH.

# ORIENTAL RUGS

66

Antique  
Persian  
Silk  
Rug



# TIFFANY STUDIOS

## Oriental Rugs

Every Rug offered by the Tiffany Studios is imported direct from the Orient, and when received its quality and colorings are passed upon by experts before it is added to the stock. All the best known weaves are represented and the collection is especially noteworthy by reason of the number of rare and unusual rugs it includes.

The activities of the Tiffany Studios cover the allied arts and crafts as applied to decoration. Descriptive brochures mailed on request.

TIFFANY STUDIOS  
333 FOURTH AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

Showrooms  
Open to  
Visitors  
Correspondence  
Invited

# INTERIOR DECORATIONS

## W. & J. SLOANE



Those to whom the decoration of homes is entrusted must be able not only to appreciate, but to adapt to Twentieth-Century needs, the excellence of schools so widely varying in form and detail as those of the Italian Renaissance and of the English Elizabethan, of Henry II. and Louis XVI. of France, of the Gothic of the Thirteenth Century and the Neo-Classic of the Eighteenth, and withal they must be no mere tame copyists, but originators and creators.

As professional interior decorators and furnishers, we place at the disposal of the public our studio with its corps of trained artists and designers, our exclusive line of wallpapers and wall coverings, our fine assortment of upholstery fabrics, our rare collection of classic furniture, our unlimited stock of carpetings and rugs, and our unsurpassed facilities for bringing these factors together to attain the highest artistic results.

---

BROADWAY AND 19TH STREET  
N E W Y O R K

# MISCELLANEOUS

63

Day of Month	Week	Sun Rises	Sets	M R.
		H. M.	H. M.	
1	Tue	5.26		12
2	Wed	5.21	5.53	1
3				2
4				



**The Sun Rises and Sets by the time of the ELGIN WATCH the world's regulator of time**

An illustrated history of the watch sent free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.  
ELGIN, ILL.



## Whiting's Organdie Moire

THE latest fashionable writing-paper for select correspondence, of elegant and rich design, with the Organdie Surface. The new tints,

### Blueling and Cerulean,

have become favorites; also made in London White, Quaker Gray and Celestial, and in the most popular sizes of Envelopes—

Regent 1, 2 and 3

Sold by all dealers in Fine Stationery

Whiting Paper Company

148-150-152 Duane Street  
NEW YORK

# PERFUMES

69

"MOST REFINED AND MOST DAINTY" - M<sup>ME</sup> REJANE

# Delettrez

DEL-E-TRAY

PARIS

\$5.00  
Per  
Bottle



## PERFUMES

THE PERFUMES OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD

The choice of the  
most fastidious is

## MYRTIS

The perfume of  
distinction

### DELETTREZ LATEST AND MOST EXQUISITE PRODUCTION

The concentrated essence of a million flowers,  
flowers that grew in the very court of Queen  
Flora in the Land of Flowers in sunny France,  
flowers that gave up their very souls to carry to  
other lands the poetry of the blue skies of the  
Mediterranean, the romance of the Valley of the Var.

AGLAIA - Most fragrant and most lasting - 3<sup>50</sup> Per Bottle

VIOLETTES True odor of fresh Violets 2<sup>50</sup> Per Bottle

CELESTES

### SOAP & TOILET POWDERS

of any of these perfumes  
1<sup>00</sup> and 2<sup>00</sup> respectively.

AT ALL DEALERS OR SENT DIRECT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE  
McKESSON & ROBBINS 91 FULTON ST., NEW YORK. Sole Agents for United States.

# JEWELRY PRECIOUS STONES & CO.

70

56 Years Between Them

More significant than tradition is the never wanting popularity of "1847 Rogers Bros." silver ware, the fame of which has come down through three generations. Fixed on the mind of the dame of 1847, by the quality it represented, the name "1847 Rogers Bros." has descended to posterity.

What stood for quality in those early years stands now for both quality and superior design, the beauties and varieties of which are shown in catalogue "J-10" sent free. Write for it. "1847 Rogers Bros." goods are sold by leading dealers everywhere.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.

(International Silver Co., Successor.)

## "1847 ROGERS BROS."

SPOONS, FORKS,

KNIVES, Etc.

### "TOASTS" AND Other Etchings on Brass

Unique and attractive pictures, framed in dark wood. Size 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.



CUPID.

\$1.25 each; postage 25 cents extra.

One, sent prepaid, \$1.50; two, to same address, prepaid, \$2.90; three, to same address, prepaid, \$4.30.

Illustrated Booklet of other copyrighted designs, including Rip Van Winkle, Dame Fortune, and Slumber Song, sent on request. Write for our Year Book for 1903, 184 pages, illustrating everything in solid gold and sterling silver.

**Daniel Low & Co., JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS,**  
229 Essex Street, Salem, Mass.

Established 1867.

Something new for Summer Cottages, Club Houses, Dens, Whist Prizes, Birthdays Appropriate Gifts from anyone to anyone.



THE turquoise is a wonderful gem. The difficulty in obtaining perfectly matched stones has been the only bar to its use for necklaces and long chains. The product of the Toltec mines supplies turquoise perfect in color and of suitable size. We have issued an illustrated folder on turquoise telling all about the most beautiful turquoise in the world for perfectly matched necklaces. Yours for the asking.

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1 Madison Avenue, New York

# JEWELRY PRECIOUS STONES & CO.

71

## The WARREN MANSFIELD Company

## JEWELRY & PLATE EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

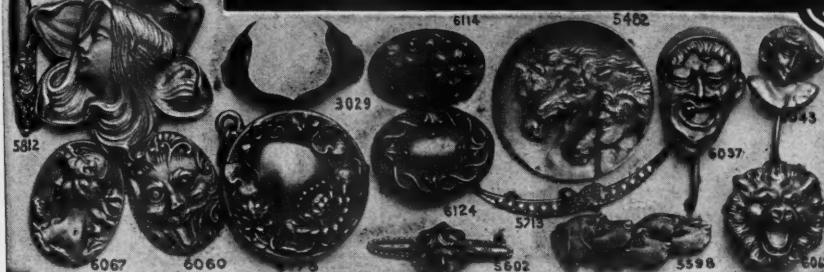


### ILLUSTRATIONS ARE FULL SIZE.

5029 Signet Ring, antique . . . . .	\$7.50	6068 Bar Links, sterling gray . . . . .	\$1.25 per pr.	6124 Bar Links, solid gold, rose, \$3.50 per pr.
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5500 Brooch, sterling gray, châtelaine . . . . .	1.00	6037 Scarf Pin, sterling gray, ruby . . . . .	.75	6251 Brooch, solid gold, pearl . . . . .
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Established 1867 . . . . .		5013 Scarf Pin, 14K, pearl . . . . .	1.00	5785 Bib Pin, 14K, pearls . . . . .
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ROSE DESIGN



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**-With Soap**  
Old fashioned Way-Hard Work-BackAche-tired women cross men-an odor of moving dirt rather than approaching cleanliness.

**with Pearline**  
**-Intelligent Way**  
easy quick-thorough work-no dread-no temper  
an odor of Perfect Cleanliness.

**Pearline** is Modern Soap

S.152 ELECTRO LIGHT ENG. CO. N.Y.

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CHAMPION \$6.

IVER JOHNSON \$7.  
TOP SNAP

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SEMI-HAMMERLESS

IVER JOHNSON, FITCHBURG MASS. U. S. A.

SEND FOR  
OUR FIRE ARMS  
ENCYLOPEDIA

"It's not Felt, if it's not an Ostermoor."

# Ostermoor

"The Hairless Mattress" \$15.

IS ALSO

Odorless—Dustless—Bugless

Considered PRICELESS by nearly one million users. We want to convince you of its merits. Surely you are open to conviction. Send your name (a postal will do) for our

**Handsome Book, Sent Free,**

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We sell on 30 Nights' free trial—money refunded if not all you even HOPED for

Look out for imitations—whether you doubt the dealer or not, ask to see the name "OSTERMOOR"—it is sewn on the end.

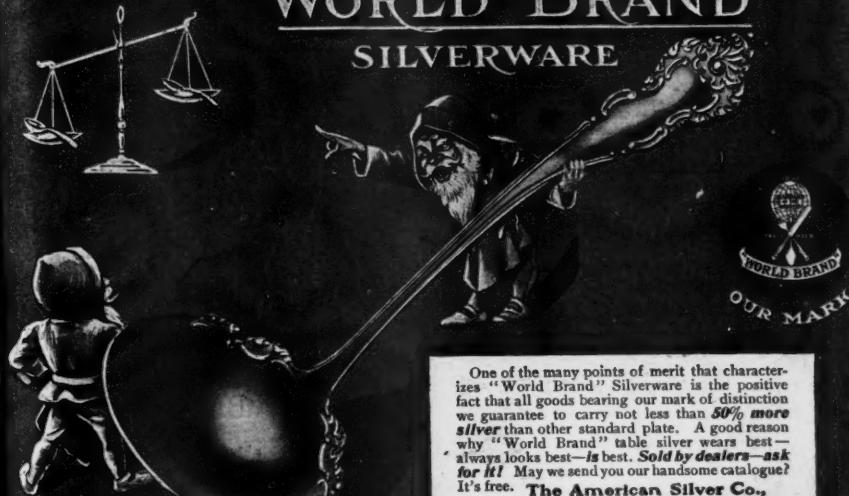
**OSTERMOOR & CO., 122 Elizabeth St., New York**

Canadian Agency: The Alaska Feather and Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Express Prepaid



## "WORLD BRAND" SILVERWARE

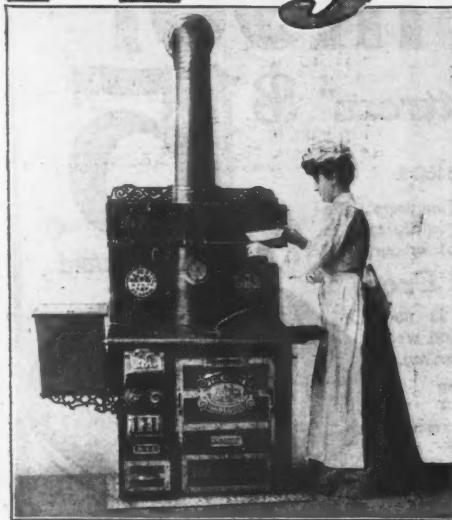


One of the many points of merit that characterizes "World Brand" Silverware is the positive fact that all goods bearing our mark of distinction we guarantee to carry not less than **50% more silver** than other standard plate. A good reason why "World Brand" table silver wears best—always looks best—is best. **Sold by dealers—ask for it!** May we send you our handsome catalogue? It's free. **The American Silver Co.,**  
6 Main St., Bristol, Conn.  
**Free, a Beautiful Sugar Shell.** Send postal for particulars.

CARRIES  
50% MORE SILVER  
THAN STANDARD PLATE

HOUSE FURNISHINGS 74

# Majestic



Malleable  
Iron and Steel

## RANGES

Last longer—Use less fuel—Heat more water—Heat it quicker and give better satisfaction than any other Range

*The MAJESTIC is the most perfect cooking apparatus to be had for Farm, City or Hotel*

For sale by over 3000 dealers throughout the United States. If you have no Majestic dealer in your town write us. We will send you our booklet illustrating all sizes of Majestic Ranges and containing valuable information about economical kitchen arrangement.

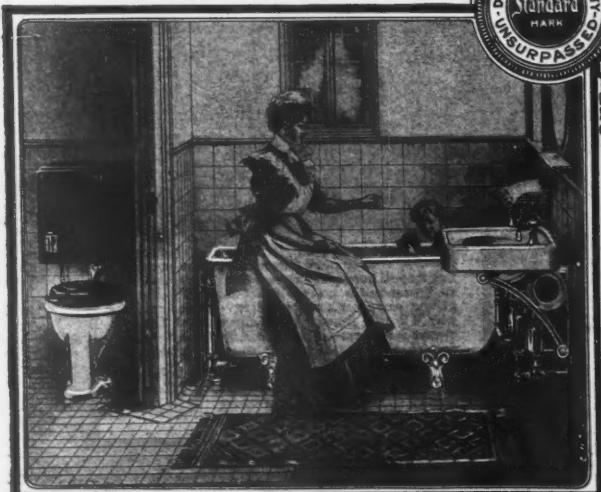
MAJESTIC MFG. CO.

2024 Morgan St. St. Louis, Mo.

## "Standard"

### PORCELAIN ENAMELED Baths and Sanitary Ware

You take no risk when installing Standard fixtures in your bathroom as every piece bears our "Green and Gold" guarantee label and has our trade-mark "Standard" or initials "S. S. M. Co." cast in relief on the exterior. The fixtures here illustrated cost approximately \$100, not including piping or labor.



"Standard" Goods are beautiful and durable. Most every one knows that, but their moderate cost is not so well known. The last touch of comfort for any bathroom is the Standard Portable Shower. It can be attached to any regular faucet without changing the plumbing. The fixture costs but \$15.00 complete and gives the same satisfactory results as the more expensive permanent fixtures. Our new book, "For Beauty's Sake," tells by word and picture the luxury of Shower Bathing and is free for the asking.

Write for our handsome book

"MODERN  
BATHROOMS"  
MAILED FREE

showing many attractive bathroom interiors costing from \$80.00 to \$550.00, with approximate costs in detail. Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company, Dept. 21 Pittsburg, Pa.

## ECONOMICAL

75 Cents  
Each,  
But  
Lasts

4 Times as  
Long as  
Regular  
Lamps

DON'T BURN  
YOUR HANDS



CUT DOWN YOUR  
ELECTRIC LIGHT BILLS

by using the Economical, the original pull-string lamp. Turns down like gas. Reduces your bills  $\frac{3}{4}$  when dim. Don't burn or soil your hands by turning the bulb. A slight pull on the cord, as illustrated, produces a dim or a bright light. Have the cords as long as you like—operate it from bed if you want to without getting up.

For sale by electricians, electric supply and fixture dealers. If your dealer don't sell them, write us, and we will send the name of one who does. State voltage and base.

ECONOMICAL ELECTRIC LAMP COMPANY, Dept. C,  
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## ABSOLUTE PURITY

IN KITCHEN UTENSILS

**FREEDOM FROM POISON**  
is hereby guaranteed

WE

MAKE



1520

*The Blue Label on every piece proves our statement.*

When you buy Kitchen-Ware, buy

**AGATE NICKEL-STEEL.**

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.  
New York Boston Chicago



## The White House

as restored and refurnished  
is now warmed by

### IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

They yield the height of true home comfort, healthfulness and cleanliness. What is now enjoyed by the first citizen of our land is within the reach of the humblest householder.

### Hot Water or Steam

is now simply and cheaply put in houses already erected without tearing partitions or in any way altering the building.



They relieve the household of dirt and drudgery and pay for themselves in fuel economy and absence of repairs.

Made in sizes to fit  
3-room cottages to  
90-room public  
buildings, etc. Send  
today for valuable  
booklet (free).

### AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Makers of IDEAL Boilers  
and AMERICAN Radiators

Dept. 38  
CHICAGO



## Save Closet Room



and always have neat-looking trousers. Lay them on the bed at night, clamp the hanger in place, catch its hook over the closet rod, and morning finds them creased just enough — smooth and unwrinkled.

### The "PRACTICAL"

#### Trousers Hanger and Press

Doubles the capacity of your closet, keeps your trousers smooth and creased and ready to wear, and every garment separately get-at-able.

A set of 5 Trousers Hangers and 8 Closet Rods, or 4 Trousers Hangers, 8 Closet Rods, and 6 Coat Hangers, sent express paid on receipt of \$6.00.

For 12 days will send, express paid, 1 Trouser Hanger and afterward the balance of either of the \$6.00 sets for \$4.00.

If you are not entirely satisfied with the goods after trial, we will refund full purchase price and pay return express charges.

Our 52-page Illustrated book FREE on request.

PRACTICAL NOVELTY CO., 129 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Business Established 1898.

## Saves 40% of Ground Coffee



Manufacturers will send any size you may select, delivered free by express to any address east of the Mississippi (and 50 cents additional elsewhere) at following special prices for full Nickel-plated Pots, satisfaction guaranteed:

To make 1 quart, 4 cups, \$1.25  
To make 2 quarts, 8 cups, 1.55  
To make 3 quarts, 12 cups, 1.80  
To make 4 quarts, 16 cups, 2.00

MARION HARLAND writes: "In my opinion it has no equal."

ADDRESS THE MANUFACTURERS

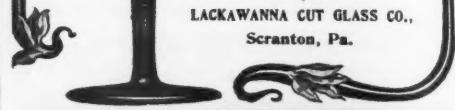
SILVER & CO., 310 Hewes St., Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Ask Makers for Circular.

## Cut Glass At Its TRUE VALUE.

The time for enormous prices for cut glass is past. We want to educate people to the *true value* of cut glass articles. Until this time the genuine high class ware could be purchased only from retailers, who, owing to the generally misinformed public, realized enormous profits. This has led to our plan of *selling direct from the factory*, and to the publishing of a handsome catalogue which we want to send to you. It is really an education upon the subject and will help you in the distinction between the genuine and inferior article. We are makers of the most exclusive ware sold and this is the first opportunity to get really high-class goods outside of the retail stores. Write to-day for the catalogue, which reveals more than has ever been told about Cut Glass.

*It is free.*

LACKAWANNA CUT GLASS CO.,  
Scranton, Pa.



**Hot Ashes**  
endanger life and property if put in open barrels or cans.

**Witt's Corrugated Can**  
is fire-proof and dust-tight. Close-fitting lid, strong, made of corrugated steel, galvanized inside and out. Scattering of contents impossible. Lasts a life time. Imitations are worthless. See that "Witt's Can" is stamped on lid. Get **Witt's Corrugated Pail** for carrying ashes. Sold by all dealers.

The Witt Cornice Co., Dept. A, Cincinnati, O.

## A \$20,000 House Without an Elevator

would have been the usual thing a few years ago. But times have changed. The study of home comfort has occupied some of the best minds of this generation with the result that the average American lives in greater comfort to-day than did a king two hundred years ago. One of the most important additions to comfortable living is the development of the **Otis Automatic Electric Elevator.**

Its operation is so simple that any member of the household may use it at will, as it is controlled entirely by push buttons. It requires no attendant, is always ready, and the operating expense is so slight that its initial cost is practically its whole expense. This cost may be neglected in the calculation inasmuch as the addition in value and salability of the property more than exceeds the expense of the installation. The day is not far distant when all houses of any pretension, old as well as new, will be equipped with these elevators.

Power may be obtained from any lighting circuit and the expense of same is so slight that it need not be considered. The original investment is about the same as an automobile. The Elevator costs less to operate and does not wear out nor go out of fashion; in fact, it is an investment which benefits the whole household.

Correspondence invited.



**OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY**

NEW YORK OFFICE

17 BATTERY PLACE

Branch Offices throughout the country.

## "Drawers of Water"

"Hewers of wood and drawers of water" is the term applied in the Old Testament to those who gained a livelihood from the most arduous toil. It was the sentence of the princes upon the Children of Israel, as detailed in the Book of Joshua. To-day in the Far East the very poor are drawing water in the same old way of three thousand years ago. How are *you* drawing it? How much time do you or your servants spend daily in conveying water by hand, for the laundry, the live stock, the garden, and every household use? The cheapest man you can hire will cost you, in two or three months, more than a **Hot-Air Pump**, which lasts a lifetime; and does the work of many servants, far better, too, than they can ever do it. It gives you water in abundance and is the greatest labor-saver that any household can employ, supplying more comforts than any other appliance obtainable.

Descriptive catalogue "R"  
sent free on application.

### Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

35 Warren St., New York.  
40 Dearborn St., Chicago.  
40 N. 7th St., Philadelphia.  
239 Franklin St., Boston.  
692 Craig St., Montreal, P. Q.  
22 Pitt St., Sydney, N. S. W.  
Temente-Rey 71, Havana,  
Cuba.



The Hot-Air Pump

# HOUSE FURNISHINGS

79

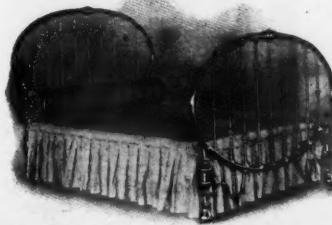
If your lamp-chimneys break,  
say MACBETH to  
your grocer—  
loud!

He knows.

You need to know how to manage your lamps to have comfort with them at small cost.

Better read my index; I send it free.

MACBETH, Pittsburgh.



Good lacquer on a brass bed means lasting satisfaction; poor lacquer means lasting regret. They look alike at first; you can tell the poor after you've had it awhile then it's too late for anything but regret.

There's a safe lacquer; fine, imported; costs three times the ordinary kind and worth it. We put it on A & W brass beds. We know of our beds finished fifteen years ago, still bright as ever.

Ask your dealer; before you buy find our name plate on it. Our pamphlet of metal beds sent on request.

THE  
ADAMS & WESTLAKE  
CO.

New England

## ELF LADIES WATCH

### Gun Metal

Heart, Square, Octagon, or Round Cases.

### Silver

Open Face or Hunting Cases, all designs.

### Gold Filled Cases

In all styles, Plain and Decorated Enamels in Colors.

### Solid Gold Cases

Open Face or Hunting, Plain or Engraved.

Catalogs and Booklets sent free on request.

ALL OUR MANUFACTURES ARE FULLY GUARANTEED.

For sale by all jewelers.

The name New England is on every watch.

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.

Makers of the watch complete

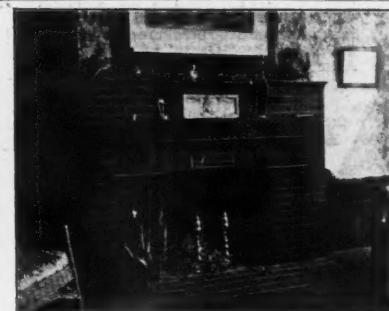
NEW YORK:

37 & 39 Maiden Lane

CHICAGO:

131-137 Wabash Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO: Claus Spreckels Building



Artistic Mantel \$28

Made of Ornamental Red Brick

The newest and most artistic Fireplace Mantels are made of Ornamental Brick in Colonial, Elizabethan, Renaissance, Empire, and other styles. There's no other kind so good. They are extremely artistic and decorative as well as useful. Leading architects consider them superior to other kinds. They look the best—last longest—are not too costly. Any capable brick-mason can set them with our plans. We make six colors of the brick, viz., Red, Buff, Cream, Pink, Brown, and Gray. When you build or remodel, send for Sketch Book of 59 designs of mantels costing from \$12 up.

Ours are charming—our customers say so.

PHILA. & BOSTON FACE BRICK CO.,

P. O. Box 8906, Boston, Mass.

# HOUSE FURNISHINGS 80

## Brass and Iron Bedsteads

OF EXCLUSIVE AND ORIGINAL DESIGN

Also a superb assortment of FINE BEDDING, SPRING BEDS, DAVENPORTS, DIVANS, BOX COUCHES, DOWN QUILTS. Unique designs in CUSHIONS, including those especially made for Yachts.

Illustrated catalogue on receipt of 3 cents in stamps if you mention CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Our Bedding used exclusively in such hotels as the  
**Waldorf-Astoria**, - New York.  
**Hotel Manhattan**, - New York.  
**Holland House**, - New York.  
**Hotel Majestic**, - New York.  
**Herald Square**, - New York.  
**The New Willard**, - Washington, D. C.  
**The New St. Charles**, New Orleans, La.  
 We refer to any of these leading hosteries, where our beds may be seen.

**Chas. P. Rogers & Co.**  
 MANUFACTURERS.

ESTABLISHED 48 YEARS.

Fifth Ave., and 21st St.,  
 New York.



HIGGINS & SEITER

Illustrate their "1-4 Less than Elsewhere" policy by pricing these exquisite specimens of genuine American Cut Glass (Sugar and Cream) at \$3—both pieces. For thousands of other offerings equally attractive, see Catalogue No. 14 B, with delicately tinted pictures of Choicest China—free to all interested in purchasing; also artistic brochure on "Serving a Dinner," by "Oscar" of the Waldorf-Astoria.

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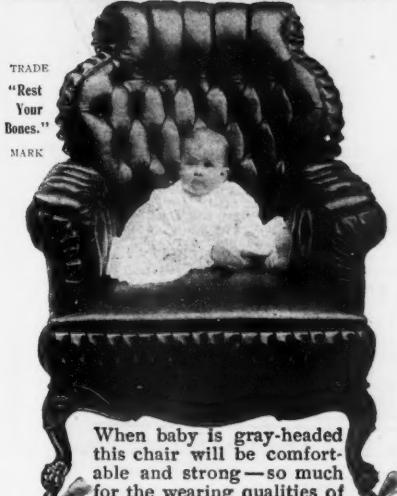
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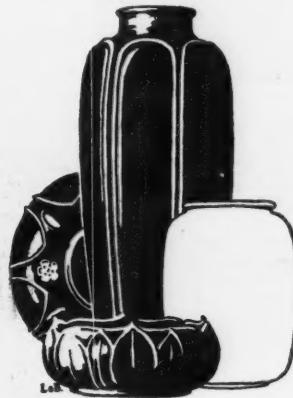
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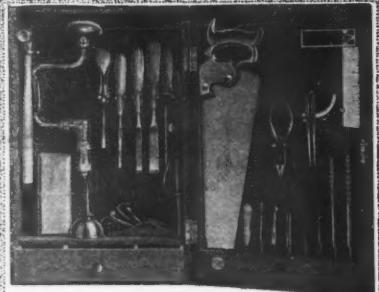


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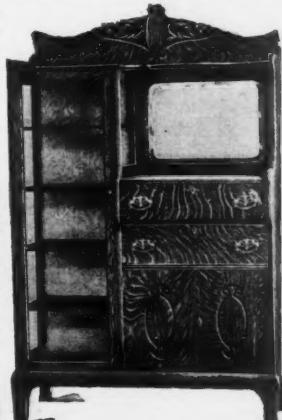
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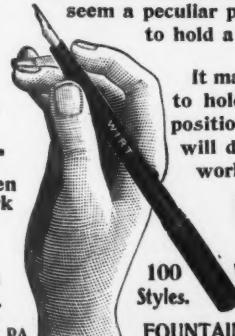
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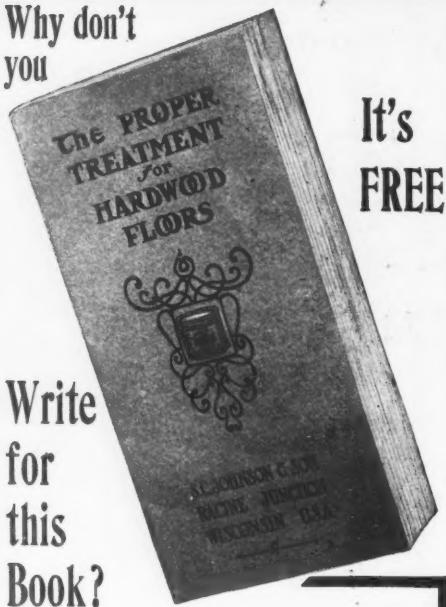
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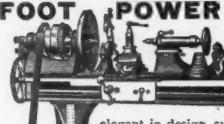
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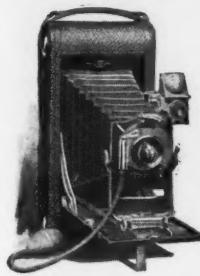
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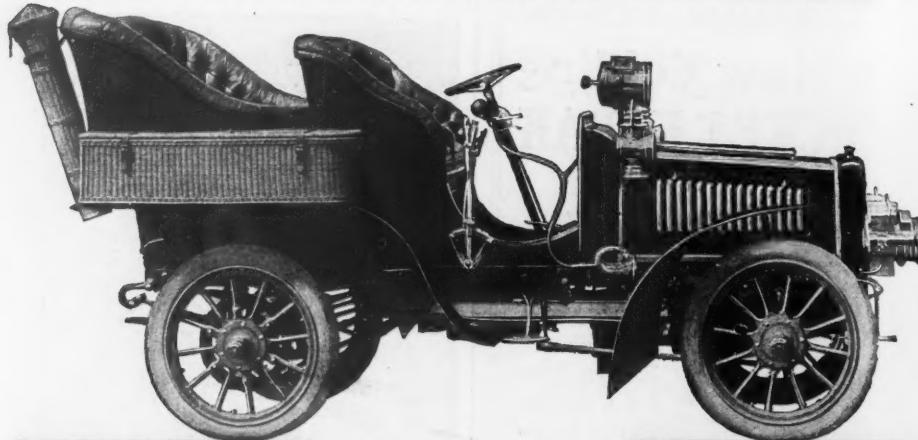
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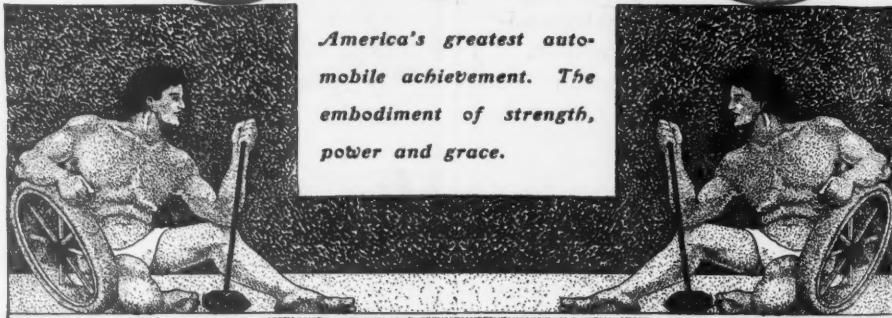
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# AUTOMOBILES

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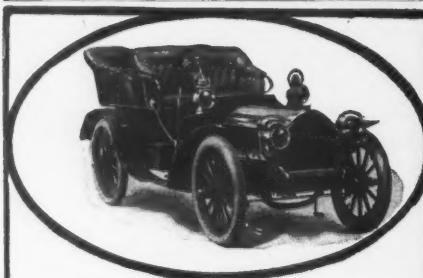
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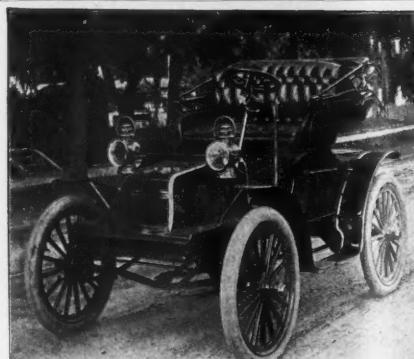
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# VEHICLES

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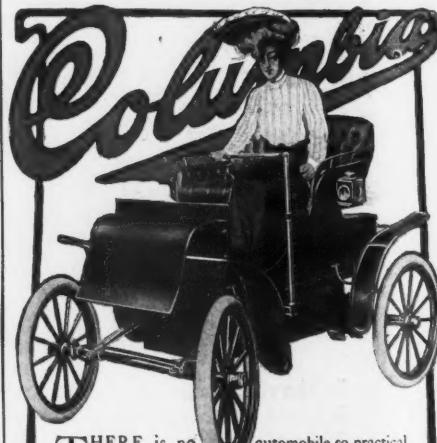
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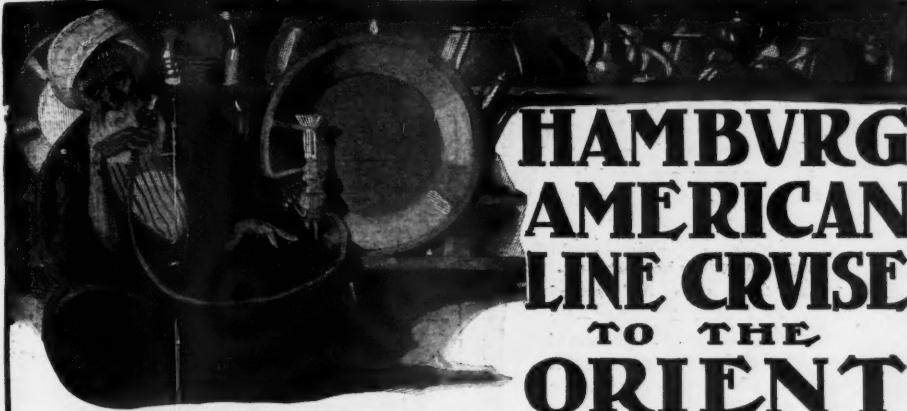
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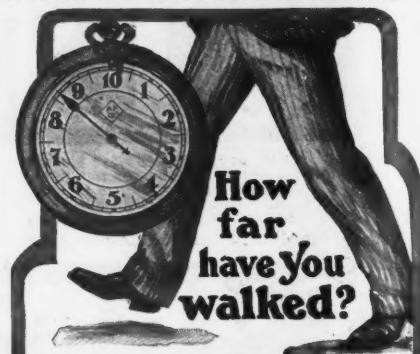
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# DRY GOODS

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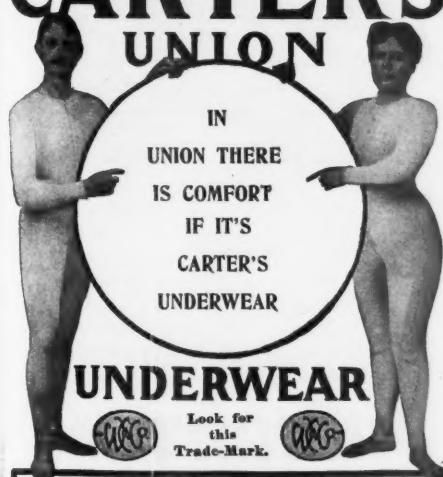


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tains a comfortable and uniform  
body temperature. Its soft fibres  
are not "scratchy" like wool and it  
keeps the body dry as well as warm.

Send for Free Samples

of the fabrics (natural finish  
and white) and our book

The best test is a trial. It is  
sold by most good dealers or direct  
by us if your dealer won't supply.

Our convincing book will show  
you the folly of the "wool for  
warmth" theory. Send for it to-  
day please—it is free.

**The Belfast Mesh Underwear Co.**

310 Mechanic Street  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

# DRY GOODS

## Dr. Deimel (LINEN-MESH) Underwear

The Dr. Deimel Underwear is so constructed that it regulates the natural heat of the body, protecting it much better than the heaviest of woolens. Those who wear it go through life fearless of drafts and weather changes.

Booklet, telling all about it, with samples of linen-mesh, mailed free.

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(Originators of Linen-Mesh)

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WASHINGTON, D. C. - - - - - 1213 F Street.  
BROOKLYN, N. Y. - - - - - 310 Fulton St.  
MONTREAL, CAN. - - - - - 2202 St. Catherine St.  
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## Suits and Jackets

Made to Order in One Week \$10 to \$40

A woman is never so well gowned as when wearing a suit which has been made to order for her. Ready-made suits lack individuality, and rarely have either style or fit. We do not keep them. We make to order only.

We carry the finest materials and make them up into garments that are modish to the highest degree; that possess everything of style, of grace, of careful workmanship, that it is possible to put into clothes. Our styles are exclusive and will appeal to the woman of refined tastes. We thoroughly understand the making of garments from measurements sent by mail. We guarantee to fit you; if we do not give satisfaction return the garment promptly, and we will refund your money.



Our Catalogue illustrates 126 beautiful styles, and we carry a stock of over 400 fashionable materials from which you may select. Make your selections from our new Catalogue and Samples, sent FREE, and we will fill your order in one week.

OUR CATALOGUE ILLUSTRATES:

Tailored Suits, \$10 to \$40  
Visiting Dresses, \$15 to \$40  
Handsome Skirts, \$5 to \$20  
Stylish Jackets, \$10 to \$35

We make a Specialty of  
Brides' Traveling Dresses, \$10 to \$35  
We pay express charges to any part of the United States.  
We guarantee to fit and please you. If we don't, return the garment promptly and we will refund your money.

Write us fully; your letters will be answered by women of taste and experience in matters of dress, who will, if you desire, aid you in selecting styles and materials. When you send us an order, they will look after it while it is in the tailor's hands, and will give it the same care and attention that it would have if it were made under your own eyes by your own dressmaker.

Catalogue and a large assortment of the newest samples will be sent free by return mail. Ask for new Fall Catalogue No. 36. Mention whether you wish samples for Suits or Cloaks, and about the colors you desire, and we will send a full line of exactly what you wish.

**NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,**  
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York  
Established 15 years

# WEARING APPAREL

106



Style B 17—French gray, white stripe  
Style B 18—French gray, cardinal stripe

New, neat, and stylish, also soft and durable. 25c, a pair; 6 pairs \$1.50; sizes, 9 to 11½ inclusive. Sent anywhere in U. S., delivery charges paid upon receipt of price.

SHAW STOCKING CO., 6 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass.

## The Question of Dyes

Used by manufacturers of hosiery is of great importance. You should know about it, for cheap dyes are poisonous and are used frequently to make a larger profit at the wearer's expense. **We guarantee** all dyes used in all half-hose for men, and ribbed hose for children, to be the costliest and purest dyes made. Our dyes are chemically tested by our own experts, and are **positively free** from all injurious matter. Our products are not affected by perspiration, never fade, stain, or run. Our colors will stand acid test—the most absolute test known.

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TRADE MARK.

Half Hose are Sold by Dealers

Our beautifully illustrated Catalog, showing colors, gauges, and prices, FREE. Send postal for it.

The style shown in illustration is another new creation in medium-weight cotton—finest quality.



**ROOT'S UNDERWEAR**  
For Men, Ladies and Children

Root's Camelhair goods are genuine camelhair. Other makes are only "camelhair" in name. Root's Natural Wool goods are made of the combined wools of white and black sheep or lambs, and contain no dyed material. Root's White Wool and Merino goods, sterling value.

Sold by principal dealers in New York and all large cities.  
If not by yours, write to  
Root's Underwear, 1 Greene St., New York

WEARING APPAREL

107

# Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes

ARE  
KNOWN  
BY THIS  
LABEL



Look in the windows of the best Clothiers  
and you'll see photo-gravure plates of the  
Autumn and Winter models of  
**STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES.**

If you want our book on smart clothes—which, besides the  
fine illustrations, contains information valuable to the man, who  
wants to dress properly from hat to shoes,

Write for "Number Two" NOW. IT'S FREE.

**The Stein-Bloch Co.** WHOLESALE-TAILORS  
ROCHESTER N.Y.

# GOOD LUCK

Goes with  
O'Sullivan  
Rubber Heels  
of New Rubber

TAKE  
THE JAR

OFF THE  
SPINE

Looking merely upon the surface, there is luck in all things—some kind of luck.

Good luck in the O'Sullivan Rubber Heel because the largest and best part of it lies under the surface.

Rubber heels that give dealers more profit can be moulded to look like new rubber.

It has been said that woman has natural intuition, while man depends largely on luck.

Which may explain why women unite on O'Sullivan's Heels.

One thing is sure—if O'Sullivan's were not above the standard, and the other kinds below requirements, neither luck nor intuition would have kept them in the lead.

35c. pair, all dealers, or O'Sullivan Rubber Co., Lowell, Mass.

## SELZ ROYAL BLUE RUBBERS

are different; the difference  
is in your favor.

They are better than usual  
rubbers; they cost you the  
price of the usual, plus the  
trouble of asking for them.

Just say: "I want Selz  
Royal Blue Rubbers;" if you  
don't get them, try another  
dealer; or if it's raining take  
the kind he has. Next time  
—you'll need another pair  
soon—get Royal Blues.  
They last.

Rubber footwear of all sorts; for men,  
women and children. Like all Selz shoes  
they wear; and make your feet glad.

**SELZ**  
CHICAGO.

Largest makers of good shoes in the world



112

FURNITURE

# Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases

A System of units



Globe-Wernicke

The above is but one of several interior views showing the variety of arrangement to which the "Elastic" Bookcases are adapted. Other views, sent with catalog, show them in various artistic arrangements in library, parlor, den, hall, etc. The "Elastic" Bookcase is the original and only perfect sectional case made. The doors are non-binding, dust-proof, operate on roller bearings, and positively cannot get out of order. The base units are furnished either with or without drawers. Made in a variety of woods and finishes and carried in stock by dealers in principal cities — or direct from factory, freight paid.

ASK FOR CATALOG P-103

Originators and largest manufacturers in the world of "Elastic" Cabinets, Bookcases, Card Indexes, etc.

**The Globe-Wernicke Co. Cincinnati**

NEW YORK—380-382 Broadway.

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PUBLICATIONS

113

# SHERLOCK HOLMES HAS RETURNED

The tale of the famous detective's  
marvellous escape is in the  
October Household Number of



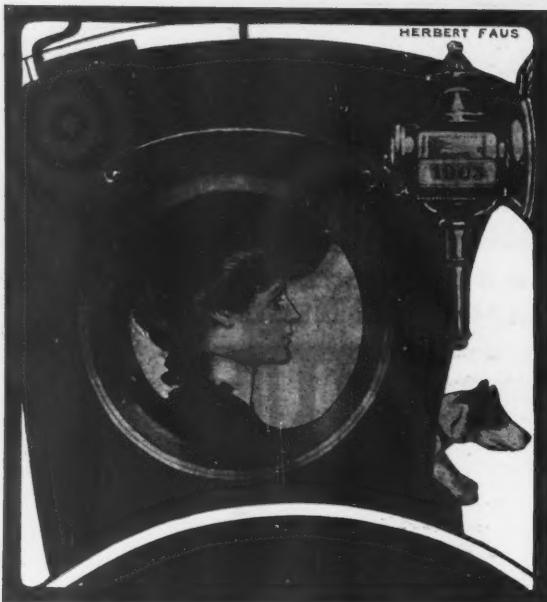
# Collier's

(ON SALE ALL MONTH)

It is the first of the *New Series* of his adventures  
which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has written for  
Collier's in response to an irresistible demand.

# PUBLICATIONS

114



*The  
Next  
Time  
YOU  
Go  
Out*

## "Just get *The Delineator*"

IT IS FOR ANY WOMAN who cares about herself or her home, and for any man who cares for any woman. Nine hundred thousand of the Women of America buy it every month.

Some magazines are made to be sold and skimmed over—a few are made to be bought, read and retained. There is a difference between "bought" and "sold" in this sense if you think about it.

### PEOPLE BUY THE DELINEATOR

It is necessary to sell it only to those who have never bought it; get the October number and see if it is not so.

It is the happiest combination of literature and fashion published. Its stories are a little more fascinating, its descriptive articles somewhat more interesting, and its art features of greater excellence than the several "next best."

On every news-stand in America the October number offers its fulness of notable fiction and practical help in every department of the home. This number is decidedly better than any other, excepting the ones for November and later on. Of your newsdealer or any Butterick agent at 15 cents a copy, or of the publishers, \$1.00 for an entire year.

#### THE PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS BELOW

can only hint at the interest underlying every line:

The Evolution of a Club Woman, by Agnes Surbridge, begins in this number. It is an auto-biography and is the predicted success of the year. ♦ J. C. Herment, the world-famed camera expert, begins one of the most remarkable series of photographic articles ever presented. They relate to his personal adventures at home and in foreign lands. ♦ The Silent Partner, by Lynn Roby Meekins, A Florida Cracker, by Virginia Frazer Boyle, are prominent among the fiction features, while the departments are fuller than usual of good things, with especial interest centring in the children's pages.



## *The YOUTH'S COMPANION*

**T**HE offer made every fall to New Subscribers by the Publishers of *The Youth's Companion* is very attractive, for it includes all the coming November and December Issues as a gift, in addition to the fifty-two numbers of the subscription year. Therefore, New Subscribers for 1904 receive, as shown above,

### **Nine Issues Free.**

These, with the new volume, give the New Subscriber more than 700 large pages of the best reading, instructive, amusing, helpful in the forming of character. From week to week it becomes more and more the paper in which every member of the family has a personal share—the paper which seems as much a part of the home as those who make up the household circle.

### **NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.**

Every New Subscriber who cuts out and sends this slip or the name of this publication at once with \$1.75, will receive:

**FREE**

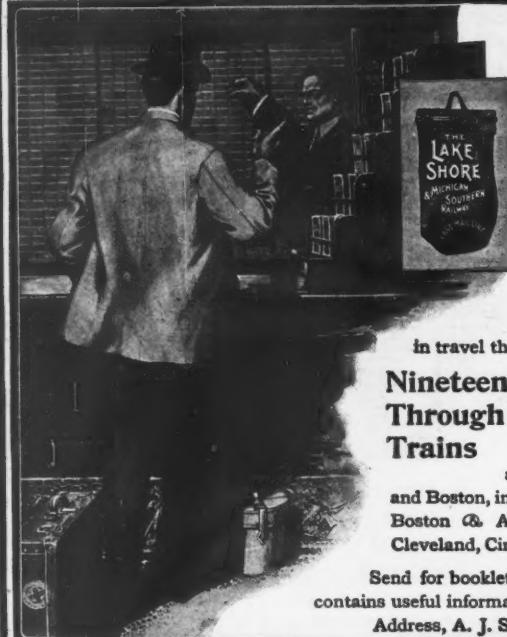
All the issues of *The Companion* for November and December, 1903. The Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers. The Companion's "Springtime" Calendar for 1904, in 12 colors and gold.

And *The Youth's Companion* for the fifty-two weeks of 1904—a library of the best reading for every member of the family.

xx 27

*Announcement for 1904 and Sample Copies of the Paper Free.*

**THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.**



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WHEN YOU BUY a ticket don't forget to tell the ticket agent plainly that you wish it over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway. You will secure the best in travel that money can buy.

## Nineteen Through Trains

In daily service over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway between the cities of Chicago and Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, New York and Boston, in connection with the New York Central, Boston & Albany, Pittsburg & Lake Erie and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Railroads.

Send for booklet, "Privileges for Lake Shore Patrons," contains useful information; also "Book of Trains."

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offer the opportunity of visiting the principal Islands, also Venezuela, on the finest twin-screw vessel, specially constructed for pleasure travel. The itineraries include: St. Thomas, Nassau, San Juan, (Porto Rico), Havana (Cuba), Fort de France, St. Pierre, Mt. Pelee (Martinique), Santiago de Cuba, Kingston (Jamaica), Bridgetown (Barbados), Port of Spain (Trinidad), La Brea Point, Curacao, La Guayra, Puerto Cabello (Venezuela). You can leave JANUARY 9, FEBRUARY 6, or MARCH 8 (the latter may also be joined at Nassau or Havana) returns New York day before Easter by the **Prinzessin Victoria Luise**. Duration 25-28 days—cost \$200. Number limited to 200. "AROUND THE WORLD CRUISES," by S.S. PRINZESSIN VICTORIA LUISE, Sept. 15, 1904, to Jan. 18, 1905; Jan. 26, 1905, to May 30, 1905.

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UNRIVALLED IN EQUABLE CLIMATE

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Before fixing your itinerary  
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Full information from all railroads or  
HAWAII PROMOTION COMMITTEE  
REPRESENTING THE  
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HONOLULU, T. H.



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The pure and delicate Deviled Ham which has been on the market for years and years, and never found wanting. Sugar-cured ham and fine, pure spices is all that we use. It is delicious for sandwiches, at lunch, picnic, or tea, and in the chafing-dish. Our Book contains a lot of unique and practical receipts. We will send it FREE.

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may be bought at any good grocer's, but be sure you see on the can **The Little Red Devil**.

Wm. Underwood Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Don't write in the dark

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## Underwood VISIBLE WRITING

Writing with the ordinary typewriters and having to lift up the carriage every minute to see what you've written is like writing in the dark and then lighting the gas occasionally.

With the Underwood the writing is always in plain sight and you don't have to stop constantly to see what you've written.

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO.,  
241 Broadway, N. Y.

## THE LOCKE ADDER

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Buy a  
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CAPACITY 999,999,999

Fastest, simplest, handiest, most practical and durable, low-priced calculating machine. Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides. Cannot make mistakes. Computes nine columns simultaneously. Saves time, labor, brain, and will last a lifetime.

"One should be in every business office."—Joe Lee Jameson, State Revenue Agent, Austin, Texas.  
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Price \$5.00, prepaid in U. S. Booklet free. Agents wanted.

C. E. LOCKE MFG CO., 82 Walnut St. Kenosha, Iowa.

**\$24.00** BUYS THIS "MACEY" DESK  
GENUINE NO. 27-A

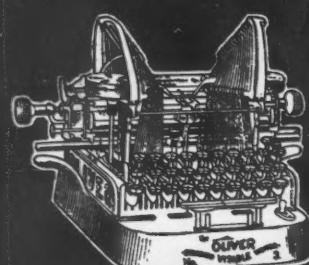
exactly as illustrated, direct from our factory at Grand Rapids, Mich., freight prepaid east of the Miss. and north of Tenn. (points beyond equalized), sent "On Approval," to be returned at our expense if not the best all OAK roll-top desk of equal SIZE ever sold at the price. (Ask for catalogue No. J-2.)



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Makers of High-Grade  
Desks, Cabinets, Card In-  
dexes, Leather Rockers,  
Couches, etc.

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Not a Reform, but a Revolution in Writing Machines.

We have a Catalogue that tells a tale of greatest interest to all operators and employers—sent Free if you ask.

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# WRITING MACHINES

119



## Duplicating Machines

Write only one copy—either by hand or on the typewriter. Print any number of duplicates on the

### Rotary Neostyle

This machine prints, counts and discharges the sheets automatically. Duplicates the copy exactly at the rate of

60 per Minute

by hand power—100 by electric. No other way is so rapid, so satisfactory, so cheap. Not an office should be without one. In many offices a Neostyle will save its cost in a week. Ask for book about it.

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has become a blank piece of parchment despite the utmost care given this precious document. All writing and signatures are gone forever, due to the action of remorseless time on the ink with which it was written. If this great instrument had been written with

### Higgins' Eternal Ink

it would, like the principles it expounds, have lasted forever undimmed and unfaded.

Ask your dealer for HIGGINS' ETERNAL INK, or send 10c. for prepaid sample by mail to

**CHAS. M. HIGGINS & CO., Mfrs.,**  
New York—Chicago—London  
Main Office, 271 Ninth Street, { Brooklyn, N. Y.  
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### PARKER “LUCKY CURVE” Fountain Pen

Really, is there any good reason why you should not be using a Parker “Lucky Curve” Fountain Pen? I am making good pens—and warrant them—pens perfected by the experiences of many years. Among the pens I am making is one for you, which, after it is fitted to your hand, you would not part with for many dollars, so pleasing would it be. Any one of the 9,000 dealers selling the “Lucky Curve” will be glad to help find your pen. If you cannot find them in your city, please order direct.

My pens, quality considered, are not expensive. They are capable of many years of satisfactory use. They start in price at \$1.50, to \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and higher, according to size and ornamentation. I also sell a dollar pen, the Palmer, (without the “Lucky Curve”), an excellent pen for the money.

In any event, let me send you my catalogue. It contains information you ought to know and costs you nothing. Kindly write to-day.

**GEO. S. PARKER**  
The Parker Pen Co.,  
24 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.  
P. S.—If you will state in your letter that you are an INTENDING PURCHASER of a Fountain Pen, I will send you, complimentary, a 6-in. Aluminum Rule and Paper Cutter, on receipt of stamp for postage—to others 12 cents.



# WRITING MACHINES

120

## The Test



### of Service

always proves the absolute  
supremacy of the

## Remington

Typewriter

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
327 Broadway, New York

## Business



Busy men have too many vexations to put  
up with any but the best pen.  
We will guarantee to prove the claim that  
any man can be suited with

### Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Your dealer will fulfil our guarantee.  
Our new spoon feed absolutely regulates the  
flow of ink so that the pen never skips or floods.  
Purchase through your home dealer, writing  
us when you are not served satisfactorily.  
L. E. Waterman Co., Main Office, 178 Broadway, N.Y.  
5 School St., Boston, 130 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

IN CONGRESS JULY 4, 1776

The unanimous Declaration of

When in the course of human events it becomes

so evident to the most理人 that

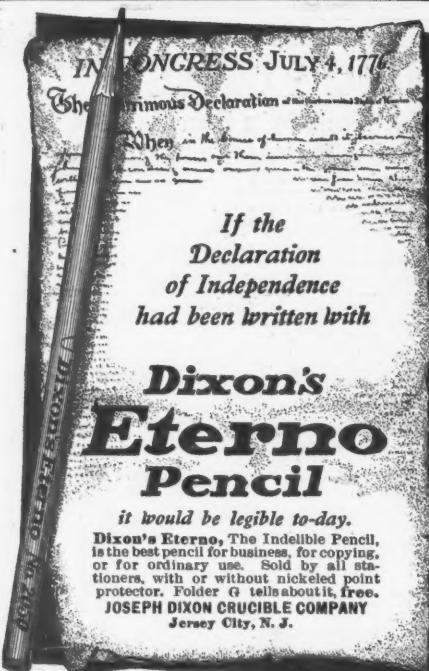
If the  
Declaration  
of Independence  
had been written with

## Dixon's Eterno Pencil

it would be legible to-day.

Dixon's Eterno, The Indelible Pencil,  
is the best pencil for business, for copying,  
or for ordinary use. Sold by all  
stationers, with or without nickelized point  
protector. Folder G tells about it, free.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY  
Jersey City, N. J.



## The Back Spacing Key

is one of its  
"get there" devices.



And in many ways

## The Densmore Does More.

Head Office: 309 Broadway, New York.

# WRITING MACHINES

121



## Types of Endurance



No well-informed person questions the fact that the Smith Premier Typewriter far outwears any other make of writing machine.

## The Smith Premier

was invented by the world's foremost typewriter expert to wear not for a day, month, or year, but for many years. The Smith Premier is built on correct mechanical lines. It is strong in every part. Its operation is simple, direct, and almost frictionless. The Smith Premier not only does the speediest work, and the most perfect in appearance of any writing machine, but under the severest tests of actual business it wears like an anvil. These facts make the Smith Premier the most economical of all writing machines, and

## The World's Best Typewriter

Send for our little book describing every part, or let us send you the machine on trial.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

Factory, Syracuse, N. Y.

Executive Offices, 287 Broadway, N. Y.

Branches in all the large cities of the world

**Simply Twist**

the top of your holder. Immerse the gold pen in ink. Untwist and the pen is full! That's the AUTOMATIC SELF-FILLING "MODERN" FOUNTAIN PEN which overcomes nine-tenths of fountain pen difficulties.

Made only by  
**A.A. WATERMAN & COMPANY**  
at their works  
Desk (E) 22 Thames Street, NEW YORK  
Ask your dealer and insist on the best.

Note the initials "A. A." before the name Waterman on all our pens, old or new style.

Oct. 1903.

**INK**  
Latest and Greatest

**John Holland Fountain Pens**  
(ESTABLISHED 1841)  
Honest all the way through

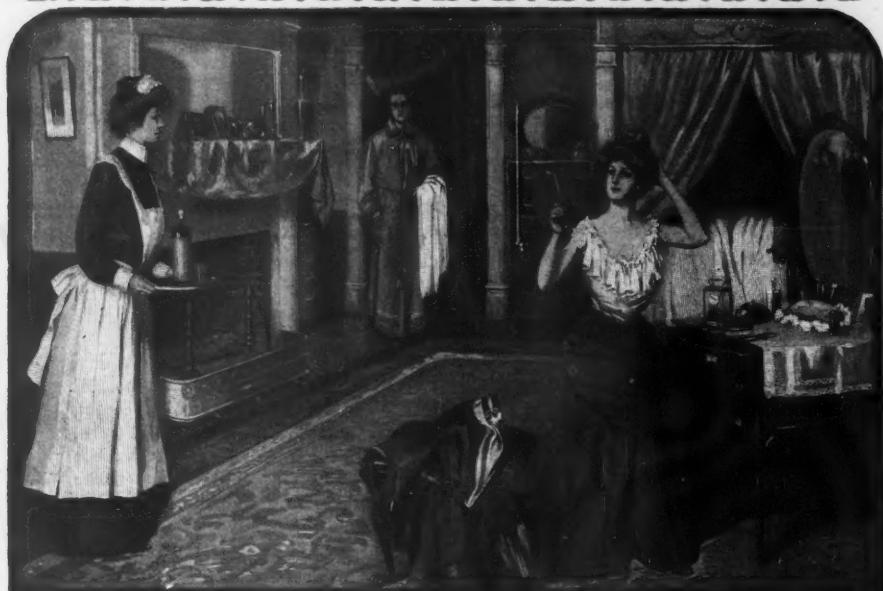
Original and largest makers of Fountain and Gold Pens  
GENERAL LEW WALLACE, the famous author of BEN HUR, writes:—  
"I find it a good and faithful tool."  
Over 100 styles and sizes of Fountain Pens suited to every purpose and every purse. Guaranteed to wear five years and give perfect satisfaction, or money back on demand.

Ask your dealer, if he won't supply you, REFUSE A SUBSTITUTE, and write us for Free Catalog No. 14, and price list.

**THE JOHN HOLLAND GOLD PEN CO.**  
CINCINNATI, OHIO

# FUNERAL SPRINGS

122



Good morning, Carrie. Thank you for bringing the Hunyadi János. Always be sure to get Hunyadi János (full name) and bring two glasses. My husband takes it before breakfast—half a tumbler. It always relieves him of Constipation as it does me of biliousness.

**EATON-HURLBUT**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The newest things in fine correspondence papers have what is called "that fabric finish." No maker of papers has succeeded in obtaining this finish so successfully as we have in our Highland Linens and Two-tone Linens, "The papers that appeal."

Your stationer should have all the fashionable shapes, sizes and shades. If not, send us his name and you will receive samples.

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# BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

A Powerful Nerve Tonic and Restorative.

Does It Contain Hypophosphites  
of Lime and Soda?

**Hunter McGuire, M.D., LL.D.**, *ex-President American Medical Association and of the Medical Society of Virginia; late President and Professor of Clinical Surgery, University College of Medicine, Richmond, Va.*: "It has never failed me as a powerful NERVE TONIC when I have prescribed as such. I sometimes think it must contain Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. It acts as that compound does—as a tonic and alterative. I know from its constant use personally and in practice that the results obtained are far beyond those which the analysis given would warrant."

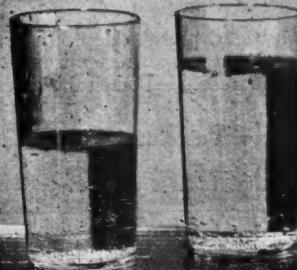
**Charles G. Hill, M.D.**, *Professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases, Baltimore Medical College, etc.*: "In many forms of Nervous Exhaustion, accompanying an excess of urates and phosphates, it is invaluable."

Voluminous medical testimony mailed. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

**PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.**

At exclusive clubs the  
exclusive water is

**WHITE ROCK**



# MISCELLANEOUS

124



**\$15 to \$50.** FOR HOME PLAYING. Billiards, Pool, Etc.—Use in any room. Sizes, 5 to 7½ Feet. Weight, 35 to 90 Lbs. Sent on trial.

Has grown in favor for 400 years. Now the most popular amusement for either sex. Recently improved. Place on dining or library table, or on our folding stand; set away in closet or behind door. Rich mahogany frame, green broadcloth cover, patent laminated wood and steel bed—very light—cannot warp. 16 fine balls, 40 implements gratis; also pocket covers, cues, book of rules for 26 games. This is the only practical and perfectly constructed portable table. Write for free booklet.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., Portland, Maine, and 277 Broadway, New York  
ALSO MANUFACTURERS BURROWES RUSTLESS INSECT SCREENS, MADE TO ORDER

## THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

OF NEW YORK.

1876

Principal Office, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, N. Y.

1903

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PERSONAL ACCIDENT . . . . .
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PLATE GLASS . . . . .
BURGLARY . . . . .
FLY WHEEL . . . . .
BONDED LIST . . . . .

It may be that the disturbances in the financial world are causing anxiety in the industrial world. Such disturbances often indicate that a period of industrial depression is at hand. Indeed, they may be the cause of industrial depression.

Periods of financial and industrial depression do not affect our business greatly. It would seem that people recognize the fact that right insurances are all the more needed when the times are out of joint.

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We give insurance that insures always.

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# FOOD PRODUCTS

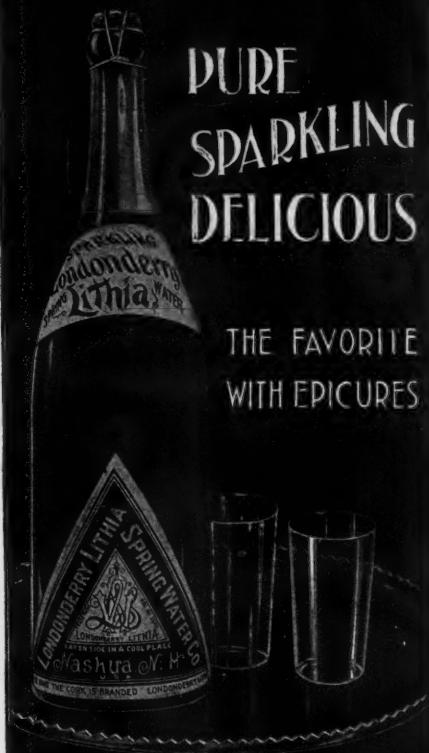


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A perfect amber  
color  
An appetizing  
odor  
and

"The flavor you  
Cannot forget"

The Ohio Coffee & Spice Co.  
of Columbus.

## Londonderry Water



PURE  
SPARKLING  
DELICIOUS

THE FAVORITE  
WITH EPICURES

SERVED AT ALL LEADING  
CLUBS HOTELS AND CAFES

THE SPARKLING IN QUARTS, PINTS  
AND SPLITS. THE STILL IN  $\frac{1}{2}$  GALLON  
BOTTLES

WITH DEALERS EVERYWHERE

# CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR



A  
Triumph  
in  
Sugar  
Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

"CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR" is packed in neat, sealed boxes, and is NEVER sold in bulk. It is packed at the refinery and opened in the household;—there is no intermediate handling. Hence, no dirt, no waste, no possible adulteration. Every piece alike—and every piece sparkles like a cluster of diamonds, the result of its perfect crystallization. Convenient in form, perfect in quality, brilliant in appearance, no sugar made can equal it in excellence. When buying this sugar remember that the sealed package bears the design of a "Domino" Mask, "Domino" Stones, the name of "Crystal Domino," as well as the names of the manufacturers. You will be pleased the moment you open a box. You will be better pleased when you have tried it in your tea, coffee, etc. It is sold by ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS, and is manufactured only by HAVEMEYERS & ELDER SUGAR REFINERY, NEW YORK.

## WORTH the MONEY

### Durkee's Salad Dressing

Each article entering into Durkee's Salad Dressing is absolutely the very best that can be produced. It is combined in the most perfect and cleanly manner. It is uniform in flavor and quality.

It covers a wider range of uses than any other Sauce or Salad Dressing.

It has a certain flavor, due to the use of the *best Olive Oil* (imported by ourselves), possessed by no other Salad Dressing.

It is a complete and perfect Salad Dressing itself, but may be modified to suit any palate.

It is economical—there is no wastage. It is always ready.

Its use is not restricted to Salad making.

It is excellent with sandwiches.

It is a perfect foundation for Sauces, such as

"Sauce Tartar," "Sauce Bearnaise."

It is particularly good as a basting for fish. It is equally useful in the Chafing Dish and in Deviled Dishes.

*It will keep good until used.*

*It may be used hot or cold. It will not separate.*

Send for our Booklet "SALADS: How to Make and Dress Them," which contains many novel hints for the use of this Dressing.

Free on application to



The only bottle imitated.  
Why?

**E. R. DURKEE & CO.,**  
534 Washington Street, New York City, N. Y.

# FOOD PRODUCTS

127

Insure yourself  
a sweet place in her thoughts,  
by a gift of

**WHITMAN'S**  
Chocolates and  
Confections

For sale everywhere.  
Try Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate—made in a minute with boiling milk.  
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,  
1316 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**DEERFIELD**  
WATER

is dainty, delicious and  
sparkling, healthful and  
invigorating.

A Deerfield highball has  
that smooth quality al-  
ways enjoyed.

"YOU REMEMBER THE TASTE"

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

The Deerfield Water co.,  
Deerfield, Ohio.



Adds materially to the relish of any  
meal of which it forms a part . . . . .

Write for book of Original Recipes and  
describing our full line Canned Fruits and  
Vegetables, Preserves, Jams, Soups, etc.

**CURTICE BROTHERS CO., ROCHESTER, N.Y.**

# CUDAHY'S



**"The Taste Tells"**

For Soups, Sauces  
Savory Sundries  
and

## BEEF TEA

Secure a Set  
of the  
Famous  
Cudahy A-1 Silver  
Plated Bouillon Spoons

(Do not confuse these splendid spoons with ordinary ones)

## FREE

The Cudahy Spoons grace the best tables, because they bear no advertising, are made in the latest design, French Gray Finish, and are heavier than triple silver plate.

### How to Secure the Spoons

For each spoon desired send a metal cap from a 2 oz. or larger sized jar of **Rex Brand Beef Extract**, and 10 cents in silver or stamps to cover cost of mailing, and mention this publication.

Cudahy's Rex Brand Beef Extract is sold by all druggists and grocers. Address

**Cudahy Packing Company**  
Beef Extract Department E  
South Omaha, Nebraska



## KNOX'S GELATINE

means Economy and proves it this way:  
Eight ten-cent packages of flavored Gelatine  
Cost eighty cents and make only  
One gallon of the common sweetened jelly.  
Now, two packages of Knox's Gelatine will make  
One gallon of jelly, too; richer and better,  
More delicious and more wholesome than the others,  
Yet two packages of Knox's cost only 25 cents.

## Economy 55 Cents

Knox's is made of absolutely pure calves' stock and that's another point in its favor.

### A Full Pint Sample Free

and a cook book; if you'll send 4 cts. in stamps (actual cost of postage and packing) and your grocer's name. Money refunded when you buy and try Knox's Gelatine and don't like it.

Chas. B. Knox, 10 Knox Av.  
Johnstown, N. Y.



## McILHENNY'S Tabasco Sauce

**"ONE DROP WORKS WONDERS"**

THE PERFECT SEASONING FOR

Soups, Salads, Oysters, Clams, Fish, Lobsters, Chops, Roasts, Sauces, Gravies, etc.

It imparts a delicious flavor, gives a keen appetite and stimulates the digestion.

Ask your dealer for **McILHENNY'S** Tabasco, the original and best.

**McILHENNY'S TABASCO**, New Iberia, La.



## *School Children Should Drink*



Children require a nutritious, palatable table drink. It is well known that tea and coffee are injurious, as they impair both the digestion and nerves of a growing child. Horlick's Malted Milk is invigorating, healthful, upbuilds and strengthens the brain, nerves and muscles.

Horlick's Malted Milk contains, in the form of a tempting food-drink, pure, rich milk, from our own dairies, combined with an extract of the choicest grains. It is very nourishing, delicious, and easily digested. Put up in powder form, instantly prepared by stirring in hot or cold water, without further cooking or addition of milk.

In TABLET form, also, ready to eat as a quick school luncheon, or in place of candy, at recess, or between meals. In both natural and chocolate flavor.

Samples of powder or tablet form, or both, will be sent free upon request. All druggists sell it.

Horlick's Food Co., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

34 Farringdon Road, London, Eng.

Established 1873.

25 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Can.

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FOOD PRODUCTS

Van Camp's

PORK AND BEANS



Hearty and Wholesome Food

such as the healthy body requires; uniting starch, fat, albumen and vegetable juices.

# FOOD PRODUCTS

"WHAT DOES LITTLE BABY SAY, IN HIS BED AT BREAK OF DAY."

# "MELLIN'S"

131



PAUL C. JACKSON, JONESBORO, ARK.

His mother says, "For a long time we did not think he would live, as he had stomach trouble so badly, and we feel that he would not be with us to-day if it had not been for Mellin's Food. He is hard to believe that he ever knew pain or sickness.

His mother says, "For a long time we did not think he would live, as he had stomach trouble so badly, and we feel that he would not be with us to-day if it had not been for Mellin's Food. He is hard to believe that he ever knew pain or sickness.

We will send you a liberal sample of Mellin's Food on receipt of your request and your name and address on a postal card.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

# Ralston

PURINA MILLER  
MADE  
TEN MILLION  
PACKAGES  
"WHERE PURITY IS PARAMOUNT"



(A corner of the Mill showing an endless stream of checkerboard packages on their way to the packing room.)

"Ten million packages of sunshine! No, I'm not joking; I have packed up ten million packages of sunshine, of health and cheerfulness. The grains take up the sunshine out in the fields and give it to you. There's chemistry and truth as well as poetry in that. The greatest chemist in the world can't do it; it takes old Nature. My part is to keep all the goodness in the grain and give it to you pure and fresh. It's kept me mighty busy.

"If you're not cheerful don't blame your disposition. Try a little sunshine, inside and out."

You can procure over a dozen varieties of Ralston Purina "sunshine" foods in checkerboard packages from your grocer.

Ralston Purina Co., St. Louis.

"Where Purity is Paramount."

How to get your favorite \$1.00 Magazine Free for one year: See coupons in every checkerboard package.

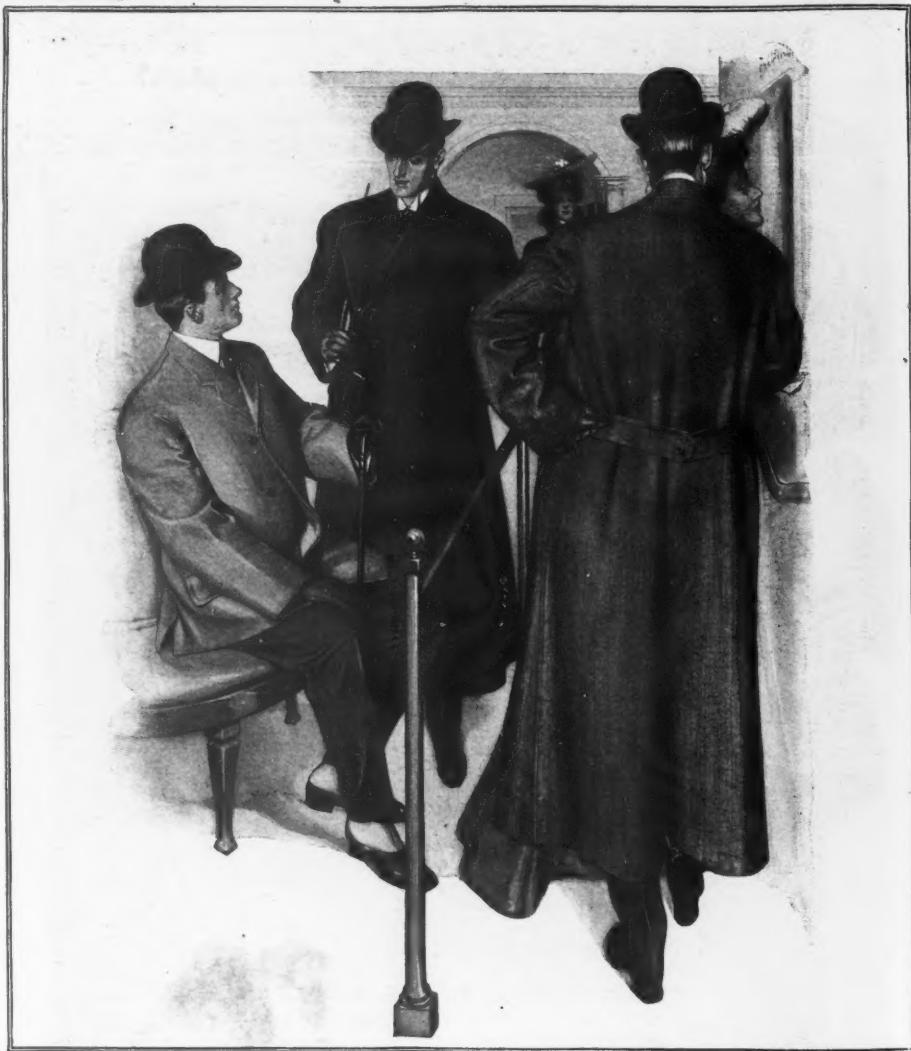
FOOD PRODUCTS 133

Uneeda  
Milk Biscuit

A little more body than  
other milk crackers,  
slightly sweetened, very  
satisfying. Good at any  
time, with anything—  
at their best with milk.

**5c in the In-er-seal Package**

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



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**D**ON'T be surprised if your clothier charges a little more for Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes than for others; the value is in the goods, and he knows it; you're making more than he is.

Buying Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes is like buying any other good thing: you get full value for your money.

Notice this illustration: Top Coat, Surtout, Belt Overcoat; they'll look as well on you. Overcoats \$15 to \$60.

For six cents we send the new Style Book; a work of art as well as of advertising; a guide to good clothes.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Chicago and New York

Good Clothes Makers

# FOOD PRODUCTS

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## In a Class by Themselves



Swift's  
Premium Hams and Bacon  
and Silver Leaf Lard

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon satisfy the requirements of discerning cooks everywhere. It is easy to demonstrate wherein they lead all others in taste, flavor, and appearance.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard—America's Standard. Put up in 3, 5, and 10-pound air-tight tin pails, and sold by leading dealers.

Kansas City Omaha St. Louis Swift & Company, Chicago St. Joseph St. Paul Ft. Worth

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"People, generally, care more about comfortable living these days. The simplest houses have the new plumbing, and families who used to get along with one bathroom now have several."

"Naturally, too, the substantial white tub and stationary stand, so clean looking in themselves, seem to call for a soap that is substantial, white and cleansing. A proof of this is in the fact that wherever you find the modern ideas of cleanliness, a plain pure soap, Ivory Soap, is almost invariably preferred."

IT FLOATS.

# Appetizing Soups

**Libby's**

## Concentrated Soups

Are made from prime stock and choice vegetables, by expert French chefs, in the best equipped kitchens.

Libby's Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Oxtail, Chicken, Tomato and Vegetable Soups are delicious, wholesome, appetizing—and they are always ready to serve. Your grocer has Libby's Soups, or can get them for you.

Send for booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," free. Libby's Big Atlas of the World mailed for five 2c stamps.

# Libby, McNeill & Libby

Chicago



If Coffee causes your physical aches and ails—

What's that? Coffee?

Yes, that's what we said.

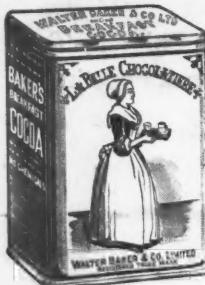
You can convince yourself when you find the delicious bound and spring of returning health in ten days after you leave off Coffee and take on Postum Food Coffee.

There's a reason.

IT'S ALL PURE

# COCOA!

WALTER BAKER'S!



40

Highest  
Awards in  
Europe  
and  
America

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Nothing so cool, sweet and luxurious as

# Old Bleach Linens

They are made from the finest selected pure flax yarns and are bleached on the grass in the old-fashioned way without the use of chemicals.

Towels, Towelings, Diapers, Pillow or Embroidery Linens, Art Linens in Fancy Weaves, Shirt Waist Linens, etc.

Our trade-mark "Old Bleach" is on all goods.

All first-class dealers keep them.

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GEO. RIGGS & CO., 101 Franklin St., New York.

*The Old Reliable*

# ROYAL



# BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

**THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE**

